SENECA's MORALS By way of ABSTRACT.

Elizabeth Steward

Of Benefits, PART I.

The Sixth Edition.

To which is added, A Discourse, under the Title of *An After-Thought.*

By Sir *R. L'ESTRANGE*, Kt.

In the SAVOY:

Printed by *E. J.* for *Jacob Tonson* at the *Judges-Head* in *Fleet-street*; and *E. Hindmarsh* at the *Golden-Ball* against the *Royal-Exchange* in *Cornhil*. 1696.

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TO

TO THE READER.

IT has been a long time in my Thought to turn *Seneca* into *Engliſh*: But, whether as a *Tranſlation*, or an *Abſtract*, was the *Queſtion*. A *Tranſlation* I perceive it muſt not be, at laſt, for ſeveral Reaſons. Firſt, It is a thing already done to my hand, and of above ſixty Years ſtanding; though with as little *Credit* perhaps to the *Author*, as *Satisfaction* to the *Reader*: Secondly, There's a great deal in him, that is wholly foreign to my Buſineſs: As his Philoſophical Treatiſes of *Meteors*, *Earthquakes*, the Original of *Rivers*, ſeveral frivolous Diſputes betwixt the *Epicureans*, and the *Stoicks*, &c. to ſay nothing of his frequent Repetitions of the ſame thing again in other Words, (wherein he very handſomly excuſes himſelf,

by ſaying, *That he does but Inculcate over and over the ſame Counſels, to thoſe that over and over Commit the ſame Faults,*) Thirdly, his Excellency conſiſts rather in a *Rapſody* of Divine, and Extraordinary *Hints*, and *Notions*, then in any Regulated *Method* of Diſcourſe; ſo that to take him as he lies, and ſo to go through with him, were utterly inconſiſtent with the *Order*, and *Brevity*, which I propound; my principal Deſign being only to Digeſt, and Common-Place his *Morals*, in ſuch ſort, that any Man, upon occaſion, may know where to find them. And, I have kept my ſelf ſo cloſe to this Propoſition, that I have reduc'd all his *ſcatter'd Ethiques* to their *proper Heads*, without any Additions of my own, more then of abſolute Neceſſity for the Tacking of them together. Some other Man, in my Place, would perchance make you twenty Apologies, for his want of Skill, and Addreſs, in Governing this Affair; but theſe are *Formal*, and *Pedantique Fooleries:* As if any Man that firſt takes himſelf for a Coxcomb in his own Heart, would afterwards make him-

himſelf one in Print too. This *Abſtract*, ſuch as it is, you are extreamly welcom to; and I am ſorry it is no better, both for your ſakes and my own: For if it were written up to the Spirit of the *Original*, it would be one of the moſt valuable Preſents that ever any private Man beſtow'd upon the Publick: And this too, even in the Judgment of both Parties, as well Chriſtian as Heathen; of which in its due place.

Next to my Choice of the *Author*, and of the *Subject*, together with the manner of handling it, I have likewiſe had ſome regard in this Publication, to the *Timing* of it, and to the Preference of this Topique of *Benefits* above all others, for the Ground-work of my *firſt Eſſay*. We are fallen into an Age of *vain Philoſophy*; (as the Holy Apoſtle calls it,) and ſo deſperately over-run with *Drolls* and *Scepticks*, that there is hardly any thing ſo Certain, or ſo Sacred, that is not expoſed to *Queſtion*, or *Contempt*. Inſomuch, that betwixt the *Hypocrite*, and the *Atheiſt*, the very Foundations of *Religion*, and *good Manners* are ſhaken, and the two Tables of the *Decalogue* daſh'd

to pieces, the one againſt the other: The Laws of Government are Subjected to the Phancies of the Vulgar; Publick Authority to the Private Paſſions and Opinions of the People; and the Supernatural Motions of Grace confounded with the Common Dictates of Nature. In this State of Corruption, who ſo fit as a good honeſt *Chriſtian Pagan*, for a Moderator among *Pagan-Chriſtians*?

To paſs now from the General Scope of the Whole Work, to the particular Argument of the Firſt Part of it; I pitch'd upon the Theme of *Benefits*, *Gratitude*, and *Ingratitude*, to begin withal, as an Earneſt of the reſt, and a Lecture expreſly Calculated for the Unthankfulneſs of theſe Times: The fouleſt undoubtedly, and the moſt execrable of all others, ſince the very Apoſtaſie of the Angels: Nay, If I durſt but ſuppoſe a Poſſibility of Mercy for thoſe Damn'd Spirits, and that they might ever be taken into favour again, my Charity would hope even better from them, than we have found from ſome of our Revolters, and that they would ſo behave themſelves, as not to

in-

incur a *Second Forfeiture.* And to carry the Reſemblance yet one Point further, they do both of them agree in an Implacable Malice againſt thoſe of their Fellows that keep their Stations. But Alas! What could *Ingratitude* do, without *Hypocriſie*; The Inſeparable Companion of it; and, in Effect, the Bolder, and the Blacker Devil of the Two? For *Lucifer* himſelf never had the Face to lift up his Eyes to Heaven, and talk to the Almighty at the Familiar Rate of our pretended Patriots, and Zealots; and at the ſame time, to make him Party to a Cheat. 'Tis not for nothing, That the *Holy Ghoſt* has denounc'd ſo many *Woes*, and redoubled ſo many *Cautions* againſt *Hypocrites*; plainly intimating, at once, how dangerous a Snare they are to Mankind, and no leſs Odious to God himſelf: Which is ſufficiently denoted in the force of that dreadful Expreſſion, [*And your Portion ſhall be with Hypocrites.*] You will find in the Holy Scriptures, (as I have formerly obſerv'd) that God has Given the Grace of *Repentance* to *Perſecutors, Idolaters, Murtherers, Adulterers*, &c. But I am miſtaken, if the whole

Bible

Bible affords you any one Inſtance of a *Converted Hypocrite.*

To deſcend now from Truth it ſelf, to our own Experience: Have we not ſeen, even in our days, a moſt Pious, (and almoſt Faultleſs) Prince, brought to the Scaffold by his own Subjects? The moſt Glorious Conſtitution upon the Face of the Earth, both *Eccleſiaſtical* and *Civil*, torn to pieces, and diſſolv'd? The happieſt People under the Sun enſlav'd; Our Temples Sacrilegiouſly profan'd; and a Licence given to all ſorts of Hereſie and Outrage: And by whom, but by a Race of *Hypocrites*, who had nothing in their Mouths all this while, but, *The Purity of the Goſpel*; *The Honour of the King*; and, *The Liberty of the People*: Aſſiſted under hand with *Defamatory Papers*, which were levell'd at the *King* Himſelf, thorough the ſides of His moſt faithful *Miniſters*? This PROJECT ſucceeded ſo well againſt One Government, that it's now again ſet afoot againſt Another; and by ſome of the very Actors too in that *TRAGEDY*, and after a moſt Gracious Pardon alſo, when Providence had laid

laid their Necks and their Fortunes at His Majeſty's Feet. It is a wonderful thing, That *Libels* and *Libellers*, the moſt *infamous* of *Practices*, and of *Men*; the moſt *Unmanly*, *Sneaking Methods*, and *Inſtruments* of *Miſchief*. The very *Bane* of *Humane Society*, and the *Plague* of all *Governments*: It is a wonderful thing (I ſay) that theſe Engines, and Engineers, ſhould ever find Credit enough in the World, to engage a Party: But, it would ſtill be more wonderful, if the *ſame Trick* ſhould paſs twice upon the *ſame People*, in the *ſame Age*, and from the very *ſame IMPOSTORS*. This Contemplation has carried me a little out of my Way, but it has at length brought me to my Text again; for there is in the bottom of it, the higheſt Oppoſition imaginable, of *Ingratitude*, and *Obligation*.

The Reader will in ſome Meaſure be able to judge by this Taſt, what he is further to expect: That is to ſay, as to the Caſt of my Deſign, and the ſimplicity of the Style and Dreſs; for that will ſtill be the ſame; only accompanied with Variety of Matter. Whether it pleaſes the World or no, the Care is taken:

taken: And yet I could wiſh that it might be as delightful to others upon the Peruſal, as it has been to me in the Speculation. Next to the Goſpel it ſelf, I do look upon it as the moſt Sovereign Remedy againſt the Miſeries of Humane Nature; and I have ever found it ſo in all the Injuries and Diſtreſſes of an Unfortunate Life. You may read more of him, if you pleaſe, in the *Appendix*, which I have here Subjoyn'd to this Preface, concerning the Authority of his *Writings*, and the Circumſtances of his *Life*; as I have extracted them out of *Lipſius*.

O F

OF

SENECA's

WRITINGS.

IT appears that our Author had, among the Ancients, three profeſs'd Enemies. In the firſt place *Caligula*; who call'd his Writings, *Sand without Lime*; alluding to the Starts of his Phancy, and the Incoherence of his Sentences. But *Seneca* was never the Worſe for the Cenſure of a Perſon that propounded even the ſuppreſſing of *Homer* himſelf; and of caſting *Virgil* and *Livy* out of all *Publick Libraries*. The next, was *Fabius*; who taxes him for being too bold with the Eloquence of former times, and failing in that point himſelf; and likewiſe for being too Queint and Finical in his Expreſſions: Which *Tacitus* imputes, in part, to the Freedom of his own par-

particular Inclination, and partly to the Humour of the Times. He is also charg'd by *Fabius* as no profound *Philosopher*; but with all this, he allows him to be a Man very Studious, and Learned; of great Wit, and Invention; and well read in all sorts of Literature; a severe Reprover of Vice; most Divinely Sententious; and well worth the Reading, if it were only for his *Morals*; adding, That if his Judgment had been answerable to his Wit, it had been much the more for his Reputation; but he Wrote whatever came next: So that I would advise the *Reader* (says he) to distinguish, Where He *Himself* did not: For there are many things in him, not only to be approv'd, but admir'd; and it was great Pity, That he that could do what he would, should not always make the best Choice. His Third Adversary is *Agellius*, who falls upon him for his Style, and a kind of Tinkling in his Sentences; but yet commends him for his Piety and good Counsels. On the other side, *Columella* calls him *a Man of Excellent Wit and Learning*; *Pliny*; *The Prince of Erudi-*

Erudition; *Tacitus* gives him the Character of a *Wiſe Man, and a fit Tutor for a Prince. Dio* reports him to have been *the Greateſt Man of his Age.*

Of thoſe Pieces of his that are Extant, we ſhall not need to give any Particular Account: And of thoſe that are loſt, we cannot, any further then by Lights to them from other Authors; as we find them cited much to his Honour; and we may reaſonably compute them to be the greater part of his Works. That he wrote ſeveral *Poems* in his Baniſhment, may be gather'd, partly from himſelf; but more expreſly out of *Tacitus*, who ſays, *That he was reproach'd with his applying himſelf to Poetry, after he ſaw that* Nero *took Pleaſure in it, out of a deſign to Curry-Favour.* St. *Jerome* refers to a Diſcourſe of his concerning *Matrimony. Lactantius* takes notice of his *Hiſtory*, and his Books of *Moralities*: St. *Auguſtin* quotes ſome Paſſages of his out of a Book of *Superſtition*: Some References we meet with, to his Books of *Exhortations. Fabius* makes mention of his *Dialogues*: And he himſelf ſpeaks of a *Treatiſe* of his

his own, concerning *Earthquakes*, which he wrote in his Youth. But the Opinion of an *Epiſtolary Correſpondence* that he had with St. *Paul*, does not ſeem to have much Colour for't.

Some few Fragments however of thoſe Books of his that are wanting, are yet preſerv'd in the Writings of other Eminent Authors; ſufficient to ſhew the World, how great a Treaſure they have loſt, by the Excellency of that little that's left.

Divin. Inſtit. Lib. 1. Cap. 1. *Seneca*, ſays *Lactantius*, *that was the ſharpeſt of all the Stoicks, How great a Veneration has he for the Almighty! As for Inſtance; diſcourſing of a Violent Death*: Do you not underſtand, *ſays he*, the Majeſty, and the Authority of your Judge; He is the Supreme Governor of Heaven and Earth, and the God of all your Gods; and it is upon him that all thoſe Powers depend which we worſhip for Deities. *Moreover, in his Exhortations*, This God, *ſays he*, when he laid the Foundations of the Univerſe, and enter'd upon the greateſt and the beſt Work in *Nature*, in the ordering of the Government of the World; though he was himſelf *all in all*;

all, yet he ſubſtituted other Subordinate Miniſters, as the Servants of his Commands. *And, how many other things does this Heathen ſpeak of God, like one of us?*

Which the Acute Seneca (ſays *Lactantius* again) *ſaw in his Exhortations.* We, *ſays he*, have our Dependence elſewhere, and ſhould look up to that Power, to which we are indebted for all we can pretend to that is good. *Cap.* 2.

And again, Seneca *ſays very well in his Morals*; they worſhip the Images of the Gods, *ſays he*, kneel to them, and adore them; they are hardly ever from them, either plying them with Offerings, or Sacrifices; and yet after all this Reverence to the Image, they have no Regard at all for the Workman that made it. *Lib.* 21. *Cap.* 2.

Lactantius again. An Invective (*ſays* Seneca *in his* Exhortations,) is the Maſter-Piece of moſt of our *Philoſophers*; and if they fall upon the Subject of *Avarice*, *Luſt*, *Ambition*, they laſh out into ſuch Exceſs of Bitter- *Lib.* 3. *Cap.* 15.

neſs, as if Railing were a Mark of their Profeſſion. They make me think of Gally-pots in an Apothecaries Shop, that have Remedies without, and Poyſon within.

Lib. 5. *Cap.* 9. *Lactantius* ſtill. *He that would know all things, let him read* Seneca; *the moſt lively Deſcriber of Publick Vices, and Manners,* and the ſmarteſt *Reprehender of them.*

Lib. 6. *Cap.* 17. And again: *As* Seneca *has it in his Books of* Moral Philoſophy; He is the Brave Man, whoſe Splendor, and Authority is the leaſt part of his Greatneſs; that can look Death in the Face, without trouble, or ſurprize; who if his Body were to be broken upon the Wheel, or melted Lead to be pour'd down his Throat, would be leſs concern'd for the Pain it ſelf, then for the Dignity of bearing it.

Lib. 6. *Cap.* 14. *Let no Man,* ſays Lactantius, *think himſelf the ſafer in his Wickedneſs for want of a Witneſs; for* GOD *is Omniſcient; and to him nothing can be a Secret. It is an admirable Sentence that*

Seneca

Seneca *concludes his Exhortations with al.* GOD, *ſays he,* is a Great, (*I know not what,*) an Incomprehenſible Power: It is to him, that we Live; and to him, that we muſt approve our ſelves. What does it avail us, That our Conſciences are hidden from Men, when our Souls lie open to GOD? *What could a Chriſtian have ſpoken more to the purpoſe in this Caſe, then this Divine Pagan? And in the beginning of the ſame WORK, ſays* Seneca, What is it that we do? To what end is it to ſtand contriving, and to hide our ſelves? We are under a Guard, and there's no eſcaping from our Keeper. One Man may be parted from another by Travel, Death, Sickneſs: But there's no dividing us from our ſelves. 'Tis to no purpoſe to creep into a Corner where no body ſhall ſee us. Ridiculous Madneſs! Make it the Caſe that no Mortal Eye could find us out. He that has a Conſcience, gives Evidence againſt himſelf.

It is truly and excellently ſpoken of Seneca, ſays *Lactantius* once again; Conſider, *ſays he,* the Majeſty, the *Lib. 6. Cap. 25.*

Goodneſs, and the Venerable Mercies of the Almighty; a Friend that is always at hand. What Delight can it be to him, the Slaughter of Innocent Creatures, or the Worſhip of Bloody Sacrifices? Let us purge our Minds, and lead Virtuous and Honeſt Lives. His Pleaſure lies not in the Magnificence of Temples, made with Stone, but in the Piety and Devotion of Conſecrated Hearts

In the Book that Seneca *wrote againſt Superſtitions, treating of Images,* ſays St. *Auſtin, he writes thus,* They repreſent the Holy, the Immortal, and the Inviolable Gods, in the baſeſt Matter, and without Life or Motion: In the Forms of Men, Beaſts, Fiſhes; ſome of mix'd Bodies; and thoſe Figures they call *Deities*; which, if they were but animated, would affright a Man, and paſs for *Monſters. And then a little further, treating of* Natural Theology; *after citing the Opinions of* Philoſophers, *he ſuppoſes an Objection againſt himſelf:* Some body will perhaps ask me; Would you have me then to believe the Heavens, and the Earth to be Gods; and ſome of them

De Civ. Dei, Lib. 6. Cap. 10.

above

above the Moon, and ſome below it? Shall I ever be brought to the Opinion of *Plato*, or of *Strato*, the *Peripatetick*: The one of which would have God to be without a Body, and the other without a Mind? *To which he replies*; And, Do you give more Credit then, to the Dreams of *T. Tatius*, *Romulus* and *Hoſtilius*, who cauſed, among other Deities, even *Fear*, and *Paleneſs*, to be worſhip'd? The vileſt of Humane Affections; The one being the Motion of an affrighted Mind, and the other, not ſo much the Diſeaſe, as the Colour of a Diſorder'd Body. Are theſe the Deities that you will rather put your Faith in, and place in the Heavens? *And ſpeaking afterward of their Abominable Cuſtoms. With what Liberty does he Write?* One, *ſays he*, out of Zeal, makes himſelf an Eunuch; another Lances his Arms; If this be the way to *Pleaſe* their Gods, what ſhould a Man do if he had a mind to *Anger* them? Or, if this be the way to pleaſe them, they do certainly deſerve not to be Worſhip'd at all. What a Phrenzy is this, to imagine, that the Gods can be delighted with

ſuch Cruelties, as even the worſt of Men would make a Conſcience to inflict: The moſt Barbarous and Notorious of Tyrants, ſome of them have perhaps done it Themſelves, or Order'd the tearing of Men to pieces by Others; but they never went ſo far, as to command any Man to torment himſelf. We have heard of thoſe that have ſuffer'd Caſtration, to gratifie the Luſt of their Imperious Maſters; but never any Man that was forc'd to act it upon himſelf. They Murther themſelves in their very Temples, and their Prayers are offer'd up in Blood. Whoſoever ſhall but obſerve what they do, and what they ſuffer, will find it ſo misbecoming an honeſt man, ſo unworthy of a Freeman, and ſo inconſiſtent with the Action of a Man in his Wits, that he muſt conclude them all to be mad, if it were not that there are ſo many of them; for only their Number is their Juſtification, and their Protection.

When he comes to reflect, ſays St. Auguſtin, *upon thoſe Paſſages which he himſelf had ſeen in the Capitol, he Cenſures them with*

with Liberty and Reſolution: And no Man would believe that ſuch Things would be done, unleſs in Mockery, or Phrenzy. What Lamentation is there in the Ægyptian *Sacrifices for the Loſs of* Oſhris? *And then what Joy for the finding of him again? Which he makes himſelf Sport with; for in truth it is all a Fiction: And yet thoſe People, that neither loſt any thing, nor found any thing, muſt expreſs their Sorrows, and their Rejoycings, to the higheſt Degree*: But there is only a Certain Time, *ſays he*, for this Freak, and once in a Year People may be allowed to be Mad. I came into the Capitol, *ſays* Seneca, where the ſeveral Deities had their ſeveral Servants, and Attendants, their Lictors, their Dreſſers, and all in Poſture and Action, as if they were executing their Offices; ſome to hold the Glaſs, others to Comb out *Juno*'s and *Minerva*'s Hair; one to tell *Jupiter* what a Clock it is; ſome *Laſſes* there are, that ſit gazing upon the Image, and Phanſie *Jupiter* has a kindneſs for them, All theſe things, *ſays* Seneca, *a while after*, a Wiſe Man will obſerve for the Laws ſake, more then

for the Gods; and all this Rabble of Deities, which the Superſtition of many Ages has gather'd together, we are in ſuch manner to adore, as to conſider the Worſhip to be rather Matter of Cuſtom, then of Conſcience. Whereupon St. *Auguſtine* obſerves, *That this Illuſtrious Senator Worſhip'd what he Reprov'd; Acted what he Diſlik'd; and Ador'd what he Condemn'd.*

SENECA's

SENECA's
LIFE and DEATH.

IT has been an antient Cuſtom, to Record the Actions, and the Writings of Eminent Men, with all their Circumſtances; and it is but a Right that we owe to the Memory of our Famous Author. *Seneca* was, by Birth, a *Spaniard* of *Cordova* (a *Roman Colony* of great Fame and Antiquity.) He was of the Family of *Annæus*; of the Order of Knights; and the Father, *Lucius Annæus Seneca*, was diſtinguiſh'd from the Son, by the Name of the *Orator*. His Mother's Name was *Helvia*; a Woman of Excellent Qualities. His Father came to *Rome* in the Time of *Auguſtus*; and his Wife and Children ſoon follow'd him, our *Seneca* yet being in his Infancy. There were three Brothers of them, and never

ver a Siſter. *Marcus Annæus Novatus*, *Lucius Annæus Seneca*, and *Lucius Annæus Mela*, The firſt of theſe chang'd his name for *Junius Gallio*, who adopted him; to him it was that he Dedicated his Treatiſe of *ANGER*, whom he calls *Novatus* too; and he alſo Dedicated his Diſcourſe of a *Happy Life* to his Brother *Gallio*. The youngeſt Brother (*Annæus Mela*) was *Lucan's* Father. *Seneca* was about Twenty Years of Age in the *Fifth Year* of *Tiberius*, when the *Jews* were expell'd *Rome*. His Father train'd him up to *Rhetorick*, but his Genius led him rather to *Philoſophy*; and he apply'd his Wit to *Morality* and *Virtue*. He was a great Hearer of the Celebrated Men of thoſe Times; as *Attalus*, *Sotion*, *Papirius*, *Fabianus*, (of whom he makes often mention,) and he was much an Admirer alſo of *Demetrius* the *Cenique*, whoſe Converſation he had afterwards in the Court, and both at home alſo, and abroad, for they often Travell'd together. His Father was not at all pleaſed with his humour of *Philoſophy*, but forc'd him upon the *Law*, and for a while he practiſed

practiſed *Pleading*. After which he would needs put him upon *Publick Employment:* And he came firſt to be *Quæſtor*, then *Prætor*; and ſome will have it, that he was choſen *Conſul*; but this is doubtful.

Seneca finding that he had ill Offices done him at Court, and that *Nero*'s Favour began to cool; he went directly and reſolutely to *Nero*, with an Offer to refund all that he had gotten. Which *Nero* would not receive; but, however, from that time, he chang'd his Courſe of Life, receiv'd few Viſits, ſhunn'd Company, went little Abroad; ſtill pretending to be kept at Home, either by Indiſpoſition, or by his Study. Being *Nero*'s Tutor, and Governor, all things went well, ſo long as *Nero* follow'd his Counſel. His two Chief Favourites, were *Burrhus*, and *Seneca*, who were both of them Excellent in their Ways: *Burrhus*, in his Care of *Military* Affairs, and Severity of *Diſcipline*; *Seneca* for his *Precepts*, and *Good Advice* in the matter of *Eloquence*, and the *Gentleneſs* of an *Honeſt Mind:* Aſſiſting one another

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in that ſlippery Age of the Prince (ſays *Tacitus*,) to invite him, by the Allowance of lawful Pleaſures, to the Love of Virtue. *Seneca* had two Wives; the Name of the firſt is not mentioned; his ſecond was *Paulina*, whom he often ſpeaks of with great Paſſion. By the former he had his Son *Marcus*.

In the firſt year of *Claudius* he was Baniſh'd into *Corſica*, when *Julia* the Daughter of *Germanicus* was accus'd by *Meſſalina* of Adultery, and baniſh'd too: *Seneca* being charg'd as one of the Adulterers. After a matter of Eight Years, or upwards, in Exile, he was call'd back, and as much in favour again as ever. His Eſtate was partly Patrimonial, but the greateſt part of it was the Bounty of his Prince. His Gardens, Villa's, Lands, Poſſeſſions, and Incredible Sums of Money, are agreed upon at all hands; which drew an Envy upon him. *Dio* reports him to have had 250000 *l.* Sterling at Intereſt in *Britany* alone, which he call'd in all at a Sum. The Court it ſelf could not bring him to Flattery;

tery; and, for his Piety, Submiſſion, and Virtue, the Practice of his whole Life witneſſes for him. *So ſoon,* ſays he, *as the Candle is taken away; my Wife, that knows my Cuſtom, lies ſtill, without a Word ſpeaking: And then do I recollect all that I have ſaid, or done, that day, and take my ſelf to Shrift. And why ſhould I conceal, or reſerve any thing, or make any Scruple of Enquiring into my Errors, when I can ſay to my ſelf, Do ſo no more, and for this once, I'll forgive thee?* And again, What can be more Pious, and Self-denying then this Paſſage, in one of his Epiſtles? *Believe me now, when I tell you the very bottom of my Soul: In all the Difficulties and Croſſes of my Life, this is my Conſideration; Since it is God's Will, I do not only obey, but aſſent to't; nor do I comply, out of Neceſſity, but Inclination.* De Ira, Lib. 3. Ep. 96.

Here follows now, ſays Tacitus, *the Death of* Seneca, *to* Nero's *great Satisfaction: Not ſo much for any pregnant Proof againſt him, that he was of* Piſo's *Conſpiracy; but* Nero *was reſolv'd to do that by the Sword, which he*

he could not effect by Poyſon, For, it is reported, That Nero *had corrupted* Cleonicus, *(a Freeman of* Seneca's, *) to give his Maſter Poyſon; which did not ſucceed: Whether that the Servant had diſcovered it to his Maſter, or that* Seneca *by his own Caution and Jealouſie had avoided it; for he lived only upon a ſimple Diet, as the Fruits of the Earth; and his Drink was moſt commonly River-Water.*

Natalis, *it ſeems, was ſent upon a Viſit to him, (being indiſpoſed,) and a Complaint, That he would not let* Piſo *come at him; and adviſing him to the Continuance of their Friendſhip, and Acquaintance, as formerly. To whom,* Seneca *made anſwer, That frequent Meetings and Conferences betwixt them, could do neither of them any Good; but that he had a great Intereſt in* Piſo's *Welfare. Hereupon* Granius Silvanus, *(a Captain of the Guard,) was ſent to Examine* Seneca *upon the Diſcourſe that paſsd betwixt him, and* Natalis, *and to return his Anſwer.* Seneca, *either by Chance, or upon Purpoſe, came that Day from* Campania, *to a* Villa *of his own*

own, within four Miles of the City; and thither the Officer went the next Evening, and beset the Place. He found Seneca *at Supper with his Wife* Paulina, *and two of his Friends; and gave him immediately an Account of his Commission.* Seneca *told him, That it was true, that* Natalis *had been with him in* Piso's *Name, with a Complaint,* that *Piso* could not be admitted to see him; *and that he excus'd himself by reason of his Want of Health, and his desires to be quiet, and private; and that he had no reason to prefer another Man's Wellfare before his own.* Cæsar *himself,* he said, *knew very well, That he was not a Man of Compliment; having receiv'd more Proofs of his Freedom, then of his Flattery. This Answer of* Seneca's *was delivered to* Cæsar *in the Presence of* Poppæa *and* Tigellinus, *the Intimate Confidents of this Barbarous Prince: And* Nero *ask'd him, Whether he could gather any thing from* Seneca, *as if he intended to make himself away? The Tribunes Answer was, That he did not find him one jot mov'd with the Message: But that he went on roundly with his Tale, and never so much as*

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chang'd Countenance for the Matter. Go back to him then, says Nero, *and tell him,* That he is Condemn'd to Die. Fabius Ruſticus *delivers it, That the Tribune did not return the ſame Way he came, but went aſide to* Fenius *(a Captain of that Name) and told him* Cæſar's *Orders; asking his Advice, whether he ſhould Obey them, or not; who bad him by all means to do as he was Ordered. Which want of Reſolution was fatal to them all; for* Silvanus *alſo, that was one of the Conſpirators, aſſiſted now to ſerve, and to increaſe theſe Crimes, which he had before complotted to Revenge. And yet he did not think fit to appear himſelf in the Buſineſs, but ſent a Centurion to* Seneca, *to tell him his Doom.* Seneca, *without any Surprize, or Diſorder, calls for his Will; which being refus'd him by the Officer, he turn'd to his Friends, and told them, That ſince he was not permitted to requite them as they deſerv'd, he was yet at Liberty to bequeath them the Thing of all others that he eſteem'd the moſt, that is, the Image of his Life: Which ſhould give them the Reputation both of* Conſtancy, *and* Friendſhip, *if they*

they would but imitate it; exhorting them to a firmneſs of mind, ſometimes by Good Counſel, otherwhile by Reprehenſion, as the occaſion requir'd. Where, ſays he, *is all your Philoſophy now? all your* Premeditated Reſolutions *againſt the Violences of Fortune? Is there any Man ſo ignorant of* Nero's *Cruelty, as to expect, after the Murther of his Mother, and his Brother, that he ſhould ever ſpare the Life of his Governor, and Tutor? After ſome General Expreſſions to this purpoſe, he took his Wife in his Arms, and having ſomewhat fortified her againſt the preſent Calamity, he beſought and conjur'd her to moderate her Sorrows, and betake her ſelf to the Contemplations, and Comforts of a Virtuous Life, which would be a fair, and an ample Conſolation to her for the loſs of her Husband.* Paulina, *on the other ſide, tells him her Determination to bear him Company, and Wills the Executioner to do his Office. Well!* ſays Seneca, *if after the Sweetneſs of Life, as I have repreſented it to thee, thou hadſt rather entertain an honourable Death, I ſhall not envy thy Example; conſulting, at the ſame time, the Fame of the Perſon he lov'd, and his own Tenderneſs, for fear of the Injuries that might attend*

her when he was gone. Our Resolution, says he, in this Generous Act, may be equal, but mine will be the greater Reputation. After this, the Veins of both their Arms were opened at the same time. Seneca did not bleed so freely, his Spirits being wasted with Age, and a thin Diet, so that he was forc'd to cut the Veins of his Thighs, and elsewhere, to hasten his Dispatch. When he was far spent, and almost sinking under his Torments, he desir'd his Wife to remove into another Chamber, lest the Agonies of the one might work upon the Courage of the other. His Eloquence continu'd to the last, as appears by the Excellent Things he deliver'd at his Death; which being taken in Writing from his own Mouth, and publish'd in his own Words, I shall not presume to deliver them in any other. Nero, in the mean time, who had no particular Spite to Paulina, gave Orders to prevent her Death, for fear his Cruelty should grow more and more Insupportable, and odious. Whereupon the Soldiers gave all Freedom, and Encouragement to her Servants, to Bind up her Wounds, and stop the Blood, which they did accordingly; but whether she was sensible of it or not, is a Question. For among the

Common People, who are apt to judge the worſt, there were ſome of Opinion, that as long as ſhe deſpair'd of Nero's *Mercy, ſhe ſeem'd to Court the Glory of dying with her Husband for Company; but that upon the likelihood of better Quarter, ſhe was prevail'd upon to out-live him; And ſo, for ſome years, ſhe did ſurvive him, with all Piety and Reſpect to his Memory: but ſo miſerably pale and wan, that every body might read the Loſs of her Blood and Spirits in her very Countenance.*

Seneca *finding his Death ſlow, and lingring, deſires* Statius Annæus *(his old Friend, and Phyſician) to give him a Doſe of Poyſon, which he had provided beforehand, being the ſame Preparation which was appointed for Capital Offenders in* Athens. *This was brought him, and he drank it up, but to little Purpoſe; for his Body was already chill'd, and bound up againſt the force of it. He went at laſt into a hot Bath, and ſprinkling ſome of his Servants that were next him; This,* ſays he, *is an Oblation to* Jupiter the Deliverer. *The Fume of the Bath ſoon diſpatcht him, and his Body was burnt, without any Funeral Solemnity, as he had directed in his Teſtament: though this Will of his was made in the height of*

his Prosperity, and Power. There was a Rumor that Subrius Flavius, *in a private Consultation with the* Centurions, *had taken up this following Resolution,* (*and that* Seneca *himself was no Stranger to it*) *that is to say, That after* Nero *should have been slain by the help of* Piso, Piso *himself should have been kill'd too; and the Empire deliver'd up to* Seneca, *as one that well deserv'd it, for his Integrity and Virtue.*

SENECA OF BENEFITS.

CHAP. I.

Of Benefits *in General.*

IT is, perhaps, one of the moſt pernicious Errors of a Raſh, and Inconſiderate Life; the Common Ignorance of the World in the Matter of exchanging *Benefits*. And this ariſes from a Miſtake, partly, in the Perſon that we would Oblige, and partly in the Thing it ſelf. To begin with the Latter; *A Benefit is a good Office, done with Intention and Judgment:* that is to ſay, with a due Regard to all the Circumſtances of *What, How, Why, When, Where, To whom, How much, and the like.* Or otherwiſe; *It is a Voluntary, and Benevolent Action, that delights the Giver, in the Comfort it brings to the Receiver.* It will be hard to draw this Subject either into Method, or Compaſs; the

one, becauſe of the infinite Variety, and Complication of Caſes; the other, by reaſon of the large Extent of it: For the whole Buſineſs (almoſt) of Mankind in Society, falls under this Head: The Duties of Kings, and Subjects; Husbands, and Wives; Parents, and Children; Maſters, and Servants; Natives, and Strangers; High, and Low; Rich, and Poor; Strong, and Weak; Friends and Enemies. The very Meditation of it breeds good Blood, and generous Thoughts; and inſtructs us in all the Parts of Honour, Humanity, Friendſhip, Piety, Gratitude, Prudence, and Juſtice. In ſhort, the Art and Skill of conferring Benefits, is, of all Humane Duties, the moſt abſolutely neceſſary to the Well-Being, both of Reaſonable Nature, and of every Individual; as the very Cement of all Communities, and the Bleſſing of Particulars. He that does good to another Man, does good alſo to himſelf; not only in the Conſequence, but even in the very Act of doing it: For the Conſcience of Well-doing is an ample Reward.

* *Benefits Neceſſary, Profitable, and Delightful.*

OF Benefits in General, there are ſeveral ſorts; As * *Neceſſary*, *Profitable*, and *Delightful*. Some things there are, without which we *Cannot* Live; others, without which we *Ought not* to Live; and ſome again, without which we *Will not* Live. In the firſt Rank are thoſe, which deliver us from Capital Dangers, or Apprehenſions of Death: And the favour is rated according to the hazard: for the greater the Extremity, the greater ſeems the

the Obligation. The next is a Caſe wherein we may indeed Live, but we had better Dye: As in the Queſtion of Liberty, Modeſty, and a good Conſcience. In the third place follow thoſe things which Cuſtom, Uſe, Affinity, and Acquaintance, have made dear to us; As Husbands, Wives, Children, Friends, *&c.* Which an honeſt Man will preſerve at his utmoſt Peril: Of things Profitable there's a large Field; as Money, Honor, *&c.* to which might be added Matters of Superfluity, and Pleaſure. But, we ſhall open a way to the Circumſtances of a Benefit, by ſome previous, and more general Deliberations upon the thing it ſelf.

CHAP. II.

Several Sorts of Benefits.

WE ſhall divide *Benefits*, into *Abſolute*, and **Vulgar*; the One, appertaining to Good Life; the other, is only matter of Commerce. The former are the more Excellent, becauſe they can never be made void; whereas all Material Benefits are toſſed back, and forward, and change their Maſter. There are ſome Offices that look like Benefits, but are only deſirable Conveniencies, as Wealth, Title, *&c.* and Theſe a Wicked Man may receive from a Good, or a Good Man, from an Evil. Others again that bear the Face of Injuries, which are only Benefits ill-taken; as Cutting, Lancing, Burning, under the hand of a Surgeon. The greateſt Benefits of all, are thoſe of good Education, which we receive from our Parents, either in the State of Ignorance, or Perverſeneſs, as their Care and Tenderneſs in our Infancy; Their Diſcipline in our Childhood, to keep us to our Duties by fear; and, if fair means will not do, their Proceeding afterwards to Severity, and Puniſhment, without which we ſhould never have come to good. There are Matters of great Value many times, that are but of ſmall Price; as Inſtructions from a Tutor;

* *Benefits Abſolute, and Vulgar.*

Tutor; Medicines from a Phyſician, &c. And there are ſmall matters again, which are of great Conſideration to us: The Gift may be ſmall, and the Conſequence great, as a Cup of cold Water in a time of need may ſave a Man's Life; ſome things are of great Moment to the Giver; others to the Receiver; One Man gives me a Houſe; another ſnatches me out, when 'tis falling upon my head; One gives me an Eſtate; Another takes me out of the Fire, or caſts me out a Rope when I am ſinking: Some good Offices we do to Friends; others to Strangers; but, thoſe are the nobleſt that we do without Predeſert. There is an Obligation of Bounty; and an Obligation of Charity: This, in caſe of Neceſſity; and That, in point of Convenience. Some Benefits are Common; others are Perſonal: As, if a Prince (out of pure Grace) grant a Privilege to a City; the Obligation lies upon the Community; and only upon every Individual, as a part of the whole; but if it be done particularly for my ſake, then am I ſingly the Debtor for't. The cheriſhing of Strangers is one of the Duties of Hoſpitality; and exerciſes it ſelf in the Relief, and Protection of the Diſtreſſed. There are Benefits of good Counſel, Reputation, Life, Fortune, Liberty, Health; nay, and of Superfluity, and Pleaſure. One Man obliges me out of his Pocket: Another gives me Matter of Ornament and Curioſity: A third, Conſolation. To ſay nothing of Negative Benefits; for there are, that reckon

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it an Obligation if they do a Body no hurt; and place it to Accompt, as if they sav'd a Man, when they do not undoe him. To shut up all in one word; as Benevolence is the most sociable of all Virtues, so it is of the largest Extent; for there is not any Man either so great, or so little, but he is yet capable of giving, and of receiving Benefits.

CHAP. III.

A Son may Oblige his Father; and a Servant his Master.

THE Question is (in the first place) Whether it may not be possible for a Father to owe more to a Son, in other respects, than the * Son owes to his Father for his Being? That many Sons are both Greater, and Better than their Fathers, there is no Question; as there are many other things that derive their Beings from others, which yet are far greater than their Original. Is not the Tree larger than the Seed? The River than the Fountain? The Foundation of all things lies hid, and the Superstructure obscures it. If I owe all to my Father, because he gives me Life, I may owe as much to a Physician that sav'd his Life; for if my Father had not been Cur'd, I had never been begotten: Or, if I stand indebted for all that I am, to my Beginning; my

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Acknowledgment muſt run back to the very Original of all Humane Beings. My Father gave me the Benefit of Life, which he had never done, if his Father had not firſt given it to him. He gave me Life, not knowing to whom, and when I was in a Condition neither to feel Death, nor to fear it. That's the great Benefit, to give Life to one that knows how to uſe it; and that is capable of the Apprehenſion of Death. 'Tis true, that without a Father I could never have had a Being; and ſo without a Nurſe that Being had never been improv'd; but I do not therefore owe my Virtue either to my Nativity, or to her that gave me ſuck. The Generation of me was the leaſt part of the Benefit: For, to live is common with Brutes; but, to live well is the main buſineſs; and that Virtue is all my own, ſaving what I drew from my Education. It does not follow that the *firſt* Benefit muſt be the *greateſt*, becauſe without the firſt, the greateſt could never have been. The Father gives Life to the Son but once; but if the Son ſaves the Father's Life often, though he do but his Duty, it is yet a greater Benefit. And again, the Benefit that a Man receives is the greater, the more he needs it; but, the Living has more need of Life, than he that is not yet born: So that the Father receives a greater Benefit in the Continuance of his Life, than the Son in the Beginning of it. What if a Son deliver his Father from the Rack; or, which is more, lay him-

himſelf down in his place? The giving of him a Being, was but the Office of a Father; a ſimple Act; a Benefit given at a venture; beſide that he had a Participant in it, and a Regard to his Family. He gave only a ſingle Life, and he received a happy one. My Mother brought me into the World naked, expos'd, and void of Reaſon; but, my Reputation, and my Fortune, are advanc'd by my Virtue. *Scipio* (as yet in his Minority) reſcu'd his Father in a Battel with *Hannibal*; and afterward from the Practices, and Proſecution of a Powerful Faction; covering him with Conſulary Honours, and the Spoils of Publick Enemies. He made himſelf as Eminent for his Moderation, as for his Piety, and Military Knowledge: He was the Defender, and the Eſtabliſher of his Country; He left the Empire without a Competitor? and made himſelf as well the Ornament of *Rome*, as the Security of it: And did not *Scipio*, in all this, more than requite his Father barely for begetting of him? Whether did *Anchiſes* more for *Æneas*, in dandling the Child in his Arms, or *Æneas* for his Father, when he carry'd him upon his Back through the Flames of *Troy*, and made his Name famous to future Ages, among the Founders of the *Roman Empire*? *T. Manlius* was the Son of a Sour, and Imperious Father, who baniſh'd him his Houſe as a Blockhead, and a Scandal to the Family: This *Manlius*, hearing that his Father's Life was in Queſtion, and

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a day ſet for his Tryal, went to the Tribune that was concern'd in the Cauſe, and diſcours'd him about it: The Tribune told him the appointed time, and withal (as an Obligation upon the young Man) That his Cruelty to his Son would be part of his Accuſation: *Manlius*, upon this, takes the Tribune aſide, and preſenting a Ponyard to his breaſt, *Swear*, ſays he, *That you will let this Cauſe fall, or you ſhall have this Dagger in the heart of you; and now 'tis at your Choice, which way you will deliver my Father.* The Tribune ſwore, and kept his Word, and made a fair Report of the whole matter to the Council. He that makes himſelf Famous by his Eloquence, Juſtice, or Arms, illuſtrates his Extraction, let it be never ſo mean; and gives ineſtimable Reputation to his Parents. We ſhould never have heard of *Sophroniſcus*, but for his Son *Socrates*; nor of *Ariſto*, and *Gryllus*, if it had not been for *Xenophon* and *Plato*.

THIS is not to diſcountenance the Veneration we owe to Parents; nor to make Children the worſe, but the better; and to ſtir up generous Emulations: for, in Conteſts of good Offices, both Parts are happy; as well the vanquiſh'd, as thoſe that overcome. It is the only honourable diſpute that can arrive betwixt a Father and a Son, which of the two ſhall have the better of the other in the Point of Benefits.

IN the Queſtion betwixt a Maſter, and a Servant; we muſt diſtinguiſh betwixt Bene-

* *A Servant may oblige his Master.*

* Benefits, Duties, and Actions Miniſterial. By *Benefits* we underſtand thoſe good Offices that we receive from Strangers, which are voluntary, and may be forborn without blame. *Duties* are the Parts of a Son, and Wife; and incumbent upon Kindred and Relations. *Offices Miniſterial* belong to the Part of a Servant. Now, ſince it is the *Mind*, and not the *Condition* of the Perſon, that Prints the Value upon the Benefit, a Servant may oblige his Maſter, and ſo may a Subject his Sovereign, or a common Soldier his General, by doing more then he is expreſly bound to do. Some things there are, which the Law neither Commands, nor forbids; and here the Servant is free. It would be very hard for a Servant to be chaſtiz'd for doing leſs than his Duty, and not thank'd for't when he does more. His Body, 'tis true, is his Maſters, but his Mind is his own: And there are many Commands which a Servant ought no more to obey, then a Maſter to impoſe. There is no Man ſo great, but he may both need the Help, and Service, and ſtand in fear of the Power, and Unkindneſs, even of the meaneſt of Mortals. One Servant kills his Maſter, another ſaves him; nay, preſerves his Maſter's Life, perhaps, with the loſs of his own: He expoſes himſelf to Torment and Death; he ſtands firm againſt all Threats and Flatteries: Which is not only a Benefit in a Servant, but much the greater for his ſo being.

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WHEN *Domitius* was beſieg'd in *Corfinium*, and the Place brought to great Extremity; he preſſed his Servant ſo earneſtly to Poyſon him, that at laſt he was prevail'd upon to give him a Potion: Which, it ſeems, was an innocent Opiate, and *Domitius* outliv'd it: *Cæſar* took the Town, and gave *Domitius* his Life; but it was his Servant that gave it him firſt.

THERE was another Town beſieg'd, and when it was upon the laſt pinch, two Servants made their Eſcape, and went over to the Enemy: Upon the *Romans* entring the Town, and in the heat of the Soldiers fury, theſe two fellows ran directly home, took their Miſtreſs out of her Houſe, and drave her before them, telling every body how barbarouſly ſhe had us'd them formerly, and that they would now have their Revenge: When they had her without the Gates, they kept her cloſe till the danger was over; by which means they gave their Miſtreſs her Life, and ſhe gave them their Freedom. This was not the Action of a ſervile Mind, to do ſo Glorious a thing, under an appearance of ſo great a Villany; for if they had not paſs'd for Deſerters, and Parricides, they could not have gain'd their End.

WITH one Inſtance more (and that a very brave one) I ſhall conclude this Chapter.

IN the Civil Wars of *Rome*, a Party coming to ſearch for a Perſon of Quality that was proſcrib'd, a Servant put on his Maſter's Clothes,

Clothes, and deliver'd himself up to the Soldiers, as the Master of the House; he was taken into Custody, and put to Death, without discovering the Mistake. What could be more glorious, than for a Servant to dye for his Master, in that Age, when there were not many Servants that would not betray their Masters? So generous a tenderness in a publick Cruelty; So invincible a Faith in a general Corruption; what could be more glorious, I say, then so exalted a Virtue, as rather to chuse Death for the Reward of his Fidelity, then the greatest advantages he might otherwise have had for the Violation of it?

CHAP. IV.

It is the Intention, not the Matter, that makes the Benefit.

THE *Good Will* of the Benefactor is the Fountain of all Benefits: nay, it is the Benefit it self; or, at least the Stamp, that makes it valuable, and current. Some there are, I know, that take the *Matter* for the *Benefit*; and tax the Obligation by Weight and Measure. When any thing is given them, they presently cast it up; *What may such a House be Worth? Such an Office? Such an Estate?* As if that were the Benefit, which is only the Sign, and Mark of it: For the obligation

ligation reſts in the *Mind*, not in the *Matter*; And, all thoſe Advantages which we ſee, handle, or hold in actual Poſſeſſion by the Courteſie of another, are but ſeveral Modes, or Ways of Explaining, and putting the Good Will in Execution. There needs no great Subtilty, to prove, That both Benefits and Injuries receive their Value from the Intention, when even Brutes themſelves are able to decide this Queſtion. Tread upon a Dog by chance, or put him to pain upon the dreſſing of a Wound; the one, he paſſes by as an Accident; and the other, in his faſhion, he acknowledges as a Kindneſs; but, offer to ſtrike at him, though you do him no hurt at all, he flies yet in the face of you, even for the Miſchief that you barely meant him.

IT is further to be obſerv'd, That all * Benefits are good; and (like the Diſtributions of Providence) made up of Wiſdom and Bounty; whereas the Gift it ſelf is neither good, nor bad, but may indifferently be apply'd, either to the one, or to the other The Benefit is immortal, the Gift Periſhable: For, the Benefit it ſelf continues, when we have no longer either the Uſe or the Matter of it. He that is dead, was alive; He that has loſt his Eyes, did ſee; and, whatſoever is done, cannot be rendred undone. My Friend (for inſtance) is taken by Pyrates; I redeem him; and, after that, he falls into other Pyrates hands: His Obligation to me is the ſame ſtill, as if he had pre-

* *All Benefits are good.*

ſerv'd his Freedom. And ſo, if I ſave a Man from any one Misfortune, and he falls into another; if I give him a Sum of Money, which is afterward taken away by Thieves; it comes to the ſame Caſe. Fortune may deprive us of the Matter of a Benefit, but the Benefit it ſelf remains inviolable. If the Benefit reſided in the Matter, that which is good for one Man, would be ſo for another; whereas many times the very ſame thing given to ſeveral Perſons, works contrary effects; even to the difference of Life, or Death; and that which is one bodies Cure, proves another bodies Poiſon. Beſide that the Timeing of it alters the value; and, a Cruſt of Bread upon a pinch, is a greater Preſent than an Imperial Crown. What is more familiar, than, in a Battel, to ſhoot at an Enemy, and kill a Friend? Or, inſtead of a Friend, to ſave an Enemy? But yet this diſappointment in the Event, does not at all operate upon the Intention. What if a Man Cures me of a Wen, with a ſtroak that was deſign'd to cut off my Head? Or, with a Malicious Blow upon my Stomach, breaks an impoſthume? Or, what if he ſave my Life, with a Draught that was prepar'd to poyſon me? The Providence of the Iſſue does not at all diſcharge the Obliquity of the Intent. And the ſame Reaſon holds good even in Religion it ſelf: It is not the Incenſe, or the Offering, that is acceptable to God, but the Purity and Devotion of the Worſhipper. Neither is the bare Will, without Action,

Action, ſufficient; that is, where we have the means of Acting; for, in that Caſe, it ſignifies as little to *wiſh* well, without well-*doing*, as to *do* good, without *willing* it. There muſt be Effect, as well as Intention, to make me owe a Benefit; but, to will againſt it, does wholly diſcharge it. In fine, the Conſcience alone is the Judge, both of Benefits and Injuries.

IT does not follow now, becauſe the Benefit reſts in the * Good Will, that therefore the Good Will ſhould be always a Benefit; for, if it be not accompany'd with Government, and Diſcretion, thoſe Offices which we call Benefits, are but the Works of Paſſion, or of Chance; and, many times, the greateſt of all Injuries. One Man does me good by miſtake; another ignorantly; a third upon force; but none of theſe Caſes do I take to be an Obligation; for they were neither directed to me, nor was there any Kindneſs of Intention: We do not thank the Seas for the Advantages we receive by Navigation; or the Rivers, for ſupplying us with Fiſh, and flowing of our Grounds; we do not thank the Trees, either for their Fruits, or Shades; or the Winds for a fair Gale: And, what's the difference betwixt a reaſonable Creature, that does not know, and an inanimate, that cannot? A good *Horſe* ſaves one Man's Life; a good Suit of *Arms* another's; and a *Man*, perhaps, that never intended it, ſaves a Third. Where's the difference now betwixt the Obligation of the

* *The Good Will muſt be accompany'd with Judgment.*

one, and of the other? A Man falls into a River, and the fright cures him of an Ague; we may call this a kind of lucky Miſchance, but not a Remedy. And ſo it is with the good we receive, either without, or beſide, or contrary to intention. It is the Mind, and not the Event, that diſtinguiſhes a Benefit from an Injury.

CHAP. V.

There muſt be Judgment in a Benefit, as well as Matter, and Intention; and eſpecially in the Choice of the Perſon.

AS it is the *Will* that deſigns the Benefit, and the *Matter*, that conveys it; So it is the *Judgment* that perfects it: Which depends upon ſo many Critical Niceties, that the leaſt Error, either in the Perſon, the Matter, the Manner, the Quality, the Quantity, the Time, or the Place, ſpoils all.

THE Conſideration of the *Perſon* is a * Main Point; for, we are to give by Choice, and not by Hazard. My Inclination bids me oblige one Man; I am bound in Duty, and Juſtice, to ſerve another; here 'tis Charity, there 'tis Pity; and, elſewhere perhaps Encouragement. There are ſome that want, to whom I would not give; becauſe if I did, they would want ſtill. To one Man I would

**The Choice of the Perſon is a main point.*

would barely offer a Benefit; but, I would preſs it upon another. To ſay the truth, we do not employ any Money to more Profit, than that which we beſtow; and 'tis not to our Friends, our Acquaintances, or Countrymen, nor to this, or that Condition of Men, that we are to reſtrain our Bounties; but, whereſoever there is a Man, there is a Place, and Occaſion for a Benefit. We give to ſome that are good already; to others, in hope to make them ſo; but we muſt do all with Diſcretion: for, we are as anſwerable for what we give, as for what we receive: Nay, the miſplacing of a Benefit is worſe than the not Receiving of it: for the one is another Man's Fault; but the other is mine. The Error of the Giver does oft-times excuſe the Ingratitude of the Receiver; for, a Favour ill placed is rather a Profuſion, than a Benefit. It is the moſt ſhameful of Loſſes, an inconſiderate Bounty. I will chuſe a Man of Integrity, Sincere, Conſiderate, Grateful, Temperate, Well-natur'd, neither Covetous, nor Sordid: And when I have oblig'd ſuch a Man, though not worth a Groat in the World, I have gain'd my end. If we give, only to receive, we loſe the faireſt Objects for our Charity; the Abſent, the Sick, the Captive, and the Needy. When we oblige thoſe that can never pay us again in kind, as a Stranger upon his laſt Farewell, or a Neceſſitous Perſon upon his Death-bed, we make Providence our Debtor, and rejoyce in the Conſcience even

of a fruitleſs Benefit. So long as we are affected with Paſſions, and diſtracted with Hopes, and Fears, and (the moſt unmanly of Vices) with our Pleaſures, we are incompetent Judges where to place our Bounties. But, when Death preſents it ſelf, and that we come to our laſt Will and Teſtament, we leave our Fortunes to the moſt worthy. He that gives nothing but in hopes of receiving, muſt dye Inteſtate. It is the honeſty of another Man's Mind that moves the Kindneſs of mine; and I would ſooner oblige a Grateful Man, then an Ungrateful: But, this ſhall not hinder me from doing good alſo to a Perſon that is known to be Ungrateful: Only with this Difference, that I will ſerve the one in all Extremities with my Life and fortune; and the other, no further then ſtands with my Convenience. But, what ſhall I do, you'll ſay, to know whether a Man will be Grateful or no? I will ſollow Probability, and hope the beſt. He that Sowes, is not ſure to Reap; nor the Seaman to reach his Port; nor the Soldier to win the Field. He that Weds, is not ſure his Wife ſhall be honeſt; or, his Children dutiful: But, ſhall we therefore neither Sow, Sail, bear Arms, nor Marry? Nay, if I knew a Man to be incurably thankleſs, I would yet be ſo kind as to put him into his way, or let him light a Candle at mine, or draw Water at my Well, which may ſtand him perhaps in great ſtead, and yet not be reckon'd as a Benefit from me; for I do it careleſly, and not for his ſake, but my

my own; as an Office of Humanity, without any Choice, or Kindneſs.

CHAP. VI.

The Matter of Obligations, with its Circumſtances.

NEXT to the Choice of the *Perſon*, follows that of the *Matter*; wherein a Regard muſt be had to time, Place, Proportion, Quality; and to the very Nicks of Opportunity, and Humor. One Man values his Peace above his Honour; another, his Honour above his Safety; and not a few there are, that (provided they may ſave their Bodies) never care what becomes of their Souls. So that Good Offices depend much upon Conſtruction. Some take themſelves to be obliged, when they are not; Others will not believe it when they are; and ſome again take Obligations, and Injuries, the one, for the other.

FOR our better Direction, let it be noted, *That* **a Benefit is a Common Tye, betwixt the Giver, and the Receiver, with a Reſpect to both.* Wherefore, it muſt be accommodate to the Rules of Diſcretion; for all things have their Bounds, and Meaſures, and ſo muſt Liberality among the reſt; that it be neither too much for the one, nor too little for the other; the Exceſs being every jot as bad as the Defect. *Alexander* beſtow'd a

* *A Benefit is a common Tye betwixt Giver and Receiver.*

City upon one of his Favorites; who modeſtly excuſing himſelf, *That it was too much for him to receive: Well, but,* ſays Alexander, *it is not too much for me to give:* A haughty, certainly, and an imprudent Speech; for that which was not fit for the one to Take, could not be fit for the other to Give. It paſſes in the World for greatneſs of Mind, to be perpetually giving and loading of People with Bounties: But, 'tis one thing to know how to *Give*, and another thing not to know how to *Keep*. Give me a heart that's eaſie and open, but I'll have no holes in't; let it be bountiful with Judgment, but I'll have nothing run out of it I know not how. How much greater was he that refus'd the City, than the other that offer'd it? Some Men throw away their Money as if they were Angry with it, which is the Error commonly of weak Minds, and large Fortunes. No man eſteems of any thing that comes to him by Chance; but, when 'tis govern'd by Reaſon, it brings Credit both to the Giver, and Receiver; whereas thoſe favours are, in ſome ſort, ſcandalous, that make a Man aſham'd of his Patron.

* *A Benefit muſt be ſuited to the Condition of the Receiver.*

IT is a Matter of great Prudence, for the Benefactor * to ſuit the Benefit to the Condition of the Receiver; who muſt be, either his Superiour, his Inferiour, or his Equal; and that which would be the higheſt Obligation imaginable to the one, would, perhaps, be as great a Mockery, and Affront to the other: As a Plate of broken Meat

for

(for the Purpoſe) to a Rich Man, were an Indignity, which to a poor Man is a Charity. The Benefits of Princes, and of Great Men, are Honours, Offices, Moneys, Profitable Commiſſions, Countenance, and Protection; The Poor man has nothing to preſent, but Good-Will, good Advice, Faith, Induſtry, the Service and Hazard of his Perſon, an early Apple peradventure, or ſome other cheap Curioſity: Equals indeed may correſpond in Kind; but whatſoever the Preſent be, or to whom ſoever we offer it, this General Rule muſt be obſerv'd, That we always deſign the Good and Satisfaction of the Receiver; and never grant any thing to his Detriment. 'Tis not for a Man to ſay, I was overcome by Importunity; for, when the Fever is off, we deteſt the Man that was prevail'd upon to our Deſtruction. I will no more undoe a Man with his Will, then forbear ſaving him againſt it. It is a Benefit in ſome Caſes to Grant, and in others to Deny; So that we are rather to conſider the Advantage, then the Deſire of the Petitioner. For, we may, in a Paſſion, earneſtly beg for (and take it ill to be deny'd too) that very thing, which, upon ſecond thoughts, we may come to Curſe, as the occaſion of a moſt pernicious Bounty. Never give any thing that ſhall turn to Miſchief, Infamy, or Shame. I will conſider another Man's Want, or Safety; but ſo, as not to forget my own; Unleſs in the Caſe of a very excellent Perſon, and then I ſhall not much

much heed what becomes of my ſelf. There's no giving of Water to a Man in a Fever; or putting a Sword into a Mad-man's hand. He that lends a Man Money to carry him to a Bawdy-houſe, or a Weapon for his Revenge, makes himſelf a Partaker of his Crime.

* *An acceptable Preſent.*

HE that would make an *acceptable Preſent, will pitch upon ſomething that is deſired, ſought for, and hard to be found; that which he ſees no where elſe, and which few have; or at leaſt not in that Place, or Seaſon; ſomething that may be always in his Eye, and mind him of the Benefactor. If it be laſting and durable, ſo much the better; as Plate, rather then Money; Statues, then Apparel; for it will ſerve as a Monitor, to mind the Receiver of the Obligation, which the Preſenter cannot ſo handſomly do. However, let it not be improper, as Arms to a Woman; Books to a Clown; Toys to a Philoſopher: I will not *Give* to any Man that which he cannot receive; as if I threw a Ball to a Man without hands; but I will make a *Return*, though he cannot receive it; for, my buſineſs is not to oblige him, but to free my ſelf: Nor any thing that may reproach a Man of his Vice, or Infirmity: as falſe Dice to a Cheat; Spectacles to a Man that's blind. Let it not be unſeaſonable neither; as a furr'd Gown in Summer; an *Umbrella* in Winter. It enhances the value of the Preſent, if it was never given to him by any body elſe, nor by me to any other;

other; for, that which we give to every body, is welcome to no body. The Particularity does much, but yet the ſame thing may receive a different Eſtimate from ſeveral Perſons; for, there are ways of marking and recommending it in ſuch a mannner, that if the ſame *Good Office* be done to twenty People, every one of them ſhall reckon himſelf peculiarly oblig'd: As a cunning Whore, if ſhe has a thouſand Sweet-hearts, will perſwade every one of them, that ſhe loves him beſt. But, this is rather the Artifice of Converſation, than the Virtue of it.

THE Citizens of *Megara* ſent Ambaſſadors to * *Alexander* in the height of his Glory, to offer him, as a Compliment, the Freedom of their City. Upon *Alexander*'s ſmiling at the Propoſal, they told him, That it was a preſent which they had never made, but to *Hercules*, and himſelf. Whereupon, *Alexander* treated them kindly, and accepted of it; not for the Preſenters ſake, but becauſe they had joyn'd him with *Hercules*; how unreaſonably ſoever: For *Hercules* Conquer'd nothing for himſelf, but made it his buſineſs to vindicate, and to protect the miſerable, without any private Intereſt, or Deſign: But this intemperate young Man (whoſe Virtue was nothing elſe but a ſucceſsful Temerity) was train'd up from his Youth in the Trade of Violence: The Common Enemy of Mankind, as well of his Friends, as of his Foes; and one that valu'd himſelf upon being terrible to all Mortals; Never conſidering

* *Let the Preſent be ſingular.*

much heed what becomes of my self. There's no giving of Water to a Man in a Fever; or putting a Sword into a Mad-man's hand. He that lends a Man Money to carry him to a Bawdy-house, or a Weapon for his Revenge, makes himself a Partaker of his Crime.

* *An acceptable Present.*

HE that would make an *acceptable Present, will pitch upon something that is desired, sought for, and hard to be found; that which he sees no where else, and which few have; or at least not in that Place, or Season; something that may be always in his Eye, and mind him of the Benefactor. If it be lasting and durable, so much the better; as Plate, rather then Money; Statues, then Apparel; for it will serve as a Monitor, to mind the Receiver of the Obligation, which the Presenter cannot so handsomly do. However, let it not be improper, as Arms to a Woman; Books to a Clown; Toys to a Philosopher: I will not *Give* to any Man that which he cannot receive; as if I threw a Ball to a Man without hands; but I will make a *Return*, though he cannot receive it; for, my business is not to oblige him, but to free my self: Nor any thing that may reproach a Man of his Vice, or Infirmity: as false Dice to a Cheat; Spectacles to a Man that's blind. Let it not be unseasonable neither; as a furr'd Gown in Summer; an *Umbrella* in Winter. It enhances the value of the Present, if it was never given to him by any body else, nor by me to any other;

other; for, that which we give to every body, is welcome to no body. The Particularity does much, but yet the same thing may receive a different Estimate from several Persons; for, there are ways of marking and recommending it in such a mannner, that if the same *Good Office* be done to twenty People, every one of them shall reckon himself peculiarly oblig'd: As a cunning Whore, if she has a thousand Sweet-hearts, will perswade every one of them, that she loves him best. But, this is rather the Artifice of Conversation, than the Virtue of it.

THE Citizens of *Megara* sent Ambassadors to * *Alexander* in the height of his Glory, to offer him, as a Compliment, the Freedom of their City. Upon *Alexander*'s smiling at the Proposal, they told him, That it was a present which they had never made, but to *Hercules*, and himself. Whereupon, *Alexander* treated them kindly, and accepted of it; not for the Presenters sake, but because they had joyn'd him with *Hercules*; how unreasonably soever: For *Hercules* Conquer'd nothing for himself, but made it his business to vindicate, and to protect the miserable, without any private Interest, or Design: But this intemperate young Man (whose Virtue was nothing else but a successful Temerity) was train'd up from his Youth in the Trade of Violence: The Common Enemy of Mankind, as well of his Friends, as of his Foes; and one that valu'd himself upon being terrible to all Mortals; Never considering

* *Let the Present be singular.*

ſidering, that the dulleſt Creatures are as dangerous, and as dreadful, as the fierceſt; for, the Poyſon of a Toad, or the Tooth of a Snake, will do a Man's buſineſs, as ſure as the Paw of a Tiger.

CHAP. VII.

The Manner of Obliging.

THERE is not any Benefit ſo glorious in it ſelf, but it may yet be exceedingly ſweetned, and improv'd by the *Manner* of conferring it. The Virtue, I know, reſts in the *Intent*; the Profit, in the Judicious Application of the *Matter*; but, the Beauty, and Ornament of an Obligation, lies in the *Manner* of it; and it is then perfect, when the Dignity of the Office is accompany'd with all the Charms, and Delicacies of Humanity, Good Nature, and Addreſs: And with Diſpatch too; for, he that puts a Man off from time to time, was never right at heart.

IN the firſt place, whatſoever we give, let us do it **frankly*: A kind Benefactor makes a Man happy as *ſoon* as he can, and as *much* as he can. There ſhould be no *delay* in a Benefit, but the Modeſty of the Receiver. If we cannot foreſee the Requeſt, let us however immediately grant it, and by no means ſuffer the repeating of it. It is ſo grievous a thing, to ſay, I *BEG*; the very

** Give frankly.*

very word puts a Man out of Countenance; and 'tis a double Kindneſs to do the thing, and ſave an honeſt Man the Confuſion of a Bluſh. It comes too late, that comes for the Asking; for nothing coſts us ſo dear, as that which we purchaſe with our Prayers: It is all we give, even for Heaven it ſelf; and even there too, where our Petitions are at the faireſt, we chuſe rather to preſent them in Secret Ejaculations, than by word of Mouth. That is the laſting, and the acceptable Benefit, that meets the Receiver half way. The Rule is, we are to *Give*, as we would *Receive*, *chearfully*, *quickly*, and without heſitation; for, there's no Grace in a Benefit that ſticks to the Fingers. Nay, if there ſhould be occaſion for delay, let us, however, not *ſeem* to deliberate; for *demurring* is next door to *denying*; and, ſo long as we ſuſpend, ſo long are we unwilling. It is a Court-humour, to keep People upon the Tenters; their Injuries are quick, and ſudden, but their Benefits are ſlow. Great Miniſters love to Rack Men with Attendance; and account it an Oſtentation of their Power to hold their Suitors in hand, and to have many Witneſſes of their Intereſt. A Benefit ſhould be made acceptable by all poſſible means, even to the end that the Receiver, who is never to forget it, may bear it in his mind with Satisfaction. There muſt be no mixture of Sourneſs, Severity, Contumely, or Reproof, with our Obligations; nay, in caſe there ſhould be any occaſion for ſo much

as

as an Admonition, let it be referr'd to another time. We are a great deal apter to remember Injuries, then Benefits; and 'tis enough to forgive an Obligation, that has the Nature of an Offence.

* *Give chearfully.*

THERE are ſome that ſpoil a Good Office * after it is done; and others, in the very inſtant of doing it. There muſt be ſo much Entreaty and Importunity: Nay, if we do but ſuſpect a Petitioner, we put on a ſour face; look another way; pretend Haſte, Company, Buſineſs; talk of other Matters, and keep him off with Artificial Delays, let his Neceſſities be never ſo preſſing; and when we are put to't at laſt, it comes ſo hard from us, that 'tis rather Extorted, than Obtained; and not ſo properly the giving of a Bounty, as the quitting of a Man's hold upon the Tugg, when another is too ſtrong for him: So that this is but doing one Kindneſs for me, and another for himſelf; He gives for his own Quiet, after he has tormented me with Difficulties, and Delays. The *Manner* of *Saying*, or of *Doing* any thing, goes a great way in the Value of the thing it ſelf. It was well ſaid of him, that call'd a good Office that was done harſhly, and with an ill Will, *A Stony Piece of Bread*; 'tis neceſſary for him that is hungry, to receive it, but it almoſt chokes a Man in the going down. There muſt be no Pride, Arrogance of Looks, or Tumor of Words, in the beſtowing of Benefits; no Inſolence of Behaviour, but a Mo-

deſty

destry of Mind, and a diligent Care to catch at Occasions, and prevent Necessities. A Pause, an unkind Tone, Word, Look, or Action, destroys the Grace of a Courtesie. It corrupts a Bounty when it is accompany'd with State, Haughtiness, and Elation of Mind in the giving of it. Some have the Trick of shifting off a Suitor with a Point of Wit, or a Cavil. As in the Case of the *Cynick* that begg'd a Talent of *Antigonus*; *That's too much*, says he, *for a Cynick to ask*; and when he fell to a Peny, *That's too little*, says he, *for a Prince to give*. He might have found a way to have compounded this Controversie, by giving him a *Peny*, as to a *Cynick*; and a *Talent*, as from a *Prince*. Whatsoever we bestow, let it be done with a frank and chearful Countenance: A Man must not give with his Hand, and deny with his Looks. He that gives quickly, gives willingly.

WE are likewise to * accompany *Good Deeds* with *Good Words*, and say (for the Purpose) *Why should you make such a Matter of this? Why did not you come to me sooner? Why would you make use of any body else? I take it ill that you should bring me a Recommendation; Pray let there be no more of this; but when you have occasion hereafter, come to me upon your own account.* That's the glorious Bounty, when the Receiver can say to himself, *What a blessed day has this been to me! never was any thing done so generously, so tenderly, with so good a Grace. What is it I would*

* *Accompany good Deeds with good Words.*

would not do to ſerve this Man! A thouſand times as much another way could not have given me this Satisfaction. In ſuch a Caſe, let the Benefit be never ſo conſiderable, the manner of conferring it is yet the nobleſt part. Where there is harſhneſs of Language, Countenance, or Behaviour, a Man had better be without it. A flat Denial is infinitely before a vexatious Delay; as a quick Death is a Mercy, compar'd with a lingring Torment. But to be put to Waitings, and Interceſſions, after a Promiſe is paſt, is a Cruelty intolerable. 'Tis troubleſome to ſtay long for a Benefit, let it be never ſo great; and he that holds me needleſly in pain, loſes two precious things, Time, and the Proof of Friendſhip. Nay, the very hint of a Man's Wants comes many times too late. *If I had Money*, ſaid Socrates, *I would buy me a Cloak.* They that knew he wanted one, ſhould have prevented the very Intimation of that want. It is not the Value of the Preſent, but the Benevolence of the Mind, that we are to conſider. *He gave me but a little; but, it was generouſly, and frankly done; it was a little, out of a little: He gave me it without asking; he preſt it upon me; he watch'd the Opportunity of doing it, and took it as an Obligation upon himſelf.* On the other ſide, many Benefits are great in ſhew, but little or nothing perhaps in effect; when they come hard, ſlow, or at unawares. That which is given with Pride and Oſtentation, is rather an Ambition then a Bounty.

SOME

SOME Favours are to be confer'd in *Publick*; others in *Private*. In *Publick* the Rewards of great Actions; as Honours, Charges, or whatsoever else gives a Man Reputation in the World; but, the good Offices we do for a Man in Want, Distress or under Reproach; these should be known only to those that have the Benefit of them. Nay, not to them neither, if we can handsomely conceal it from whence the favour came: For the Secrecy in many Cases, is a main part of the Benefit. There was a good man that had a Friend, who was both Poor and Sick, and asham'd to own his Condition: He privately convey'd a Bag of Money under his Pillow, that he might seem rather to find, than receive it. Provided I know that I give it, no matter for his knowing from whence it comes that receives it. Many a man stands in need of help, that has not the face to confess it: If the discovery may give Offence, let it be conceal'd; He that gives to be seen, would never relieve a man in the Dark. It would be tedious to run through all the Nicetyes that may occur upon this Subject. But in two words, he must be a Wise, a Friendly, and a Well-bred man, that perfectly acquits himself in the Art, and Duty of Obliging; for all his Actions must be squared according to the Measures of *Civility*, *Good Nature*, and *Discretion*.

* *Some Favours in Publick, others in Private.*

D CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Difference and Value of Benefits.

WE have already spoken of *Benefits* in *General*; the *Matter* and the *Intention*, together with the *Manner* of conferring them. It follows now, in Course, to say something of the *Value* of them? which is rated, either by the Good they do us, or by the Inconvenience they save us; and has no other Standard than that of a judicious Regard to Circumstance, and Occasion. Suppose I save a Man from Drowning, the Advantage of Life is all one to him, from what hand soever it comes or by what means. But, yet there may be a vast difference in the Obligation. I may do it with Hazard, or with Security; with Trouble, or with Ease; Willingly, or by Compulsion; upon Intercession, or without it. I may have a prospect of Vain Glory, or Profit; I may do it in Kindness to another, or an hundred *By-Ends* to my Self; and every point does exceedingly vary the Case. Two persons may part with the same Sum of Money, and yet not the same Benefit; the One had it of his own, and it was but a *little* out of a *great deal*; the Other *borrowed* it, and bestow'd upon me that which he wanted for himself. Two Boys were sent out to fetch a certain person to their Master: The one of them hunts up and down,

down, and comes home again weary, without finding him; the other falls to play with his Companions at the Wheel of Fortune, ſees him by chance paſſing by, delivers him his Errand, and brings him. He that found him by chance deſerves to be puniſhed; and he that ſought for him, and miſs'd him, to be rewarded for his good Will.

IN ſome Caſes we value * the *Thing*, in others the *Labour*, and *Attendance*. What can be more precious than Good Manners, good Letters, Life, and Health? and yet we pay our Phyſicians, and Tutors, only for their Service in their Profeſſions. If we buy things cheap, it matters not, ſo long as 'tis a Bargain: 'Tis no Obligation from the Seller, if no body elſe will give him more for't. What would not a Man give to be ſet aſhore in a Tempeſt? For a Houſe in a Wilderneſs? A Shelter in a Storm? A Fire, or a bit of Meat, when a Man's pinch'd with Hunger or Cold? A Defence againſt Thieves, and a Thouſand other Matters of great Moment, that coſt but little? And yet we know that the Skipper has but his freight for our Paſſage; and the Carpenters and Bricklayers do their Work by the day. Thoſe are many times the greateſt Obligations, in truth, which, in vulgar Opinion are the ſmalleſt: as Comfort to the Sick, Poor, Captives; good Councel, keeping of People from Wickedneſs, *&c.* Wherefore we ſhould reckon our ſelves to owe moſt for the Nobleſt Benefits. If the Phyſician adds Care,

* *We value the Thing, the Labour or Attendance.*

and Friendſhip, to the duty of his Calling, and the Tutor, to the common method of his buſineſs; I am to eſteem of them as the neareſt of my Relations: for, to watch with me; to be troubled for me; and to put off all other Patients for my ſake, is a particular kindneſs: and ſo is it in my Tutor, if he takes more pains with me than with the reſt of my fellows. It is not enough, in this Caſe, to pay the one his Fees, and the other his Sallary; but I am indebted to them over and above for their Friendſhip. The meaneſt of Mechanicks, if he does his Work with Induſtry, and Care, 'tis an uſual thing to caſt in ſomething by way of Reward, more than the bare Agreement: And, ſhall we deal worſe with the Preſervers of our Lives, and the Reformers of our Manners? He that gives me Himſelf (if he be worth taking) gives the greateſt Benefit. And, this is the Preſent which *Æſchines*, a poor Diſciple of *Socrates*, made to his Maſter, and as a Matter of great Conſideration; *Others may have given you much*, ſays he, *but I am the only Man that has left nothing to himſelf: This Gift*, ſays *Socrates*, *you ſhall never repent of, for I will take care to return it better than I found it*: So that a brave Mind can never want Matter for Liberality in the meaneſt Condition; for Nature has been ſo kind to us, that where we have nothing of Fortunes, we may beſtow ſomething of our own.

* *A Benefit follow'd by an Injury.*

IT falls out often, that a Benefit is follow'd with an * Injury; let which will be foremoſt,

most, it is with the latter, as with one Writing upon another; it does in a great measure hide the former, and keep it from appearing, but it does not quite take it away. We may, in some Cases, divide them, and both Require the One, and Revenge the other; or otherwise compare them, to know whether I am Creditor, or Debtor. You have oblig'd me in my Servant, but wounded me in my Brother; you have sav'd my Son, but you have destroy'd my Father: In this Instance, I will allow as much as Piety, and Justice, and Good Nature will bear; but I am not willing to set an Injury against a Benefit. I would have some respect to the Time; the Obligation came first; and then perhaps, the one was design'd, the other against his Will; under these Considerations I would amplifie the Benefit, and lessen the Injury; and extinguish the one with the other; nay, I would pardon the Injury even *without* the Benefit, but much more *after* it. Not that a Man can be bound by one Benefit to suffer all sorts of Injuries; for, there are some Cases, wherein we lie under no Obligation for a Benefit; because a greater Injury absolves it: As for Example: A Man helps me out of a Law-Suit, and afterwards commits a Rape upon my Daughter; where the following Impiety cancels the antecedent Obligation. A Man lends me a little Money, and then sets my House on fire: the Debtor is here turned Creditor, when the Injury out-weighs the Benefit. Nay, if a

Man does but so much as Repent of good Office done, and grow Sour and Insolent upon it, and upbraid me with it: If he did it only for his own sake, or for any other reason, then for mine; I am in some degree, more, or less, acquitted of the Obligation. I am not at all beholden to him that makes me the Instrument of his own Advantage. He that does me good for his own sake, I'll do him good for mine.

* *The Case of a Conditional Redemption.*

SUPPOSE a Man makes Suit for a * Place, and cannot obtain it, but upon the Ransom of ten Slaves out of the Gallies. If there be Ten, and no more, they owe him nothing for their Redemption; but they are yet indebted to him for the Choice, where he might have taken Ten others as well as these. Put the Case again, that by an Act of Grace so many Prisoners are to be released; their Names to be drawn by Lot, and mine happens to come out among the rest: One part of my Obligation is to him that put me in a Capacity of Freedom; and, the other is to Providence, for my being one of that Number. The greatest Benefits of all, have no Witnesses, but lie concealed in the Conscience.

* *Obligations common and Personal.*

THERE'S a great difference betwixt a Common Obligation, and a Particular; * he that lends my Country Money, obliges me, only as a part of the whole. *Plato* cross'd the River, and the Ferry-Man would take no Money of him: He reflected upon it as honour done to himself; and told him,

That

That Plato *was in his Debt.* But *Plato*, when he found it to be no more then he did for others, recalled his Word. *For*, says he, Plato *will owe nothing in particular, for a Benefit in Common; what I owe with others, I will pay with others.*

SOME will have it, that the Necessity of wishing a Man well, is some abatement to the Obligation in the doing of him a good Office. But, I say, on the contrary, that it is the greater, because the good will cannot be chang'd. 'Tis one thing to say, That a Man could not but do me this or that Civility, because he was forc'd to't; and another thing; That he could not quit the good Will of doing it. In the former Case, I am a Debtor to him that imposed the force; in the other, to himself. The unchangeable good Will is an indispensable Obligation: and, to say, that Nature cannot go out of her Course, does not discharge us, *of what we owe to Providence.* Shall he be said to Will, that may change his Mind the next moment? And, shall we question the Will of the Almighty, whose Nature admits no change? Must the Stars quit their Stations, and fall foul one upon another? Must the Sun stand still in the middle of his Course, and Heaven and Earth drop into a Confusion? Must a devouring Fire seize upon the Universe; the Harmony of the Creation be dissolv'd; and the whole Frame of Nature swallow'd up in a dark Abyss? and, will nothing less then this serve to convince the

Obligation upon Necessity.

World of their audacious and impertinent Follies? It is not to say, that, *These Heavenly Bodies are not made for us*; for, in part they are so; and we are the better for their Virtues and Motions, whether we will or no: Though undoubtedly the Principal Cause, is the unalterable Law of God. Providence is not mov'd by any thing from without; but, the Divine Will is an Everlasting Law; an Immutable Decree; and the Impossibility of Variation proceeds from God's purpose of persevering; for he never repents of his first Councels. It is not with our Heavenly, as with our Earthly Father. God thought of us, and provided for us, before he made us: (for, unto him all future events are present:) Man was not the Work of Chance; his Mind carries him above the flight of Fortune, and naturally aspires to the Contemplation of Heaven, and Divine Mysteries. How desperate a Phrensie is it now, to undervalue; nay, to contemn, and to disclaim these Divine Blessings, without which we are utterly incapable of enjoying any other!

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

An Honest Man cannot be Out-done in Courtesie.

IT passes in the World for a Generous, and a Magnificent saying, that, *'Tis a shame for a Man to be Out-done in Courtesie*: And, it's worth the while to examine both the Truth of it, and the Mistake. First, there can be no shame in a Virtuous Emulation; and, Secondly, there can be no Victory without crossing the Cudgels, and yielding the Cause. One Man may have the advantages of Strength, of Means, of Fortune; and this will undoubtedly operate upon the Events of good purposes, but yet without any diminution to the Virtue. The good Will may be the same in both, and yet One may have the Heels of the Other; For, it is not in a good Office, as in a Course; where he wins the Plate that comes first to the Post: And even There also, Chance has many times a great hand in the Success. Where the Contest is about Benefits; and that the One has not only a *Good Will*, but *Matter* to work upon; and a *Power* to put that Good Intent in Execution: And the Other has barely a *Good Will*, without either the *Means*, or the *Occasion* of a Requital; if he does but affectionately wish it, and endeavour it; the latter is no more Overcome,

in

in Courtesie, than he is in Courage, that dies with his Sword in his Hand, and his Face to the Enemy, and, without shrinking, maintains his Station: For, where *Fortune* is *Partial*, 'Tis enough that the *Good Will is equal*. There are two Errors in this Proposition: First, to imply, that a good Man may be Overcome; and then to imagine, that any thing Shamefull can befall him. The *Spartans* prohibited all those Exercises where the Victory was declar'd by the Confession of the Contendent. The 300 *Fabii* were never said to be *Conquered*, but *Slain*; nor *Regulus* to be *Overcome*, though he was taken *Prisoner* by the *Carthaginians*. The Mind may stand firm under the greatest Malice, and Iniquity of Fortune; and yet the Giver and the Receiver continue upon equal Terms: As we reckon it a drawn Battel, when two Combatants are parted, though the One has lost more Blood than the Other. He that knows how to Owe a Courtesie and heartily wishes that he could Requite it is Invincible; So that every Man may be as Grateful as he pleases. 'Tis Your Happiness to give, 'Tis my Fortune that I can only Receive. What Advantage now has your Chance over my Virtue? But, there are some Men that have Philosophiz'd themselves almost out of the sense of Humane Affections; as *Diogenes*, that walked Naked and Unconcerned, through the middle of *Alexander*'s Treasures, and was as well in others Mens Opinions, as in his Own, even

above

above *Alexander* himself, who, at that time, had the whole World at his Feet: for there was more that the One scorn'd to Take, then that the Other had in his Power to Give; And, it is a greater Generosity for a Beggar to Refuse Money, then for a Prince to bestow it. This is a remarkable Instance of an immoveable Mind; and there's hardly any contending with it; but a Man is never the less Valiant for being worsted by an Invulnerable Enemy; nor the Fire one jot the weaker, for not consuming an Incombustible Body; nor a Sword ever a whit the worse for not cleaving a Rock that is impenetrable; neither is a grateful Mind overcome for want of an answerable Fortune. No matter for the inequality of the things Given, and Received, so long as in point of good Affection, the two Parties stand upon the same Level. 'Tis no shame not to overtake a Man, if we follow him as fast as we can. That Tumor of a Man, the vain-glorious *Alexander*, was us'd to make his boast, that never any Man went beyond him in Benefits; and yet he liv'd to see a poor fellow in a Tub, to whom there was nothing that he could Give, and from whom there was nothing that he could take away.

A Wise Friend is the Noblest of Presents.

NOR is it always necessary for a poor Man to fly to the Sanctuary of an Invincible Mind, to quit scores with the Bounties of a Plentiful Fortune; but, it does often fall out, that the Returns which he

he cannot make in *kind*, are more then supply'd in *dignity* and *value*. *Archelaus*, a King of *Macedon*, invited *Socrates* to his Palace; but he excuſed himſelf as unwilling to receive greater Benefits than he was able to Requite. This perhaps was not *Pride* in *Socrates*, but *Craft*; for he was afraid of being forc'd to accept of ſomething which poſſibly might have been unworthy of him: Beſide that he was a Man of Liberty, and loth to make himſelf a voluntary Slave. The Truth of it is, that *Archelaus* had more need of *Socrates*, then *Socrates* of *Archelaus*; for, he wanted a Man to teach him the Art of Life, and Death, and the Skill of Government; to read the Book of Nature to him, and ſhew him the Light at Noon-day; He wanted a Man, that, when the Sun was in an Eclipſe, and he had lock'd himſelf up in all the horrour, and deſpair imaginable; he wanted a Man, I ſay, to deliver him from his apprehenſions, and to expound the prodigy to him, by telling him, That there was no more in't, than only that the *Moon* was got betwixt the *Sun*, and the *Earth*, and all would be well again preſently. Let the World Judge now, Whether *Archelaus* his *Bounty*, or *Socrates* his *Philoſophy*, would have been the greater Preſent: He does not underſtand the value of Wiſdom and Friendſhip, that does not know a wiſe Friend, to be the Nobleſt of Preſents. A Rarity ſcarce to be found, not only in a Family, but in an Age; and no where more

wanted

wanted then where there seems to be the greatest store. The greater a Man is, the more need he has of him; and the more difficulty there is both of finding, and of knowing him. Nor is it to be said, that, *I cannot require such a Benefactor, because I am poor, and have it not*; I can give good Councel; a Conversation, wherein he may take both Delight, and Profit; Freedom of Discourse without Flattery; kind attention, where he deliberates; and Faith inviolable where he trusts; I may bring him to a love, and knowledge of Truth; deliver him from the errors of his Credulity, and teach him to distinguish betwixt Friends, and Parasites.

CHAP. X.

The Question discuss'd, Whether or no a Man may Give, or Return a Benefit to himself.

THERE are many Cases wherein a Man speaks of himself as of another. As for Example. *I may thank my self for this, I am angry at my self; I hate my self for That.* And this way of speaking has raised a Dispute among the Stoicks, *Whether or no a Man may Give, or Return a Benefit to himself.* For, say they, if I may hurt my Self, I may oblige my Self; and, that which were

were a Benefit to another Body, Why is it not so to my self? And, why am not I as Criminal in being ungrateful to my Self, as if I were so to another body? And, the Case is the same in Flattery, and several other Vices; as on the other side, it is a point of great Reputation for a Man to Command himself. *Plato* thanks *Socrates* for what he had *Learn'd* of him; and Why might not *Socrates* as well thank *Plato* for that which he had *Taught* him? *That which you want*, says *Plato*, *borrow it of your self.* And why may not I as well Give to my Self, as Lend? If I may be angry with my Self, I may Thank my Self; and, if I Chide my Self, I may as well Commend my Self, and do my Self Good, as well as Hurt; There's the same reason of Contraries: 'Tis a Common thing to say, *Such a Man hath done himself an Injury.* If an Injury, Why not a Benefit? But, I say, that no Man can be a Debtor to himself; for, the Benefit must naturally precede the Acknowledgment; and a Debtor can no more be without a Creditor, than a Husband without a Wife. Some body must Give, that some body may Receive; and, 'tis neither Giving, nor Receiving, the passing of a thing from one hand to the other. What if a Man should be ungrateful in the Case? there's nothing lost; for, he that gives it has it: And he that Gives, and he that Receives, are one and the same Person. Now, properly Speaking, no Man can be said to Bestow

bestow any thing upon himself, for he obeys his Nature, that prompts every Man to do himself all the good he can. Shall I call him Liberal, that gives to himself; or Good Natur'd, that pardons himself; or Pitiful, that is affected with his own Misfortunes? That which were Bounty, Clemency, Compassion, to another, to my Self, is Nature. A Benefit is a Voluntary thing; but, to do good to my Self, is a thing Necessary. Was ever any Man commended for getting out of a Ditch, or for helping himself against Thieves? Or, What if I should allow, that a Man may confer a Benefit upon himself? yet he cannot owe it, for he returns it in the same instant that he receives it. No Man gives, Owes, or makes a Return, but to another. How can one Man do that, to which two Parties are requisite in so many respects. Giving, and Receiving must go backward and forward, betwixt two Persons. If a Man Give to himself, he may Sell to himself: But, to sell, is to alienate a thing, and to translate the right of it to Another; now, to make a Man both the Giver, and the Receiver, is to Unite Two contraries. That's a Benefit, which, when it is Given, may possibly not be Requited; but he that Gives to himself, must necessarily Receive what he Gives; beside, that all Benefits are Given for the Receiver's sake, but that which a Man does for himself, is for the sake of the Giver.

THIS

THIS is one of those Subtilties, which, though hardly worth a Man's while, yet it is not labour absolutely loft neither. There is more of Trick and Artifice in it, than Solidity; and yet there's matter of diversion too; enough perhaps to pass away a Winters Evening, and keep a Man waking that's heavy-headed.

CHAP. IX.

How far one Man may be oblig'd for a Benefit done to Another.

THE Question now before us requires *Distinction*, and *Caution*. For, though it be both Natural, and Generous, to wish well to my Friends Friend; yet, a *Second-hand Benefit* does not bind me any further, then to a *Second-hand Gratitude*; So that I may receive great Satisfaction, and Advantage, from a good Office done to my Friend, and yet lie under no Obligation my self. Or, if any Man thinks otherwise; I must ask him in the first place, Where it begins; and How far it extends? that it may not be boundless. Suppose a Man Obliges the Son; Does that Obligation work upon the Father? and why not upon the Uncle too? The Brother? The Wife? The Sister? The Mother? Nay, upon all that have any kindness for him? and, upon all the Lovers of his Friends? and upon all that love them too?

too? And so *in Infinitum.* In this Case we must have Recourse, as is said heretofore, to the Intention of the Benefactor; and fix the Obligation upon him, unto whom the Kindness was directed. If a Man manures my Ground, keeps my House from burning, or falling, 'tis a Benefit to me, for I'm the better for't, and my House and Land are insensible. But if he save the Life of my Son, the Benefit is to my Son. It is a Joy, and a Comfort to me, but no Obligation. I am as much concern'd as I ought to be, in the Health, the Felicity, and the Welfare of my Son; as happy in the Enjoyment of him; And, I should be as unhappy as is possible in his Loss; but, it does not follow, that I must of necessity lie under an Obligation, for being either happier, or less miserable, by another bodies means. There are some Benefits, which, although conferr'd upon one Man, may yet work upon others; as a Sum of Money may be given to a poor man for his own sake, which, in the Consequence, proves the Relief of his whole Family; but still the immediate Receiver is the Debtor for it; for the Question is not, To whom it comes afterward to be transferr'd; but who is the Principal? And, upon whom it was first bestowed? My Son's Life is as dear to me as my own; and, in saving him, you preserve me too: in this Case I will acknowledge my self Oblig'd to you; that is to say, in my Son's Name: for in my own, and in strictness, I am not:

but, I am content to make my ſelf a voluntary Debtor. What if he had borrow'd Money? My paying of it does not at all make it my Debt. It would put me to the bluſh perhaps, to have him taken in Bed with another Man's Wife; but, that does not make me an Adulterer. 'Tis a wonderful Delight, and Satisfaction that I receive in his Safety: but, ſtill this Good is not a Benefit. A Man may be the better for an Animal, a Plant, a Stone; but, there muſt be a Will, an Intention, to make it an Obligation. You ſave the Son without ſo much as knowing the Father; Nay, without ſo much as thinking of him; and, perhaps, you would have done the ſame thing, even if you had hated him. But, without any farther Altercation of Dialogue; the Concluſion is this; if you meant him the Kindneſs, he is anſwerable for it; and I may enjoy the fruit of it, without being Obliged by it. But if it was done for my ſake, then am I accomptable. Or, howſoever, upon any occaſion, I am ready to do you all the Kind Offices imaginable; not as the Return of a Benefit, but as the Earneſt of a Friendſhip: which you are not to challenge neither, but to entertain as an Act of Honour, and of Juſtice, rather than of Gratitude. If a Man find the Body of my dead Father, in a Deſart, and give it Burial; if he did it as to my Father, I am beholden to him; but, if the Body was unknown to him, and that he would have done the ſame thing

for

for any other Body, I am no further concerned in it, then as a Piece of Publick Humanity.

THERE are moreover, ſome Caſes, wherein an Unworthy Perſon may be * oblig'd, for the ſake of others; and the ſot tiſh Extract of an ancient Nobility may be preferr'd before a better Man, that is but of yeſterdays ſtanding. And it is but reaſonable to pay a Reverence even to the Memory of eminent Virtues. He that is not illuſtrious in Himſelf, may yet be reputed ſo in the Right of his Anceſtors. And there is a Gratitude to be Entail'd upon the Off-ſpring of famous Progenitors. Was it not for the *Father*'s ſake, that *Cicero* the *Son* was made *Conſul?* And, was it not the Eminence of *one Pompey*, that rais'd and dignify'd the reſt of his Family? How came *Caligula* to be the Emperor of the World? a man ſo Cruel, that he ſpilt Blood as greedily as if he were to drink it; the Empire was not given to Himſelf, but to his Father *Germanicus*; A braver Man deſerved that for him, which he could never have challenged upon his own Merit. What was it that preferr'd *Fabius Perſicus?* (whoſe very Mouth was the uncleaneſt Part about him;) What was it, but the 300 of that Family that ſo generouſly oppoſed the Enemy, for the Safety of the Commonwealth?

* *An unworthy perſon may be oblig'd for the ſake of thoſe that are more worthy.*

* *Providence it self is gracious to the wicked Posterity of an honourable Race.*

NAY, *Providence it self is gracious to the Wicked Posterity of an Honourable Race. The Counsels of Heavens are guided by Wisdom, Mercy, and Justice. Some Men are made Kings for their proper Virtues, without any respect to their Predecessors. Others, for their Ancestors sakes, whose Virtues, though neglected in their Lives, come to be afterward rewarded in their Issue. And, it is but Equity, that our Gratitude should extend as far as the Influence of their Heroical Actions, and Examples.

CHAP. XII.

The Benefactor must have no By-Ends.

WE come now to the main point of the Matter in Question; that is to say, whether or no it be a thing desirable in it self, the Giving, and Receiving of Benefits? There is a Sect of Philosophers, that accounts nothing Valuable, but what is Profitable; and so makes all Virtue Mercenary: An Unmanly Mistake, to imagine, that the Hope of Gain, or Fear of Loss, should make a Man either the more, or the less Honest. As who should say, *What shall I get by't, and I'll be an honest Man?* Whereas on the contrary, Honesty is a thing in it self to be purchas'd at any rate. It is not for a Body to say, *It will be a Charge; a Hazard; I shall give Offence,*

Offence, &c. My Buſineſs is to do what I ought to do: All other Conſiderations are foreign to the Office. Whenſoever my duty calls me, 'tis my part to attend, without Scrupulizing upon Forms, or Difficulties. Shall I ſee an honeſt Man oppreſſed at the Barr, and not aſſiſt him, for fear of a Court-Faction? Or not ſecond him upon the Highway againſt Thieves, for fear of a Broken-head? And chuſe rather to ſit ſtill, the quiet Spectator of Fraud and Violence? Why will Men be Juſt, Temperate, Generous, Brave, but becauſe it carries along with it Fame, and a good Conſcience? And for the ſame Reaſon, and no other, (to apply it to the Subject in hand) let a Man alſo be Bountiful. The School of *Epicurus*, I'm ſure, will never ſwallow this Doctrine: (That Effeminate Tribe of Lazy and Voluptuous Philoſophers;) They'l tell you, That Virtue is but the Servant and Vaſſal of Pleaſure. *No*, ſays Epicurus, *I am not for Pleaſure neither, without Virtue.* But, Why then for Pleaſure, ſay I, *before* Virtue? Not that the Streſs of the Controverſie lies upon the *Order* only; for, the *Power* of it, as well as the *Dignity*, is now under debate. It is the Office of Virtue to Superintend, to Lead, and to Govern; But, the parts you have aſſign'd it, are, to Submit, to Follow, and to be under Command. But this, you'l ſay, is nothing to the purpoſe, ſo long as both ſides are agreed, that there can be no Happineſs without *Virtue*: *Take away that*, ſays Epi-

curus, *and I'm as little a Friend to Pleaſure as you.* The Pinch, in ſhort, is this; Whether Virtue it ſelf be the Supreme Good, or only the Cauſe of it? It is not the inverting of the Order that will clear this Point; (though 'tis a very prepoſterous Error, to ſet that firſt which ſhould be laſt.) It does not half ſo much offend me, the ranging of Pleaſure before Virtue, as the very Comparing of them; and the bringing of two Oppoſites, and profeſs'd Enemies, into any ſort of Competition.

THE Driſt of this Diſcourſe is, to ſupport the Cauſe of Benefits; and to prove, that it is a Mean and Diſhonourable thing, to Give, for any other End, then for * Giving-ſake. He that Gives for Gain, Profit, or any By-End, deſtroys the very intent of Bounty; For, it falls only upon thoſe that do not want; and perverts the Charitable Inclinations of Princes, and of Great Men, who cannot reaſonably propound to themſelves any ſuch End. What does the Sun get by travelling about the Univerſe; by viſiting, and comforting all the quarters of the Earth? Is the whole Creation made, and order'd for the good of Mankind, and every particular Man only for the Good of himſelf? There paſſes not an hour of our Lives, wherein we do not enjoy the Bleſſings of Providence without Meaſure, and without Intermiſſion. And, what Deſign can the Almighty have upon us, who is in himſelf full, ſafe, and inviolable? If he ſhould Give only

* *Give only for Giving-ſake.*

only for his own Sake, what would become of poor Mortals, that have nothing to return him at beſt, but Dutiful Acknowledgments? 'Tis putting out of a Benefit to Intereſt, only to beſtow where we may place it to Advantage.

LET us be Liberal then, after the Example of our Great Creator; and Give to others, with the Same Conſideration that he gives to us. **Epicurus* his Anſwer will be to this, That God gives no Benefits at all, but turns his back upon the World; and, without any Concern for us, leaves Nature to take her Courſe: And, whether he does any thing himſelf, or nothing, he takes no notice however, either of the Good, or of the Ill that is done here below. If there were not an Ordering and an Over-Ruling Providence; How comes it (ſay I on the other ſide) that the Univerſality of Mankind ſhould ever have ſo Unanimouſly agreed in the Madneſs of Worſhipping a Power that can neither hear nor help us? Some Bleſſings are freely given us: Others, upon our Prayers are granted us; and every day brings forth Inſtances of great, and of ſeaſonable Mercies. There never was yet any Man ſo Inſenſible, as not to Feel, See, and Underſtand a Deity in the ordinary Methods of Nature; though many have been ſo obſtinately Ungrateful, as not to confeſs it: Nor is any Man ſo wretched, as not to be a Partaker in that Divine Bounty. Some Benefits, 'tis true, may appear to be unequally

* *The* Epicureans *deny a Providence, the* Stoicks *aſſert it.*

divided. But, 'tis no small matter yet that we Posses in Common; and, which Nature has bestow'd upon us in her very self. If God be not Bountiful, whence is it that we have all that we pretend to? That which we give, and that which we deny; that which we Lay up, and that which we Squander away? Those innnumerable Delights, for the Entertainment of our Eyes, our Ears, and our Understandings? Nay, that Copious Matter even for Luxury it self? For, care is taken, not only for our Necessities, but also for our Pleasures, and for the Gratifying of all our Senses, and Appetites. So many pleasant Groves, Fruitful, and Salutary Plants; so many fair Rivers that serve us, both for Recreation, Plenty, and Commerce: Vicissitudes of Seasons; Varieties of Food, by Nature made ready to our hands; all sorts of Curiosities, and of Creatures; and the whole Creation it self Subjected to Mankind for Health, Medicine, and Dominion. We can be thankful to a Friend for a few Acres, or a little Money, and yet for the Freedom, and Command of the whole Earth, and for the great Benefits of our Being; as Life, Health, and Reason, we look upon our selves as under no Obligation. If a Man bestows upon us a House, that is delicately beautified with Paintings, Statues, Gildings, and Marble, we make a mighty business of it, and yet it lies at the Mercy of a Puff of Wind, the Snuff of a Candle, and a hundred other Accidents, to lay it in the Dust,

Duſt. And, is it nothing now to ſleep under the Canopy of Heaven, where we have the Globe of the Earth for our place of Repoſe, and the Glories of the Heavens for our Spectacle? How comes it that we ſhould ſo much value what we have, and yet at the ſame time be ſo unthankful for it? Whence is it that we have our Breath, the Comforts of Light, and of Heat, the very Blood that runs in our Veins? The Cattel that feed us, and the Fruits of the Earth that feed them? Whence have we the Growth of our Bodies, the Succeſſion of our Ages, and the Faculties of our Minds? So many Veins of Mettles, Quarries of Marble, *&c.* The Seed of every thing is in it ſelf, and it is the Bleſſing of God that raiſes it out of the dark, into Act, and Motion. To ſay nothing of the charming Varieties of Muſick, beautiful Objects, delicious Proviſions for the Palate, exquiſite Perfumes, which are caſt in over and above, to the common Neceſſities of our Being.

ALL this, ſays *Epicurus*, we are to aſcribe to * Nature. And, Why not to *God*, I beſeech ye? As if they were not both of them one and the ſame Power, working in the whole, and in every part of it. Or, if you call him the *Almighty Jupiter*; the *Thunderer*, the *Creatour*, and *Preſerver* of us all; it comes to the ſame Iſſue: Some will expreſs him under the Notion of *Fate*; which is only a Connexion of Cauſes, and himſelf the uppermoſt and Original, upon which

* *God and Nature are one and the ſame Power.*

which all the reſt depend. The *Stoicks* repreſent the ſeveral *Functions* of the *Almighty Power* under ſeveral *Appellations*. When they ſpeak of him as the *Father*, and the Fountain of all Beings, they call him *Bacchus*: And under the Name of *Hercules*, they denote him to be *Indefatigable* and *Invincible*: And, in the Contemplation of him in the *Reaſon*, *Order*, *Proportion*, and *Wiſdom* of his Proceedings, they call him *Mercury*: So that which way ſoever they look, and under what Name ſoever they Couch their Meaning, they never fail of finding him: For he is every where, and fills his own Work. If a Man ſhould borrow Money of *Seneca*, and ſay that he owes it to *Annæus*, or *Lucius* he may change the Name, but not his Creditor; for, let him take which of the three Names he pleaſes, he is ſtill a Debtor to the ſame Perſon. As Juſtice, Integrity, Prudence, Frugality, Fortitude, are all of them the Goods of one and the ſame Mind, ſo that which ſoever of them pleaſes us, we cannot diſtinctly ſay, That it is this or that, but the Mind.

BUT, not to carry this Digreſſion too far, that which God himſelf does, we are ſure is well done; and, we are no leſs ſure, that * for whatſoever he gives, he neither Wants, Expects, nor Receives any thing in Return: So that the only end of a Benefit ought to be the Advantage of the Receiver; And that muſt be our ſcope without any By-regard to our ſelves. It is objected

* *The Divine Bounty expects no Return.*

to

to us, the ſingular Caution we preſcribe in the Choice of the Perſon, for it were a Madneſs, we ſay, for a Husbandman to Sow the Sand: Which, if true, ſay they, you have an Eye upon Profit, as well in Giving, as in Plowing, and Sowing. And then they ſay again, That, if the conferring of a Benefit were deſirable in it ſelf, it would have no Dependence upon the Choice of the Man; for let us give it When, How, or Whereſoever we pleaſe, it would be ſtill a Benefit. This does not at all affect our Aſſertion: For the Perſon, the Matter, the Manner, and the Time, are Circumſtances abſolutely neceſſary to the Reaſon of the Action; there muſt be a right Judgment in all reſpects to make it a Benefit. It is my duty, to be true to a Truſt, and yet there may be a time, or a place, wherein I would make little Difference betwixt the Renouncing of it, and the Delivering of it up; and the ſame Rule holds in Benefits; I will neither render the One, nor beſtow the Other to the Damage of the Receiver. A wicked Man will run all Riſques to do an Injury; and to compaſs his Revenge; and, ſhall not an honeſt Man venture as far to do a Good Office? All Benefits muſt be Gratuitous; A Merchant ſells me the Corn that keeps me and my Family from ſtarving; but, he ſold it for his Intereſt, as well as I bought it for mine, and ſo I owe him nothing for't. He that Gives for Profit, Gives to Himſelf, as a Phyſician, or a Lawyer gives Counſel for

for a Fee, and only makes uſe of me for his own Ends; as a Graſier fats his Cattel, to bring them to a better Market. This is more properly the driving of a Trade, then the Cultivating of a Generous Commerce. This for That, is rather a Truck then a Benefit; and he deſerves to be Couſen'd, that Gives any thing in hope of a Return. And, in truth, What End ſhould a Man honourably propound? Not *Profit* ſure; That's *Vulgar*, and *Mechanique*; and he that does not contemn it, can never be Grateful. And then for *Glory*, 'tis a mighty matter indeed for a Man to Boaſt of doing his Duty. We are to *Give*, if it were only to avoid *not Giving*; If any thing comes on't, 'tis clear Gain; and, at worſt, there's nothing loſt; beſide, that one Benefit well placed, makes amends for a Thouſand Miſcarriages. It is not that I would exclude the Benefactor neither for being himſelf the better for a Good Office he does for another. Some there are that do us good only for their own ſakes; Others, for ours; and ſome again for both. He that does it for me in Common with himſelf, if he had a Proſpect upon both in the doing of it, I am oblig'd to him for it; and glad with all my heart that he had a ſhare in't. Nay, I were ungrateful, and unjuſt, if I ſhould not Rejoyce, that what was beneficial to me, might be ſo likewiſe to himſelf.

TO pass now to the Matter of Gratitude, and Ingratitude; there never was any Man yet so wicked, as not to approve of the One, and detest the other; as the two things in the whole World, the one to be the most Abominated, the other the most Esteem'd. The very Story of an Ungrateful Action puts us out of all Patience, and gives us a loathing for the Author of it. *That Inhumane Villain*, we cry, *to do so horrid a thing*: Not *that Inconsiderate Fool, for omitting so profitable a Virtue*; which plainly shews the sense we naturally have, both of the one, and of the other, and that we are led to't by a common Impulse of Reason, and of Conscience. *Epicurus* Phancies God to be without Power, and without Arms; above fear himself, and as little to be feared. He places him betwixt the Orbs, Solitary and Idle, out of the Reach of Mortals, and neither hearing our Prayers, nor minding our Concerns; and allows him only such a Veneration and Respect, as we pay to our Parents. If a Man should ask him now, Why any Reverence at all, if we have no Obligation to him? Or rather, Why that greater Reverence to his fortuitous Atomes? His Answer would be, That it is for their Majesty, and their Admirable Nature, and not out of any hope or Expectation from them. So that by his proper Confession, a thing may be desirable for its own worth. But, says he, Gratitude is a Virtue that has commonly Profit annex'd

* *All Men detest Ingratitude, and love the contrary*

annex'd to it. And where's the Virtue, say I, that has not? But ſtill the Virtue is to be valu'd for it ſelf, and not for the Profit that attends it: There is no Queſtion, but Gratitude for Benefits received, is the ready way to procure more; and in requiting one Friend, we encourage many; but, theſe Acceſſions fall in by the By; and, if I were ſure that the doing of good Offices would be my Ruine, I would yet purſue them. He that Viſits the Sick, in hope of a Legacy, let him be never ſo Friendly in all other Caſes, I look upon him in this to be no better than a Raven, that watches a weak Sheep, only to peck out the eyes on't. We never Give with ſo much Judgment or Care, as when we conſider the Honeſty of the Action, without any Reward to the Profit of it; for, our Underſtandings are Corrupted by Fear, Hope, and Pleaſure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

There are many Caſes wherein a Man may be minded of a Benefit, but it is very rarely to be Challeng'd, and never to be Upbraided.

IF the World were as wiſe, and as honeſt as it ſhould be, there would be no need of Caution or Precept, how to behave our ſelves in our ſeveral Stations and Duties; For, both the Giver and the Receiver would do what they ought to do of their own accord: The one would be Bountiful, and the other Grateful; and, the only way of minding a Man of one good turn, would be the following of it with another But as the Caſe ſtands, we muſt take other Meaſures, and conſult the beſt we can, the Common Eaſe, and Relief of Mankind.

AS there are ſeveral ſorts of * Ungrateful Men, ſo there muſt be ſeveral ways of dealing with them; either by Artifice, Counſel, Admonition, or Reproof, according to the Humour of the Perſon, and the Degree of the Offence: Provided always, that as well in the Re-minding a Man of a Benefit, as in the Beſtowing of it, the Good of the Receiver be the principal thing intended. There is a Curable Ingratitude, and an Incurable; There is a Slothful, a Neglectful, a Proud, a Diſſembling, a Diſclaiming, a Heedleſs

* *Divers ſorts of Ingratitude.*

less, a Forgetful, and a Malitious Ingratitude; and, the Application must be suited to the Matter we have to work upon. A gentle Nature may be reclaim'd by Authority, Advice, or Reprehension; a Father, a Husband, a Friend, may do good in the case. There are a sort of Lazy, and Sluggish People, that live as if they were asleep, and must be Lugg'd and Pinch'd to wake them. These Men are betwixt Grateful, and Ungrateful; they will neither deny an Obligation, nor return it, and only want quickning. I will do all I can to hinder any Man from ill doing; but especially a Friend, and yet more especially from doing ill to me. I will rub up his Memory with new Benefits: if that will not serve, I'll proceed to good Counsel, and from thence to Rebuke: If all fails, I'll look upon him as a Desperate Debtor, and e'en let him alone in his Ingratitude, without making him my Enemy: for, no Necessity shall ever make me spend time, in wrangling with any Man upon that Point.

* *Perseverance in Obliging.*

*ASSIDUITY of Obliging, Strikes upon the Conscience, as well as the Memory, and pursues an Ungrateful Man, till he becomes Grateful: If one good Office will not do, try a Second, and then a Third. No Man can be so thankless, but either Shame, Occasion, or Example, will at some time or other, prevail upon him. The very Beasts themselves, even Lions, and Tigers, are gain'd by good usage: Beside, that one Obligation does naturally draw on another;

and

and a Man would not willingly leave his own Work imperfect. *I have helpt him thus far, and I'll e'en go through with it now.* So that over and above the delight, and the virtue of Obliging, one good turn is a Shooing-horn to another. This, of all hints, is perhaps the moſt Effectual, as well as the moſt Generous.

IN ſome Caſes it muſt be carry'd more home; as in that of *Julius Cæſar*, who, as he was hearing a Cauſe, the Defendant finding himſelf pinch'd; *Sir*, ſays he, *Do not you remember a Strain you got in your Ancle, when you commanded in* Spain; *and that a Soldier lent you his Cloak for a Cuſhion, upon the top of a Craggy Rock, under the Shade of a little Tree, in the heat of the Day? I remember it perfectly well*, ſays Cæſar, *and that when I was ready to Choak with Thirſt, an honeſt Fellow fetch'd me a draught of Water in his Helmet. But, that Man, and that Helmet*; (ſays the Soldier) *Does* Cæſar *think that he could not know them again if he ſaw them? The Man perchance I might*, (ſays *Cæſar* ſomewhat offended) *but not the Helmet*; *but, What's this Story to my buſineſs? You are none of the Man: Pardon me, Sir*, ſays the Soldier, *I am that very Man*; *but* Cæſar *may well forget me, for I have been Trepann'd ſince, and loſt an Eye at the Battle of* Munda, *where that Helmet too had the Honour to be cleft with a Spaniſh Blade. Cæſar* took it as it was intended; and, it was an honourable, and a prudent way of refreſhing his Memory. But, this

* *In ſome caſes a man may be minded of a Benefit.*

would not have gone down ſo well with *Tiberius*; for, when an Old Acquaintance of his began his Addreſs to him, with *You Remember Cæſar.* No, ſays *Cæſar*, (cutting him ſhort) *I do not remember what I WAS.* Now, with him, it was better to be Forgotten, than Remembred: for, an *Old Friend* was as bad as an *Informer.* It is a common thing for Men to hate the Authors of their Preferment, as the Witneſſes of their mean Original.

**Some People would be Grateful if they had a Prompter.*

There are ſome People well enough diſpos'd to be *Grateful, but they cannot hit upon't without a Prompter: they are a little like School-Boys, that have Treacherous Memories: 'tis but helping them here and there with a word, when they ſtick, and they'l go through with their Leſſon; they muſt be taught to be Thankful, and 'tis a fair ſtep, if we can but bring them to be willing, and only offer at it. Some Benefits we have neglected; ſome we are not willing to remember. He is Ungrateful that diſowns an Obligation; and ſo is he that diſſembles it, or, to his Power, does not Requite it; but, the worſt of all is he that forgets it. Conſcience, or Occaſion may revive the reſt, but here, the very Memory of it is loſt. Thoſe Eyes that cannot endure the Light are weak, but thoſe are ſtark blind that cannot ſee it. I do not love to hear People ſay, *Alas! poor Man, he has forgotten it:* As if that were the Excuſe of Ingratitude, which is the very cauſe of it: For, if he were not Ungrateful, he would

would not be Forgetful, and lay that out of the way which ſhould be always uppermoſt, and in ſight. He that thinks, as he ought to do, of requiting a Benefit, is in no danger of forgetting it. There are indeed ſome Benefits ſo great, that they can never ſlip the Memory; but, thoſe which are leſs in value, and more in number, do commonly ſcape us. We are apt enough to acknowledge, That, *ſuch a Man has been the making of us*; ſo long as we are in Poſſeſſion of the Advantage he has brought us; but, new Appetites deface old Kindneſſes, and we carry our Proſpect forward to ſomething more, without conſidering what we have obtain'd already. All that is paſt we give for loſt; ſo that we are only intent upon the future. When a Benefit is once out of Sight, or out of Uſe, 'tis buried.

IT is the Freak of many People, they cannot do a good Office, but they are preſently *boaſting of it; Drunk or Sober: and about it goes into all Companies, what wonderful things they have done for this Man, and what for t'other, A fooliſh, and a dangerous vanity; of a doubtful Friend, to make a certain Enemy. For, theſe Reproaches, and Contempts, will ſet every Bodies Tongue a walking; and People will conclude, That theſe things would never be, if there were not ſomething very extraordinary in the Bottom on't. When it comes to that once, there's not any Calumny but faſtens more, or leſs; nor any Falſhood ſo incredible, but

* *There muſt be no upbraiding of Benefits.*

in ſome part or other of it, ſhall paſs for a Truth. Our great miſtake is this, we are ſtill inclin'd to make the moſt of what we Give, and the leaſt of what we Receive; whereas we ſhould do the clean contrary. *It might have been more, but he had a great many to Oblige. It was as much as he could well ſpare; he'll make it up ſome other time,* &c. Nay, we ſhould be ſo far from making Publication of our Bounties, as not to hear them ſo much as mention'd, without ſweetning the matter: As, *Alas! I owe him a great deal more than that comes to. If it were in my power to ſerve him, I ſhould be very glad on't.* And, this too, not with the Figure of a Compliment, but with all Humanity and Truth. There was a Man of Quality that, in the Triumviral Proſcription, was ſav'd by one of *Cæſar*'s Friends, who would be ſtill twitting him with it, who it was that preſerv'd him, and telling him over and over, *You had gone to Pot, Friend, but for me. Pray'e,* ſays the Proſcribed, *let us hear no more of this, or e'en leave me as you found me: I am thankful enough of my ſelf to acknowledge, That I owe you my Life; but, by Death to have it rung in my Ears perpetually as a Reproach: It looks as if you had only ſav'd me, to carry me about for a Spectacle. I would fain forget the Misfortune, that I was ever a Priſoner, without being led in Triumph every day of my Life.*

OH

OH! * the Pride, and Folly of a great Fortune, that turns Benefits into Injuries! that delights in Exceſſes, and diſgraces every thing it does. Who would receive any thing from it upon theſe terms? The higher it raiſes us, the more ſordid it makes us. Whatſoever it Gives, it Corrupts. What is there in it that ſhould thus puff us up? By what Magick is it that we are ſo transformed, that we do no longer know our ſelves? Is it impoſſible for Greatneſs to be Liberal without Inſolence? The Benefits that we receive from our Superiours are then welcome, when they come with an Open Hand, and a clear Brow: without either Contumely, or State; and ſo as to prevent our Neceſſities. The Benefit is never the greater for the making of a buſtle and a noiſe about it: but, the Benefactor is much the leſs for the Oſtentation of his good Deeds; which makes that Odious to us, which would be otherwiſe Delightful. *Tiberius* had gotten a Trick, when any Man begg'd Money of him, to refer him to the Senate, where all the Petitioners were to deliver up the Names of their Creditors. His End perhaps was, to deter Men from Asking, by expoſing the Condition of their Fortunes to an Examination. But, it was however a Benefit, turn'd into a Reprehenſion; and he made a Reproach of a Bounty.

* *Some Bounties are beſtowed with Inſolence.*

In what Case a Man may be reminded of a Benefit.

BUT, 'tis not enough yet to forbear the casting of a Benefit in a Man's Teeth; for, there are some, that will not allow it to be so much as challeng'd. For, an Ill Man, say they, will not make a Return, though it be demanded, and a Good Man will do it of himself. And then the Asking of it seems to turn it into a Debt: It is a kind of Injury to be too quick with the former; for, to call upon him too soon, reproaches him, as if he would not have done it otherwise. Nor would I Recall a Benefit from any Man, so as to force it; but, only to receive it. If I let him quite alone, I make my self guilty of his Ingratitude; and undo him for want of Plain-Dealing. A Father Reclaims a Disobedient Son. A Wife Reclaims a Dissolute Husband; and one Friend excites the languishing Kindness of another: How many Men are lost, for want of being touch'd to the quick? So long as I am not press'd, I will rather desire a Favour, than so much as mention a Requital; but, if my Country, my Family, or my Liberty be at Stake, my Zeal and Indignation shall over-rule my Modesty, and the World shall then understand, that I have done all I could, not to stand in need of an Ungrateful Man. And, in conclusion, the Necessity of Receiving a Benefit shall overcome the Shame of Recalling it. Nor is it only allowable upon some Exigents, to put the Receiver

in

in Mind of a Good Turn, but it is many times for the common Advantage of both Parties.

CHAP. XIV.

How far to Oblige, or Requite a Wicked Man.

THERE are ſome Benefits, whereof a Wicked Man is wholly incapable: Of which, hereafter. There are others, which are Beſtow'd upon him, not for his own ſake, but for Secondary Reaſons; and, of theſe, we have ſpoken, in part, already. There are moreover certain Common Offices of Humanity, which are only allow'd him as he is a Man, and without any Regard, either to Vice, or Virtue. To paſs over the Firſt Point; the Second muſt be handled with Care, and Diſtinction, and not without ſome ſeeming Exceptions to the General Rule: As firſt, Here's no *Choice*, or *Intention* in the Caſe, but, 'tis a good Office done him for ſome *By-Intereſt*, or by *Chance*. Secondly, There's no *Judgment* in it neither, for 'tis to a *Wicked Man*. But, to ſhorten the Matter; without theſe Circumſtances it is not properly a Benefit; or, at leaſt, not to him: for it looks another way. I reſcue a Friend from Thieves, and the other 'ſcapes for company. I Diſcharge a Debt for a Friend, and the other comes

off too, for they were both in a Bond. The Third is of a great Latitude, and varies according to the degree of Generosity on the one side, and of Wickedness on the other. Some Benefactors will supererogate, and do more than they are bound to do: And some Men are so lewd, that 'tis dangerous to do them any sort of Good; no, not so much as by way of Return, or Requital

* *How to oblige an Ungrateful Man.*

*IF the Benefactor's Bounty must extend to the Bad, as well as to the Good; Put the Case that I promise a good Office to an Ungrateful Man; We are first to distinguish (as is said before) betwixt a *Common Benefit*, and a *Personal*; betwixt what is given for *Merit*, and what for *Company*. Secondly, Whether or no we know the Person to be Ungrateful, and can reasonably conclude, that this Vice is *Incurable*. Thirdly, a Consideration must be had of the Promise, how far that may oblige us. The two first Points are clear'd both in one: We cannot justifie any particular Kindness for one that we conclude to be a hopelessly wicked Man: So that the force of the Promise is the single Point in Question. In the Promise of a good Office to a Wicked or Ungrateful Man, I am to blame if I did it knowingly; and I am to blame nevertheless, if I did it otherwise: But, I must yet make it good (under due Qualifications) because I promis'd it; that is to say, Matters continuing in the same State, for

no Man is anſwerable for Accidents. I'll Sup at ſuch a place, though it be cold; I'll riſe at ſuch an hour, though I be ſleepy; but, if it prove tempeſtuous, or that I fall ſick of a Fever, I'll neither do the one, nor the other. I promiſe to ſecond a Friend in a Quarrel, or to plead his Cauſe; and, when I come into the Field, or into the Court, it proves to be againſt my Father, or my Brother: I promiſe to go a Journey with him; but, there's no travelling upon the Road for Robbing; my Child is fallen ſick; or my Wife in Labour: Theſe Circumſtances are ſufficient to diſcharge me; for, a Promiſe againſt Law, or Duty, is void in its own nature. The Counſels of a Wiſe Man are certain; but Events are uncertain. And yet if I have paſs'd a raſh Promiſe, I will in ſome degree puniſh the Temerity of making it, with the Damage of keeping it; unleſs it turn very much to my ſhame, or detriment; and then I'll be my own Confeſſor in the Point, and rather be once guilty of Denying, than always of Giving. It is not with a Benefit as with a Debt: It is one thing to truſt an ill Pay-maſter, and another thing to oblige an unworthy Perſon: The one is an ill Man, and the other only an ill Husband.

THERE was a valiant Fellow in the Army, that *Philip* of *Macedon* took particular notice of; and he gave him ſeveral conſiderable Marks of the Kindneſs he had for him.

him. This Soldier puts to Sea, and was caſt away upon a Coaſt, where a Charitable Neighbour took him up half dead; carry'd him to his Houſe, and there at his own Charge maintain'd, and provided for him Thirty Days, till he was perfectly recover'd: and, after all, furniſh'd him over and above with a *Viaticum* at parting. The Soldier told him the mighty matters that he would do for him in Return, ſo ſoon as he ſhould have the honour once again to ſee his Maſter. To Court he goes, tells *Philip* of the Wreck, but not a Syllable of his Preſerver, and begs the Eſtate of this very Man that kept him alive. It was with *Philip*, as with many other Princes, that give they know not what, eſpecially in a time of War. He granted the Soldier his Requeſt, contemplating at the ſame time the Impoſſibility of ſatisfying ſo many ravenous Appetites as he had to pleaſe. When the good Man came to be turn'd out of all, he was not ſo Mealy-Mouth'd as to thank his Majeſty for not giving away his Perſon too, as well as his Fortune; but in a bold, frank Letter to *Philip*, made a juſt Report of the whole Story. The King was ſo incens'd at the Abuſe, that he immediately commanded the Right Owner to be reſtor'd to his Eſtate, and the Unthankful Gueſt and Soldier to be Stigmatiz'd for an Example to others. Should *Philip* now have kept this Promiſe? Firſt, he ow'd the Soldier nothing. Secondly, it would have been Injurious, and Impious.

And

And laſtly, a Precedent of dangerous Conſequence to humane Society. For, it would have been little leſs than an Interdiction of Fire and Water to the miſerable, to have inflicted ſuch a Penalty upon Relieving them. So that there muſt be always ſome tacite Exception, or Reſerve: *If I can, if I may*, or, *if matters continue as they were*.

*IF it ſhould be my Fortune to receive a Benefit from one that afterwards Betrays his Country, I ſhould ſtill reckon my ſelf oblig'd to him for ſuch a Requital as might ſtand with my publick Duty. I would not furniſh him with Arms, nor with Money, or Credit, to Levy or Pay Soldiers; but, I ſhould not ſtick to Gratifie him at my own Expence, with ſuch Curioſities as might pleaſe him one way, without doing miſchief another; I would not do any thing that might contribute to the Support, or Advantage of his Party. But, What ſhould I do now in the Caſe of a Benefactor, that ſhould afterwards become, not only mine and my Countreys Enemy, but the Common Enemy of Mankind? I would here diſtinguiſh betwixt the Wickedneſs of a Man, and the Cruelty of a Beaſt: betwixt a limited, or a particular Paſſion, and a Sanguinary Rage, that extends to the hazard and deſtruction of Humane Society. In the former Caſe I would quit Scores, that I might have no more to do with him; but, if he comes once to a delight in Blood, and to act Outrages

* *The Caſe of an Obligation from one that afterwards betrays his Country.*

rages with greedineſs: to ſtudy, and invent Torments, and to take pleaſure in them, the Law of Reaſonable Nature has diſcharg'd me of ſuch a Debt. But, this is an Impiety ſo rare, that it might paſs for a Portent, and be reckon'd among Comets, and Monſters. Let us therefore reſtrain our Diſcourſe to ſuch Men as we deteſt without horror; ſuch Men as we ſee every day in Courts, Camps, and udon the Seats of Juſtice: to ſuch wicked Men I will return what I have Received, without making any Advantage of their Unrighteouſneſs

** Providence is gracious even to the Wicked.*

* IT does not divert the Almighty from being ſtill Gracious, though we proceed daily in the abuſe of his Bounties. How many are there that enjoy the Comfort of the Light, that do not deſerve it; that wiſh they had never been born; and yet Nature goes quietly on with her Work; and allows them a Being, even in deſpite of their Unthankfulneſs? Such a Knave, we cry, was better us'd than I. And, the ſame Complaint we extend to Providence it ſelf. How many wicked Men have good Crops, when better than themſelves have their Fruits blaſted? Such a Man, we ſay, has treated me very ill. Why, what ſhould we do, but that very thing which is done by God Himſelf? That is to ſay, Give to the Ignorant, and Perſevere to the Wicked. All our Ingratitude, we ſee, does not turn Providence from Pouring down of Benefits, even upon

upon those that question whence they come. The Wisdom of Heaven does all things with a regard to the Good of the Universe, and the Blessings of Nature are granted in Common, to the Worst, as well as to the Best of Men; for, they live promiscuously together; and, it is God's Will, that the Wicked shall rather fare the better for the Good, than that the Good shall fare the worse for the Wicked: 'Tis true, that a Wise Prince will confer peculiar Honours only upon the Worthy; but in the dealing of a publick Dole, there's no respect had to the Manners of the Man; but a Thief, or a Traitor, shall put in for a share as well as an Honest Man. If a Good Man, and a Wicked Man, sail both in the same bottom, it is impossible that the same Wind, which favours the one, should cross the other. The Common Benefits of Laws, Privileges, Communities, Letters, and Medicines, are permitted to the Bad, as well as to the Good, and no Man ever yet suppressed a Soveraign Remedy, for fear a Wicked Man might be cur'd with it. Cities are built for both sorts, and the same Remedy works upon both alike. In these Cases, we are to set an Estimate upon the Persons: There's a great difference betwixt the Chusing of a Man, and the not Excluding him: The Law is open to the Rebellious, as well as to the Obedient: There are some Benefits, which, if they were not allow'd to all, could not be enjoy'd by any. The Sun was never made for

me,

me, but for the Comfort of the World, and for the Providential Order of the Seasons; and yet I am not without my Private Obligation also. To conclude, he that will not oblige the Wicked, and the Ungrateful, must resolve to oblige no body; for, in some sort or other, we are all of us Wicked, we are all of us Ungrateful, every Man of us.

* *A Wicked Man is Incapable of a Benefit.*

WE have been Discoursing all this while, how far a * Wicked Man may be Oblig'd, and the *Stoicks* tell us, at last, that he cannot be Oblig'd at all: For, they make him incapable of any Good, and consequently of any Benefit. But, he has this Advantage, that if he cannot be Oblig'd, he cannot be Ungrateful: For, if he cannot receive, he is not bound to return. On the other side, a Good Man, and an Ungrateful, are a Contradiction: So that at this rate there's no such thing as Ingratitude in Nature. They compare a Wicked Man's Mind to a Vitiated Stomach; he corrupts whatever he receives, and the best Nourishment turns to the Disease. But, taking this for granted, a Wicked Man may yet be so far Oblig'd as to pass for Ungrateful, if he does not Requite what he Receives. For, though it be not a perfect Benefit, yet he receives something like it. There are Goods of the Mind, the Body, and of Fortune. Of the first sort, Fools, and Wicked Men, are wholly incapable; to the rest they may be admitted. But, why should I call any Man Ungrateful,

Ungrateful, you'll ſay, for not Reſtoring That which I deny to be a Benefit? I anſwer, That if the Receiver take it for a Benefit, and fails of a Return, 'tis Ingratitude in him; for, that which goes for an Obligation among Wicked Men, is an Obligation upon them: and, they may pay one another in their own Coin; the Money is Current, whether it be Gold, or Leather, when it comes once to be Authoriz'd. Nay, *Cleanthes* carries it farther; He that is wanting, ſays he, to a kind Office, though it be no Benefit, would have done the ſame thing if it had been one; and is as guilty, as a Thief is, that has ſet his Booty; and, is already Arm'd, and Mounted, with a purpoſe to ſeize it, though he has not yet drawn Blood. Wickedneſs is form'd in the Heart; and, the matter of Fact is only the Diſcovery, and the Execution of it. Now, though a Wicked Man cannot either Receive, or Beſtow a Benefit, becauſe he wants the Will of doing Good, and for that he is no longer Wicked, when Virtue has taken Poſſeſſion of him; yet we commonly call it one, as we call a Man Illiterate that is not Learned, and Naked, that is not well clad; not but that the one can Read, and the other is Cover'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A General View of the Parts, and Duties of the Benefactor.

THE three main Points in the Queſtion of Benefits, are, Firſt, a *Judicious Choice* in the *Object*; Secondly, in the *Matter* of our Benevolence; And, Thirdly, a Gracious *Felicity* in the *Manner* of expreſſing it. But, there are alſo incumbent upon the Benefactor other Conſiderations, which will deſerve a Place in this Diſcourſe.

IT is not enough to do one Good Turn, and to do it with a good Grace too, unleſs we follow it with more, and without either * Upbraiding, or Repining. It is a Common ſhift, to charge that upon the Ingratitude of the Receiver, which, in truth, is moſt commonly the Levity, and Indiſcretion of the Giver; for, all Circumſtances muſt be duely weigh'd, to Conſummate the Action. Some there are that we find Ungrateful; but, what with our Frowardneſs, Change of Humour, and Reproaches, there are more that we make ſo. And, this is the Buſineſs: We Give with Deſign, and, moſt to thoſe that are able to give moſt again. We Give to the Covetous, and to the Ambitious; to thoſe that can never be Thankful; (for their

* *Obligations muſt be followed, without Upbraiding or Repining.*

their Deſires are Inſatiable) and to thoſe that *will* not. He that is a Tribune, would be a Prætor; the Prætor a Conſul; never reflecting upon what he *was*, but only looking forward to what he *would* be. People are ſtill Computing, *Muſt I loſe this, or that Benefit?* If it be loſt, the Fault lies in the Ill beſtowing of it; for, rightly plac'd, it is as good as Conſecrated; if we be deceiv'd in another, let us not be deceiv'd in our ſelves too. A Charitable Man will mend the Matter; and ſay to himſelf, *Perhaps he has forgot it; perchance he could not; perhaps he will yet Requite it.* A Patient Creditor will, of an ill Pay-maſter, in time, make a good Creditor; an Obſtinate Goodneſs overcomes an ill Diſpoſition; as a Barren Soil is made Fruitful by Care and Tillage. But let a Man be never ſo ungrateful, or inhumane; he ſhall never deſtroy the Satisfaction of my having done a good Office.

* BUT, What if *others* will be wicked? Does it follow that *we* muſt be ſo too? If *others* will be Ungrateful, muſt *we* therefore be inhumane? To Give, and to Loſe, is Nothing; but to Loſe, and to Give ſtill, is the Part of a great Mind. And the others, in effect, is the greater Loſs; for, the one does but loſe his Benefit, and the other loſes himſelf. The Light ſhines upon the Prophane and Sacrilegious, as well as upon the Righteous. How many Diſappointments do we meet with in our Wives, and Children;

* *We muſt perſevere in doing Good.*

and yet we couple ſtill? He that has loſt one Battel, hazards another. The Mariner puts to Sea again after a Wreck. An Illuſtrious Mind does not propoſe the Profit of a good Office, but the Duty. If the World be Wicked, we ſhould yet perſevere in Well-doing, even amongſt Evil Men. I had rather never receive a Kindneſs, then never beſtow one: not to return a Benefit is the *Greater* Sin, but not to *Confer* it, is the *Earlier*. We cannot propoſe to our ſelves a more glorious Example, then that of the Almighty, who neither needs, nor expects any thing from us; and yet he is continually ſhowring down, and diſtributing his Mercies and his Grace among us; not only for our Neceſſities, but alſo for our Delights; as Fruits, and Seaſons; Rain, and Sun-ſhine; Veins of Water, and of Metal; and all this to the Wicked, as well as to the Good; and without any other end then the common Benefit of the Receivers. With what Face then can we be Mercenary one to another, that have receiv'd all things from Divine Providence *gratis*? 'Tis a common ſaying, *I gave ſuch, or ſuch a Man ſo much Money, I would I had thrown it into the Sea.* And yet the Merchant Trades again after a Piracy; and the Banker ventures afreſh after a bad Security. He that will do no good Offices after a diſappointment, muſt ſtand ſtill, and do juſt nothing at all. The Plough goes on after a Barren Year; and, while the Aſhes are yet warm, we raiſe

raiſe a new houſe upon the Ruines of a former. What Obligation can be greater than thoſe, which Children receive from their Parents? And yet, ſhould we give them over in their Infancy, it were all to no purpoſe: Benefits, like Grain, muſt be follow'd from the Seed to the Harveſt. I will not ſo much as leave any place for Ingratitude. I will purſue, and I will encompaſs the Receiver with Benefits; ſo that let him look which way he will, his Benefactor ſhall be ſtill in his Eye, even when he would avoid his own Memory. And then I will remit to one Man, becauſe he calls for't; to another, becauſe he does not; to a third, becauſe he is Wicked; and, to a fourth, becauſe he is the Contrary. I'll caſt away a Good Turn upon a Bad Man, and I'll requite a Good one. The one, becauſe it is my Duty; and the other, that I may not be in his Debt. I do not love to hear any Man complain, That he has met with a Thankleſs Man. If he has met but with one, he has either been very Fortunate, or very Careful. And yet Care is not ſufficient. For, there is no way to ſcape the hazard of loſing a Benefit, but the not beſtowing of it; and, to neglect a Duty to my ſelf, for fear another ſhould abuſe it. It is *anothers* fault if he be Ungrateful, but it is *mine* if I do not Give. To find one Thankful Man, I will Oblige a great many that are not ſo. The Buſineſs of Mankind would be at a ſtand, if we ſhould do nothing for fear of Miſcarriages in

Matters of uncertain Event. I will try, and believe all things, before I give any man over, and do all that is poſſible that I may not looſe a Good Office, and a Friend together. What do I know, but *he may miſunderſtand the Obligation? Buſineſs may have put it out of his head, or taken him off from't: He may have ſlipt his Opportunity:* I will ſay, in Excuſe of Humane Weakneſs, That one mans Memory is not ſufficient for all things; It is but of a limited Capacity, ſo as to hold only ſo much, and no more; and when it is once full, it muſt let out part of what it had, to take in any thing beſide; and the laſt Benefit ever ſits cloſeſt to us. In our Youth, we forget the Obligations of our Infancy, and when we are men, we forget thoſe of our Youth. If nothing will prevail, let him keep what he has and welcome; but let him have a care of Returning evil for good, and making it dangerous for a man to do his Duty. I would no more give a Benefit to ſuch a man, then I would lend Money to a beggerly Spendthrift; or depoſite any in the hands of a known *Knight of the Poſt*. However the Caſe ſtands, an Ungrateful Perſon is never the better for a Reproach; if he be already harden'd in his Wickedneſs, he gives no heed to't; and, if he be not, it turns a doubtful Modeſty into an incorrigible Impudence: Beſide that, he watches for ill Words, to pick a Quarrel with them.

* AS the Benefactor is not to upbraid a Benefit, ſo neither to delay it: The one is tireſome, and the other odious. We muſt not hold Men in hand, as Phyſicians and Surgeons do their Patients, and keep them longer in Fear, and Pain, then needs, only to magnifie the Cure. A Generous Man gives eaſily; and Receives as he Gives, but never Exacts. He Rejoyces in the Return, and Judges favourably of it whatever it be, and Contents himſelf with a bare Thank for a Requital. 'Tis a harder Matter with ſome to get the Benefit, after 'tis promis'd, then the firſt Promiſe of it; there muſt be ſo many Friends made in the Caſe. One muſt be deſir'd to ſolicite another; and he muſt be entreated to move a Third, and a Fourth muſt be at laſt beſought to receive it; ſo that the Author, upon the Upſhot, has the leaſt Share in the Obligation. It is then welcome when it comes free, and without deduction; and no man either to intercept, or Hinder, or to Detain it. And, let it be of ſuch a Quality too, that it be not only delightful in the Receiving, but after it is Receiv'd, which it will certainly be, if we do but obſerve this Rule, never to do any thing for another, which we could not honeſtly deſire for our ſelves.

* *There ſhould be no delay in the doing of a Benefit.*

CHAP. XVI.

How the Receiver ought to behave himself.

THERE are certain Rules in Common, betwixt the Giver, and the Receiver; We muſt do both chearfully, that the Giver may Receive the Fruit of his Benefit in the very act of beſtowing it. It is a juſt ground of Satisfaction, to *ſee* a Friend pleaſed; but, it is much more, to *make* him ſo. The Intention of the One is to be ſuited to the Intention of the other; and, there muſt be an Emulation betwixt them, whether ſhall Oblige moſt. Let the one ſay, That he has Receiv'd a Benefit, and let the other perſwade himſelf that he has not Return'd it. Let the one ſay, *I am paid*; and the other, *I am yet in your Debt*; let the Benefactor acquit the Receiver, and the Receiver bind himſelf: The frankneſs of the diſcharge heightens the Obligation. It is in *Converſation*, as in a *Tennis-Court*: Benefits are to be toſt like Balls; the longer the Reſt, the better are the Gameſters. The Giver, in ſome Reſpect, has the Odds, becauſe (as in a Race) he ſtarts firſt, and the other muſt uſe great diligence to overtake him. The Return muſt be larger then the firſt Obligation, to come up to't; and it is a Kind of Ingratitude, not to render it with Intereſt. In a Matter of Money, 'Tis a common

common thing to pay a Debt out of Courſe, and before it be due; but we account our ſelves to owe nothing for a Good Office; whereas the Benefit increaſes by delay. So Inſenſible are we of the moſt important affair of Humane Life. That Man were doubtleſs in a Miſerable Condition, that could neither ſee, nor hear, nor taſte, nor feel, nor ſmell: but, How much more unhappy is he then, that wanting a ſenſe of Benefits, loſes the greateſt Comfort in Nature; in the Bliſs of Giving, and Receiving them? He that takes a Benefit as it is meant, is in the right; for, the Benefactor has then his end, and his only end, when the Receiver is Grateful.

THE more glorious part, in appearance, is that of the Giver; but, * the Receiver has undoubtedly the harder Game to play, in many regards. There are ſome from whom I would not accept of a Benefit; that is to ſay, from thoſe upon whom I would not beſtow one. For, Why ſhould not I ſcorn to receive a Benefit, where I am aſham'd to owe it? And, I would yet be more tender too, where I Receive, then where I Give; for, 'tis a torment to be in Debt, where a Man has no mind to pay; as it is the greateſt delight imaginable to be engag'd by a Friend, whom I ſhould yet have a Kindneſs for, if I were never ſo much diſoblig'd. It is a pain to an honeſt, and a generous Mind, to lie under a duty of affection againſt Inclination. I do not ſpeak here of Wiſe

* *The Receiver has the harder Game to Play.*

Men, that love to do what they ought to do; that have their Paſſions at Command; that preſcribe Laws to themſelves, and keep them when they have done; but of Men, in a State of Imperfection, that may have a good will perhaps to be honeſt, and yet be over-born by the Contumacy of their Affections. We muſt therefore have a Care to whom we become oblig'd: and, I would be much ſtricter yet in the Choice of a Creditor for Benefits, then for Money. In the one Caſe, 'tis but paying what I had, and the Debt is diſcharg'd: In the other, I do not only owe more, but when I have paid that, I am ſtill in Arriere: And, this Law is the very Foundation of Friendſhip. I will ſuppoſe my ſelf a Priſoner, and a notorious Villain offers to lay down a Sum of Money for my Redemption. *Firſt*, Shall I make uſe of this Money, or no? *Secondly*, If I do, What Return ſhall I make him for't. To the firſt Point, I will take it; but, only as a Debt, not as a Benefit, that ſhall ever tye me to a Friendſhip with him: And Secondly, my Acknowledgement ſhall be only correſpondent to ſuch an Obligation. It is a School-Queſtion, Whether or no *Brutus*, that thought *Cæſar* not fit to live, (and put himſelf in the Head of a Conſpiracy againſt him) could honeſtly have Receiv'd his Life from *Cæſar*, if he had fallen into *Cæſar's* Power, without examining what Reaſon mov'd him to that Action? How great a Man ſoever he was in other Caſes, without

out diſpute he was extreamly out in this, and below the Dignity of his Profeſſion. For a Stoick to fear the Name of a King, when yet Monarchy is the beſt State of Government; or there to hope for Liberty, where ſo great Rewards were propounded, both for Tyrants and their Slaves; For him to imagine, ever to bring the Laws to their former State, where ſo many thouſand Lives had been loſt in the Conteſt, not ſo much whether they ſhould ſerve or no, but who ſhould be their Maſter: He was ſtrangely miſtaken ſure in the Nature and Reaſon of things, to Phanſie, That when *Julius* was gone, ſome body elſe would not ſtart up in his Place, when there was yet a *Tarquin* found, after ſo many Kings that were deſtroy'd, either by Sword or Thunder: And yet the Reſolution is, That he might have Receiv'd it, but not as a Benefit; for at that rate I owe my Life to every Man that does not take it away.

* *GRÆCINUS JULIUS* (whom *Caligula* put to Death, out of a pure Malice to his Virtue) had a conſiderable Sum of Money ſent him from *Fabius Perſicus*, (a Man of Great and Infamous Example) as a Contribution toward the Expence of Plays, and other Publick Entertainments; but *Julius* would not receive it; and ſome of his Friends, that had an Eye more upon the Preſent, then the Preſenter, ask'd him, with ſome Freedom, What he meant by refuſing it? *Why* (ſays he) *Do you think that I'll*

* *A Benefit refus'd for the perſon.*

I'll take Money, where I would not take ſo much as a Glaſs of Wine? After this, *Rebilus* (a Man of the ſame ſtamp) ſent him a greater Sum upon the ſame ſcore. *You muſt excuſe me,* (ſays he to the Meſſenger) *for I would not take any thing of* Perſicus *neither.*

TO match this Scruple of Receiving Money, with another of Keeping it; and the Sum not above Three pence, or a Groat at moſt: * There was a certain *Pythagorean* that Contracted with a Cobler for a pair of Shooes, and ſome three or four days after, going to pay him his Money, the ſhop was ſhut up; and when he had knock'd a great while at the door, *Friend,* (ſays a Fellow) *you may hammer your heart out there, for the Man that you look for is Dead. And when our Friends are dead, we hear no more News of them; but yours that are to live again, will ſpeed well enough.* (alluding to *Pythagoras* his *Tranſmigration.*) Upon this the Philoſopher went away, with his Money chinking in his hand, and well enough content to ſave it: at laſt his Conſcience took check at it, and upon Reflexion, *Though the Man be dead* (ſays he) *to Others, he is alive to Thee; pay him what thou oweſt him:* and ſo he went back preſently, and thruſt it into his Shop through the Chink of the door. Whatever we owe, 'tis our part to find where to pay it; and to do it without asking too; for whether the Creditor be good, or bad, the Debt is ſtill the ſame.

* *A* Pythagorean *Scruple.*

IF

* IF a Benefit be forc'd upon me, as from a Tyrant, or a Superior, where it may be dangerous to refuse; this is rather Obeying then Receiving, where the necessity destroys the choice; the way to know what I have a Mind to do, is to leave me at liberty, whether I will do it or no; but, it is yet a Benefit if a Man does me good in spite of my Teeth; as it is none, if I do any Man good against my Will. A Man may both hate, and yet Receive a Benefit at the same time; the Money is never the worse, because a Fool, that is not read in Coins, refuses to take it. If the thing be good for the Receiver, and so intended, no matter how ill 'tis taken. Nay, the Receiver may be oblig'd, and not know it: But, there can be no Benefit, which is unknown to the Giver. Neither will I, upon any Terms, receive a Benefit from a Worthy Person that may do him a Mischief: It is the part of an Enemy, to save himself, by doing another Man harm. * *A forced Benefit.*

* BUT whatever we do, let us be sure always to keep a Grateful Mind. It is not enough to say, What Requital shall a poor Man offer to a Prince; or, a Slave to his Patron? When it is the glory of Gratitude, that it depends only upon the good will. Suppose a Man defends my Fame; delivers me from Beggery; saves my Life, or gives me Liberty, that is more then Life. How shall I be grateful to that Man? I will receive, cherish, and rejoyce in the Benefit. Take it kindly, and it is requited; not that the * *Keep a Grateful Mind.*

the Debt it ſelf is diſcharg'd, but it is nevertheleſs a diſcharge of the Conſcience. I will yet diſtinguiſh betwixt the Debtor that becomes inſolvent by Expences upon Whores and Dice; and another that is undone by Fire, or Thieves; Nor do I take this Gratitude for a Payment; but there is no Danger, I preſume, of being Arreſted for ſuch a Debt.

** We ſhould be chearful, but not importune in the returning of Benefits.*

* IN the Return of Benefits, let us be ready, and chearful, but not preſſing. There is as much greatneſs of Mind in the owning of a good Turn, as in the doing of it; and, we muſt no more force a Requital out of Seaſon, then be wanting in it. He that precipitates a Return, does as good as ſay, *I am weary of being in this Mans Debt*; not but that the haſtening of a Requital, as a good Office, is a Commendable Diſpoſition; but 'tis another thing, to do it as a Diſcharge; for, it looks like caſting off a heavy, and a troubleſome Burthen. 'Tis for the Benefactor to ſay, *when* he will receive it; no matter for the Opinion of the World, ſo long as I gratifie my own Conſcience; for I cannot be miſtaken in my ſelf, but another may. He that is overſolicitous to *return* a Benefit, thinks the other ſo likewiſe to *receive* it. If he had rather we ſhould keep it, Why ſhould we refuſe, and preſume to diſpoſe of his Treaſure, who may call it in, or let it lye out, at his Choice? 'Tis as much a Fault, to receive what I ought not, as not to give what

what I ought: for, the Giver has the Priviledge of Chuſing his own time for Receiving.

* SOME are too proud in the conferring of Benefits; others, in the Receiving of them, which is, to ſay the Truth, intolerable. The ſame Rule ſerves both Sides, as in the Caſe of a Father, and a Son; Husband, and a Wife; one Friend, or Acquaintance, and another, where the Duties are known and common. There are ſome that will not Receive a Benefit, but in Private; nor thank you for't but in your Ear, or in a Corner; there muſt be nothing under Hand, and Seal, no Broakers, Notaries, or Witneſſes in the Caſe: This is not ſo much a Scruple of Modeſty, as a kind of denying the Obligation, and only a leſs harden'd Ingratitude. Some receive Benefits ſo coldly, and indifferently, that a Man would think the Obligation lay on the other ſide, as who ſhould ſay, *Well, ſince you will needs have it ſo, I am content to take it.* Some again, ſo careleſſly, as if they hardly knew of any ſuch thing; whereas we ſhould rather Aggravate the Matter, *You cannot Imagine how many you have oblig'd in this Act: there never was ſo great, ſo kind, ſo ſeaſonable a Courteſie.* *Furnius* never gain'd ſo much upon *Auguſtus*, as by a Speech, upon the getting of his Fathers Pardon for ſiding with *Anthony*. *This Grace*, ſays he, *is the only Injury that ever* Cæſar *did me; for it has put me upon a neceſſity of Living, and Dying*

* *There muſt be no Pride, either in the Conferring, or in the Receiving of Benefits.*

Dying Ungrateful. 'Tis safer to affront some people, then to oblige them; for the better a Man deserves, the worse they'll speak of him: as if the professing of open hatred to their Benefactors, were an Argument, that they lie under no Obligation. Some people are so sour, and ill-natur'd, that they take it for an Affront to have an Obligation, or a Return offer'd them, to the discouragement both of Bounty, and of Gratitude together. The not doing, and the not receiving of Benefits, are equally a Mistake. He that refuses a new one, seems to be offended at an old one: and yet sometimes I would neither return a Benefit, no nor so much as receive it if I might.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Of Gratitude.

HE that preaches Gratitude, pleads the Cauſe both of God and Man; for, without it, we can neither be Sociable, nor Religious There is a ſtrange delight in the very purpoſe, and Contemplation of it, as well as in the Action; when I can ſay to my ſelf, *I love my Benefactor; What is there in this World that I would not do to oblige, and ſerve him?* Where I have not the *means* of a Requital, the very *Meditation* of it is ſufficient. A Man is never the leſs an Artiſt, for not having his Tools about him; or a Muſician, becauſe he wants his Fiddle; Nor is he the leſs brave, becauſe his hands are bound: or, the worſe Pilot, for being upon dry Ground. If I have only a *Will* to be grateful, I *am* ſo. Let me be upon the Wheel; or, under the hand of the Executioner; Let me be burnt Limb by Limb, and my whole Body dropping in the Flames, a good Conſcience ſupports me in all Extremes: Nay, it is comfortable even in death it ſelf: For, when we come to approach that point, What care do we take to ſummon, and call to mind all our Benefactors, and the good Offices they have done us, that we may leave the World fair, and ſet our Minds in Order. Without Gratitude we

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can neither have Security, Peace, nor Reputation: And, it is not therefore the leſs deſirable, becauſe it draws many Adventitious Benefits along with it. Suppoſe the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars had no other Buſineſs, then only to paſs over our Heads, without any Effect upon our Minds, or Bodies; without any regard to our Health, Fruits, or Seaſons: A Man could hardly lift up his Eyes towards the Heavens without Wonder and Veneration, to ſee ſo many Millions of Radient Lights, and to obſerve their Courſes, and Revolutions, even without any reſpect to the Common good of the Univerſe. But when we come to conſider, that Providence and Nature are ſtill at work when we ſleep; with the admirable Force, and Operation of their Influences and Motions, we cannot then but acknowledge their Ornament to be the leaſt part of their Value; and that they are more to be eſteem'd for their Virtue, then for their Splendor. Their main End, and Uſe, is matter of Life, and Neceſſity, though they may ſeem to be more conſiderable for their Majeſty and Beauty. And ſo it is with Gratitude; we love it rather for Secondary Ends, than for it Self.

We muſt be grateful in deſpite of all Oppoſitions.

NO Man can be Grateful without contemning thoſe things that put the Common People out of their Wits. We muſt go into Baniſhment; lay down our Lives, beggar, and expoſe our ſelves to reproaches: Nay, it is often ſeen, that Loyalty ſuffers the Puniſhment

Punishment due to Rebellion; and, that Treason Receives the Rewards of Fidelity. As the Benefits of it are many, and great, so are the Hazards, which is the Case, more or less, of all other Virtues: and it were hard, if this, above the rest, should be both painful and fruitless: so that though we may go currently on with it in smooth way, we must yet prepare, and resolve (if need be) to force our passage to't, even if the way were cover'd with Thorns, and Serpents; and, *fall Back, fall Edge*, we must be Grateful still: Grateful for the Virtue sake, and Grateful over and above upon the point of Interest; for it preserves old Friends, and gains new ones. It is not our business to fish for one Benefit with another; and by bestowing a little, to get more: or to oblige for any sort of Expedience, but because I ought to do it, and because I love it; and that to such a degree, that if I could not be Grateful, without appearing the contrary; if I could not return a Benefit without being suspected of doing an Injury, in despite of Infamy it self, I would yet be Grateful. No Man is greater in my esteem, than he that ventures the Fame to preserve the Conscience of an Honest Man; the one is but imaginary, the other solid, and inestimable. I cannot call him Grateful, who, in the instant of returning one Benefit, has his Eye upon another. He that is Grateful for Profit or Fear, is like a Woman that is honest, only upon the Score of Reputation.

*Gratitude is an obvious, a cheap and an easie Virtue.

AS Gratitude is a Necessary, and a Glorious, so is it also an Obvious, a Cheap, and an Easie Virtue: So Obvious, that wheresoever there is a Life, there is a place for't: So Cheap, that the Covetous Man may be Grateful without Expence; and so Easie, that the Sluggard may be so likewise, without Labour. And yet it is not without its Niceties too; for, there may be a Time, a Place, or Occasion, wherein I ought not to return a Benefit; Nay, wherein I may better disown it, then deliver it.

*'Tis one thing to be Grateful for a Benefit, and another thing to Return it.

*LET it be understood, by the way, that 'tis one thing to be Grateful for a good Office, and another thing to Return it: the good Will is enough in one Case, being as much as the one side demands, and the other promises; but the Effect is requisite in the other. The Physician that has done his best, is acquitted, though the Patient dies; and so is the Advocate, though the Client may lose his Cause. The General of an Army, though the Battle be lost, is yet worthy of Commendation, if he has discharg'd all the parts of a prudent Commander; In this Case, the one acquits himself, though the other be never the better for't. He is a Grateful Man that is always willing and ready; and he that seeks for all means, and occasions of requiting a Benefit, though without attaining his end, does a great deal more then the Man, that without any trouble makes an immediate Return. Suppose my Friend a Prisoner, and that

that I have ſold my Eſtate for his Ranſom: I put to Sea in foul Weather, and upon a Coaſt that's peſter'd with Pirates: my Friend happens to be Redeem'd before I come to the place; my Gratitude is as much to be eſteem'd, as if he had been a Priſoner; and, if I had been taken, and robb'd my ſelf, it would ſtill have been the ſame Caſe. Nay, there is a Gratitude in the very Countenance; for an honeſt Man bears his Conſcience in his Face, and propounds the Requital of a Good Turn in the very Moment of receiving it: He is Chearful and Confident; and in the Poſſeſſion of a true Friendſhip, deliver'd from all Anxiety. There is this difference betwixt a Thankful Man, and an Unthankful; the one is *always* pleas'd in the Good he has *done*, and the other only *once*, in what he has *receiv'd*. There muſt be a Benignity in the Eſtimation even of the ſmalleſt Offices; and ſuch a Modeſty as appears to be oblig'd in whatſoever it gives. As it is indeed a very great Benefit, the Opportunity of doing a good Office to a worthy Man; He that attends to the preſent, and remembers what's paſt, ſhall never be Ungrateful. But, who ſhall judge in the Caſe? For a Man may be Grateful without making a Return, and Ungrateful with it. Our beſt way is to help every thing by a fair Interpretation; and whereſoever there is a doubt, to allow it the moſt favourable Conſtruction, for he that is exceptious at words, or looks, has

a Mind to pick a Quarrel. For my own part, when I come to caſt up my Accompt, and know what I owe, and to whom, though I make my Return ſooner to ſome, and later to others, as Occaſion or Fortune will give me leave, yet I'll be juſt to all. I will be Grateful to God; to Man; to thoſe that have oblig'd me; nay, even to thoſe that have oblig'd my Friends. I am bound in Honour, and in Conſcience, to be thankful for what I have receiv'd; and if it be not yet full, it is ſome pleaſure ſtill, that I may hope for more. For the Requital of a Favour, there muſt be Virtue, Occaſion, Means, and Fortune.

IT is a Common thing to ſcrew up Juſtice to the pitch of an Injury. * A Man may be *Over-Righteous*; and, why not *Over-Grateful* too? There is a Miſchievous Excess that borders ſo cloſe upon Ingratitude, that it is no eaſie matter to diſtinguiſh the one from the other: but, in regard that there's Good Will in the bottom of it, (however diſtemper'd; for it is effectually but Kindneſs out of the Wits) we ſhall diſcourſe it under the Title of *Gratitude Miſtaken*.

* *A Man may be over-grateful, as well as over-righteous.*

CHAP. XVIII.

Gratitude Miſtaken.

TO refuſe a good Office, not ſo much becauſe we do not need it, as becauſe we would not be indebted for it, is a kind of Phantaſtical Ingratitude; and ſomewhat a-Kin to that Nicety of Humour on the other ſide, of being Over-Grateful; only it lies another way, and ſeems to be the more pardonable Ingratitude of the two. Some People take it for a great Inſtance of their good Will, to be ſtill wiſhing their Benefactors ſuch or ſuch a Miſchief; only, forſooth, that they themſelves might be the happy Inſtruments of their Releaſe. Theſe Men do like extravagant Lovers, that take it for a great proof of their Affection, to wiſh one another Baniſh'd, Beggar'd, or Diſeas'd, that they might have the opportunity of interpoſing to their Relief. What difference is there betwixt ſuch Wiſhing and Curſing? Such an Affection, and a Mortal Hatred? The Intent is good, you'll ſay, but this is a Miſapplication of it. Let ſuch a one fall into my Power; or into the hands of his Enemies, his Creditors, or the Common People, and no Mortal be able to reſcue him but my ſelf. Let his Life, his Liberty, and his Reputation, lie all at Stake, and no Creature, but my ſelf, in Con-

dition to ſuccour him; and why all this, but becauſe he has oblig'd me, and I would requite him? If this be Gratitude, to propound Jayles, Shackles, Slavery, War, Beggary, to the Man that you would requite; what would you do where you are Ungrateful? This way of Proceeding, over and above that it is impious in it ſelf, is likewiſe over-haſty, and unſeaſonable: for, he that goes too faſt, is as much to blame, as he that does not move at all, (to ſay nothing of the Injuſtice) for if I had never been oblig'd, I ſhould never have wiſh'd it. There are Seaſons wherein a Benefit is neither to be Receiv'd, nor Requited. To preſs a Return upon me, when I do not deſire it, is unmannerly; but it is worſe to force me to deſire it. How rigorous would he be to exact a Requital, who is thus eager to return it? To wiſh a Man in diſtreſs, that I may relieve him, is, firſt to wiſh him Miſerable; to wiſh that he may ſtand in need of any body, is *againſt Him*; and to wiſh that he may ſtand in need of Me, is *for my ſelf*: So that my buſineſs is not ſo much a Charity to my Friend, as the Cancelling of a Bond: Nay, it is half way the wiſh of an Enemy. It is barbarous to wiſh a Man in Chains, Slavery, or Want, only to bring him out again: Let me rather wiſh him powerful, and happy, and my ſelf indebted to him. By Nature, we are prone to Mercy, Humanity, Compaſſion; may we be excited to be more ſo, by the Number of the Grateful;

ful; may their Number encreaſe, and may we have no need of trying them.

IT is not for an honeſt Man to make way to a Good Office by a Crime; * as if a Pilot ſhould pray for a Tempeſt, that he might prove his Skill; or a General wiſh his Army routed, that he might ſhew himſelf a great Commander in recovering the Day. 'Tis throwing a Man into a River, to take him out again. 'Tis an Obligation, I confeſs, to cure a Wound, or a Diſeaſe; but, to *make* that Wound, or Diſeaſe, on purpoſe to *Cure* it, is a moſt perverſe Ingratitude. It is barbarous even to an Enemy, much more to a Friend; For, it is not ſo much to do him a Kindneſs, as to put him in need of it. Of the two, let it be rather a Scar, then a Wound; and yet it would be better to have it neither. *Rome* had been little beholden to *Scipio*, if he had prolong'd the *Punique* War, that he might have the finiſhing of it at laſt; or to the *Decii*, for dying for their Country, if they had firſt brought it to the laſt Extremity of needing their Devotion. It may be a good Contemplation, but it is a lewd Wiſh. *Æneas* had never been ſirnamed the *Pious*, if he had wiſh'd the ruine of his Country, only that he might have the honour of taking his Father out of the Fire. 'Tis the Scandal of a Phyſician to make Work, and irritate a Diſeaſe, and to torment his Patient for the Reputation of his Cure. If a Man ſhould openly imprecate

* *We muſt not do an ill thing, that good may come of it.*

Poverty, Captivity, Fear, or Danger, upon a Perſon that he has been Oblig'd to, would not the whole World condemn him for't? And, what's the Difference; but that the One is only a Private Wiſh, and the Other a Publick Declaration? *Rutilius* was told in his Exile, That for his Comfort, there would be e'er long a Civil War, that would bring all the Baniſh'd Men Home again. *God forbid*, ſays he, *for I had rather my Country ſhould bluſh for my Baniſhment, than Mourn for my Return.* How much more honourable is it to Owe chearfully, than to Pay diſhoneſtly? It is the wiſh of an Enemy to take a Town, that he may preſerve it, and to be Victorious, that he may forgive; but, the Mercy comes after the Cruelty; beſide, that it is an Injury both to God and Man, for the Man muſt be firſt afflicted by *Heaven*, to be relieved by *me*. So that we impoſe the Cruelty upon God, and take the Compaſſion to our ſelves, and, at the beſt, it is but a Curſe, that makes way for a Bleſſing; the bare Wiſh is an Injury; and, if it does not take effect, 'tis becauſe Heaven has not heard our Prayers. Or, if they ſhould ſucceed, the fear it ſelf is a Torment: And, it is much more deſirable to have a firm, and unſhaken Security. 'Tis Friendly to wiſh it in your Power to oblige me, if ever I chance to need it; but it is unkind to wiſh me miſerable, that I may need it. How much more Pious is it, and Humane, to wiſh that I may never want the Occaſion of Obliging, nor

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the Means of doing it; nor ever have reaſon to repent of what I have done?

CHAP. XIX.

Of Ingratitude.

INGRATITUDE is, of all Crimes, that which we are to account the moſt Venial in others, and the moſt Unpardonable in our ſelves. It is impious to the higheſt degree; for, it makes us fight againſt our Children, and our Altars. There are, there ever were, and there ever will be Criminals of all ſorts; as Murtherers, Tyrants, Thieves, Adulterers, Traytors, Robbers, and Sacrilegious Perſons; but, there is hardly any Notorious Crime without a Mixture of Ingratitude. It diſunites Mankind, and breaks the very Pillars of Society. And yet ſo far is this prodigious Wickedneſs from being any wonder to us, that even Thankfulneſs it ſelf were much the greater of the two. For Men are deterr'd from it by Labour, Expence, Lazineſs, Buſineſs; or elſe diverted from it by Luſt, Envy, Ambition, Pride, Levity, Raſhneſs, Fear: Nay, by the very Shame of Confeſſing what they have Receiv'd. And the Unthankful Man has nothing to ſay for himſelf all this while; For, there needs neither Pains, nor Fortune, for the Diſcharge of his Duty; Beſide, the inward Anxiety and Torment, when a Man's Conſcience makes him afraid of his own Thoughts.

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TO ſpeak againſt the Ungrateful, is to rail againſt Mankind; * for, even thoſe that complain are guilty; nor do I ſpeak only of thoſe that do not live up to the ſtrict Rule of Virtue; but Mankind it ſelf is degenerated, and loſt. We live unthankfully in this World, and we go ſtrugling and murmuring out of it; diſſatisfy'd with our Lot; whereas we ſhould be Grateful for the Bleſſings we have enjoy'd, and account that ſufficient which Providence has appointed for us: A little more time may make our Lives longer, but not happier; and whenſoever it is the Pleaſure of God to call us, we muſt obey; and yet all this while we go on quarrelling at the World for what we find in our ſelves, and we are yet more unthankful to Heaven, then we are to one another. What Benefit can be great now to that Man that deſpiſes the Bounties of his Maker? We would be as ſtrong as Elephants, as ſwift as Bucks, as light as Birds; and we complain that we have not the Sagacity of Dogs, the Sight of Eagles, the long Life of Ravens, nay, that we are not Immortal, and endu'd with the knowledge of things to come. Nay, we take it ill, that we are not Gods upon Earth: never conſidering the Advantages of our Condition, or the Benignity of Providence in the Comforts that we enjoy. We ſubdue the ſtrongeſt of Creatures, and overtake the fleeteſt; We reclaim the fierceſt, and out-wit the Craftieſt. We are within one degree

* *We are all ungrateful.*

degree of Heaven it ſelf, and yet we are not ſatisfied. Since there is not any one Creature which we had rather be, we take it ill that we cannot draw the United Excellencies of all other Creatures into our ſelves. Why are we not rather thankful to that Goodneſs, which has ſubjected the whole Creation to our Uſe and Service?

* THE Principal Cauſes of Ingratitude, are Pride, and Self Conceit, Avarice, Envy, *&c.* 'Tis a familiar Exclamation, *'Tis true, he did this or that for me, but it came ſo late, and it was ſo little, I had e'en as good have been without it: If he had not given it to me, he muſt have given it to ſomebody elſe; it was nothing out of his own Pocket:* Nay, we are ſo Ungrateful, that he that gives us all we have, if he leaves any thing to himſelf, we reckon that he does us an Injury. It coſt *Julius Cæſar* his Life, the diſappointment of his Unſatiable Companions; and yet he reſerv'd nothing of all that he got, to himſelf, but the liberty of diſpoſing it. There is no Benefit ſo large, but Malignity will ſtill leſſen it: none ſo narrow, which a good Interpretation will not enlarge. No Man ſhall ever be Grateful, that views a Benefit on the wrong ſide; or takes a Good Office by the wrong handle. The Avaricious Man is naturally Ungrateful, for he never thinks he has enough, but, without conſidering what he has, only Minds what he covets. Some pretend want of Power to make a competent Return, and you

* *Cauſes of Ingratitude.*

you ſhall find in others a kind of Graceleſs Modeſty, that makes a Man aſham'd of requiting an Obligation, becauſe 'tis a Confeſſion that he has receiv'd one.

*Not to return Good for Good is Inhumane, but Evil for Good is Diabolical.

*NOT to return one good Office for another, is Inhumane, but to return Evil for Good, is Diabolical. There are too many even of this ſort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There's nothing more dangerous, than to oblige thoſe People, for when they are Conſcious of not paying the Debt, they wiſh the Creditor out of the way. It is a Mortal Hatred, that which ariſes from the Shame of an abuſed Benefit. When we are on the asking ſide, what a deal of Cringing there is, and Profeſſion? *Well, I ſhall never forget this Favour. It will be an eternal Obligation to me.* But, within a while, the Note is chang'd, and we hear no more words on't, till, by little and little, it is all quite forgotten. So long as we ſtand in need of a Benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor any thing cheaper, when we have receiv'd it. And yet a Man may as well refuſe to deliver up a Sum of Money that's left him in Truſt, without a Sute, as not to return a good Office without asking; and when we have no value any further for the Benefit, we do commonly care as little for the Author. People follow their Intereſt; one Man is Grateful for his Convenience, and another Man is Ungrateful for the ſame Reaſon.

SOME

*SOME are Ungrateful to their Country; and their own Country no less Ungrateful to others; so that the Complaint of Ingratitude reaches all Men. Doth not the Son wish for the Death of his Father? The Husband for that of his Wife? &c. But, who can look for Gratitude in an Age of so many Gaping, and Craving Appetites, where all People take, and none give? In an Age of Licence to all sorts of Vanity, and Wickedness; as Lust, Gluttony, Avarice, Envy, Ambition, Sloth, Insolence, Levity, Contumacy, Fear, Rashness, Private Discords, and Publick Evils, Extravagant and Groundless Wishes, vain Confidences, Sickly Affections, Shameless Impieties, Rapine Authorized, and the Violation of all things Sacred and Profane. Obligations are pursu'd with Sword and Poison: Benefits are turn'd into Crimes; and that Blood most Seditiously Spilt, for which every honest Man should expose his own. Those that should be the Preservers of their Country, are the Destroyers of it; and 'tis matter of Dignity to trample upon the Government; the Sword gives the Law, and Mercenaries take up Arms against their Masters. Among these turbulent and unruly Motions, what Hope is there of finding Honesty, or good Faith, which is the quietest of all Virtues? There is no more lively Image of humane Life, then that of a Conquer'd City: there's neither Mercy, Modesty, nor Religion; and if

* *There are Ungrateful Governours as well as Ungrateful Men.*

if we forget our Lives, we may well forget our Benefits. The World abounds with Examples of Ungrateful Persons, and no less with those of Ungrateful Governments. Was not *Catiline* Ungrateful? whose Malice aim'd, not only at the Mastering of his Country, but at the total Destruction of it, by calling in an Inveterate, and Vindictive Enemy from beyond the *Alpes*, to wreak their long thirsted-for Revenge; and to Sacrifice the Lives of as many noble *Romans*, as might serve to answer and appease the Ghosts of the Slaughter'd *Gauls*? Was not *Marius* Ungrateful? that from a Common Soldier, being rais'd up to a Consul, not only gave the Word for Civil Bloodshed, and Massacres, but was himself the Sign for the Execution; and every Man he met in the Streets, to whom he did not stretch out his Right Hand, was Murther'd? And, was not *Sylla* Ungrateful too? that when he had waded up to the Gates in Humane Blood, carry'd the Outrage into the City, and there most barbarously cut two entire Legions to pieces in a Corner; not only after the Victory, but most perfidiously after Quarter given them. Good God! that ever any Man should not only scape with Impunity, but receive a Reward for so horrid a Villany? Was not *Pompey* Ungrateful too? who after three Consulships, three Triumphs, and so many Honours Usurp'd before his time, split the Commonwealth into three Parts; and brought it

to

to ſuch a paſs, that there was no hope of Safety, but by Slavery; only, forſooth, to abate the Envy of his Power, he took other Partners with him into the Government, as if that which was not lawful for any one, might have been allowable for more; dividing and diſtributing the Provinces, and breaking all into a *Triumvirate*, reſerving ſtill two parts of the three in his own Family. And, Was not *Cæſar* Ungrateful alſo? though, to give him his due, he was a Man of his Word; Merciful in his Victories, and never kill'd any Man, but with his Sword in his Hand? Let us therefore forgive one another. Only one Word more now for the Shame of Ungrateful Governments. Was not *Camillus* baniſh'd? *Scipio* diſmiſs'd? and *Cicero* exil'd and plunder'd? But, what is all this to thoſe that are ſo mad, as to diſpute even the Goodneſs of Heaven, which gives us all, and expects nothing again, but continues giving to the moſt Unthankful, and Complaining?

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

There can be no Law against Ingratitude.

INGRATITUDE is so dangerous to it self, and so detestable to other People, that Nature, one would think, had sufficiently provided against it, without need of any other Law. For every Ungrateful Man is his own Enemy, and it seems superfluous to compel a Man to be kind to himself, and to follow his own Inclination. This, of all Wickedness imaginable, is certainly the Vice which does the most divide and distract Humane Nature. Without the Exercise and the Commerce of mutual Offices, we can be neither happy, nor safe; for it is only Society that secures us: Take us one by one, and we are a Prey even to Brutes, as well as to one another; Nature has brought us into the World Naked, and Unarm'd; we have not the Teeth, or the Paws of Lions or Bears, to make our selves terrible: but, by the two Blessings of Reason, and Union, we Secure and Defend our selves against Violence and Fortune. This it is that makes Man the Master of all other Creatures, who otherwise were scarce a Match for the weakest

weakeſt of them This is it that comforts us in Sickneſs, in Age, in Miſery, in Pains, and in the worſt of Calamities. Take away this Combination, and Mankind is diſſociated, and falls to pieces. 'Tis true, that there is no Law eſtabliſh'd againſt this abominable Vice: but we cannot ſay yet that it ſcapes unpuniſhed, for a publick Hatred is certainly the greateſt of all Penalties; over and above that we loſe the moſt valuable Bleſſing of Life, in the not beſtowing, and receiving of Benefits. If ingratitude were to be puniſhed by a Law, it would diſcredit the Obligation; for a Benefit is to be Given, not Lent: And if we have no Return at all, there's no juſt Cauſe of Complaint: for Gratitude were no Virtue, if there were any danger in being Ungrateful. There are Halters, I know, Hooks, and Gibbets, provided for Homicide, Poiſon, Sacriledge, and Rebellion; but Ingratitude (here upon Earth) is only puniſh'd in the Schools; all further Pains, and Inflictions, being wholly remitted to Divine Juſtice: And, if a Man may Judge of the Conſcience by the Countenance, the Ungrateful Man is never without a Canker at his Heart; his Mind, and Aſpect, is ſad and ſolicitous; whereas the other is always Chearful and Serene.

*There neither is, nor can be any Law against Ingratitude.

AS there * are no Laws Extant against Ingratitude; so is it utterly impossible to contrive any, that in all Circumstances shall reach it. If it were Actionable, there would not be Courts enough in the whole World to try the Causes in. There can be no setting a Day for the Requiting of Benefits, as for the Payment of Money; nor any Estimate upon the Benefits themselves; but the whole matter rests in the Conscience of both Parties: And then there are so many degrees of it, that the same Rule will never serve all. Beside that, to proportion it, as the Benefit is greater or less, will be both impracticable and without Reason. One good Turn saves my Life; another, my Freedom, or peradventure my very Soul. How shall any Law now suit a Punishment to an Ingratitude, under these differing degrees? It must not be said in Benefits as in Bonds, *Pay what you owe.* How shall a Man pay Life, Health, Credit, Security, in *kind?* There can be no set Rule to bound that infinite Variety of Cases, which are more properly the Subject of Humanity, and Religion, then of Law, and Publick Justice. There would be Disputes also about the Benefit it self, which must totally depend upon the Courtesie of the Judge, for no Law imaginable can set it forth. One Man *Gives* me an Estate; another only *Lends* me a Sword, and that Sword preserves my Life. Nay, the very same thing several ways done, changes the Quality of the Obligation. A Word, a Tone, a Look, makes

makes a great Alteration in the Caſe. How ſhall we judge then, and determine a Matter which does not depend upon the Fact it ſelf, but upon the Force, and Intention of it? Some things are reputed Benefits, not for their Value, but becauſe we deſire them. And there are Offices of a much greater Value, that we do not reckon upon at all. If Ingratitude were liable to a Law, we muſt never give, but before Witneſſes, which would overthrow the Dignity of the Benefit. And then the Puniſhment muſt either be equal, where the Crimes are unequal, or elſe it muſt be unrighteous: So that Blood muſt anſwer for Blood. He that is Ungrateful for my ſaving his Life, muſt forfeit his own. And, What can be more Inhumane, then that Benefits ſhould conclude in Sanguinary Events? A Man ſaves my Life, and I'm Ungrateful for it: Shall I be puniſh'd in my Purſe? That's too little; if it be leſs then the Benefit, it is unjuſt, and it muſt be Capital to be made equal to it. There are moreover certain Privileges granted to Parents, that can never be reduc'd to a Common Rule: Their Injuries may be cognizable, but not their Benefits. The diverſity of Caſes is too large, and intricate, to be brought within the Proſpect of a Law: So that it is much more Equitable to puniſh none, then to puniſh all alike. What if a Man follows a good Office with an Injury; whether or no ſhall this quit Scores? or, who ſhall compare them, and weigh the one againſt the other? There is

another thing yet, which perhaps we do not dream of: Not one Man upon the face of the Earth would ſcape, and yet every Man would expect to be his own Judge. Once again, we are all of us Ungrateful; and the Number does not only take away the ſhame, but gives Authority, and Protection to the Wickedneſs.

IT is thought Reaſonable by ſome, that there ſhould be a Law againſt Ingratitude; for, ſay they, 'Tis common for one City to upbraid another, and to claim that of Poſterity, which was beſtow'd upon their Anceſtors: But, this is only Clamour without Reaſon. It is objected by others, as a diſcouragement to good Offices, if Men ſhall not be made anſwerable for them; but I ſay, on the other ſide, that no Man would accept of a Benefit upon thoſe Terms. He that Gives, is prompted to't by a Goodneſs of Mind, and the Generoſity of the Action is leſſen'd by the Caution; for it is his deſire that the Receiver ſhould pleaſe himſelf, and owe no more than he thinks fit. But, what if this might occaſion fewer Benefits, ſo long as they would be franker? Nor is there any hurt in putting a Check upon Raſhneſs, and Profuſion: In anſwer to this; Men will be careful enough whom they oblige, without a Law: Nor is it poſſible for a Judge ever to ſet us right in't; or indeed any thing elſe, but the Faith of the Receiver. The Honour of a Benefit is this way preſerv'd, which is otherwiſe prophan'd, when it comes to be

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Mercenary, and made matter of Contention. We are e'en forward enough of our ſelves, to wrangle, without unneceſſary Provocations. It would be well, I think, if Moneys might paſs upon the ſame Conditions with other Benefits; and the Payment remitted to the Conſcience, without formalizing upon Bills and Securities: But humane Wiſdom has rather advis'd with Convenience, then Virtue, and choſen rather to *force* Honeſty, then *expect* it. For every paultry Sum of Money, there muſt be Bonds, Witneſſes, Counter-parts, Pawns, *&c.* which is no other then a ſhameful Confeſſion of Fraud, and Wickedneſs; when more Credit is given to our Seals then to our Minds; and Caution taken leſt he that has receiv'd the Money, ſhould deny it. Were it not better now to be deceiv'd by ſome, then to ſuſpect all? What's the difference at this Rate, betwixt the Benefactor, and an Uſurer, ſave only that in the Benefactor's Caſe, there is no body ſtands bound?

SENECA's MORALS OF A Happy Life; OF Anger and Clemency.

ABSTRACTED
By Sir *R. L'ESTRANGE*, Kt.

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SENECA's

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PART II.

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SENECA OF A Happy Life.

CHAP. I.

Of a Happy Life, and wherein it consists.

THERE is not any thing in this World, perhaps, that is more Talk'd of, and less Understood, then the Business of a *Happy Life*. It is every Man's Wish, and Design; and yet not one of a thousand that knows wherein that Happiness consists. We live however in a Blind and Eager Pursuit of it; and the more haste we make in a wrong way, the farther we are from our Journeys end. Let us therefore *First*, consider, *What it is we would be at*; and *Secondly*, *Which is the readiest way to compass it.* If we be right, we shall find every day how much we improve; but if we either follow the Cry, or the Track of People that are

are out of the way, we must expect to be misled, and to continue our days in Wandring, and Error. Wherefore it highly concerns us to take along with us a skilful Guide; For it is not in this, as in other Voyages, where the High-way brings us to our place of Repose; Or, if a Man should happen to be out, where the Inhabitants might set him Right again: But, on the contrary, the beaten Road is here the most dangerous, and the People, instead of helping us, misguide us. Let us not therefore follow, like Beasts, but rather govern our selves by *Reason* then by *Example*. It fares with us in Humane Life, as in a Routed Army; one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon the Neck of another, till the whole Field comes to be but one heap of Miscarriages. And the Mischief is, *That the Number of the Multitude carries it against Truth and Justice*; so that we must leave the Crowd, if we would be Happy: For, the Question of a *Happy Life* is not to be decided by *Vote*: Nay, so far from it, that Plurality of Voices is still an Argument of the Wrong; the Common People find it easier to Believe, than to Judge; and content themselves with what is usual; never examining whether it be good or no. By the *Common People* is intended *the Man of Title*, as well as the *Clouted Shooe*; for I do not distinguish them by the Eye, but by the Mind, which is the proper Judge of the Mind. Worldly Felicity,

I know,

I know makes the head giddy; but, if ever a Man comes to himſelf again, he will confeſs, That *whatſoever he has done, he wiſhes undone*; and, that *the things he fear'd were better than thoſe he pray'd for.*

THE true Felicity of *Life*, is to be *free from Perturbations; to underſtand our Duties toward God, and Man; to enjoy the Preſent, without any anxious Dependence upon the Future. Not to amuſe our ſelves with either Hopes, or Fears, but to reſt ſatisfy'd with what we have, which is abundantly ſufficient; for he that is ſo, wants nothing. The great Bleſſings of Mankind are within us, and within our Reach; but we ſhut our Eyes, and like People in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we ſearch for, without finding it. *Tranquillity is a certain equality of Mind, which no Condition of Fortune can either exalt, or depreſs.* Nothing can make it leſs; for, it is the State of Humane Perfection: It raiſes us as high as we can go; and makes every Man his own Supporter; whereas he that is born up by any thing elſe, may fall. He that Judges aright, and perſeveres in it, enjoys a perpetual Calm: he takes a true Proſpect of things; he obſerves an Order, Meaſure, a *Decorum* in all his Actions: He has a Benevolence in his Nature; he ſquares his Life according to Reaſon; and draws to himſelf Love and Admiration. Without a Certain, and an Unchangeable Judgment, all the reſt is but Fluctuation: But, *he that always Wills, and*

*True Happineſs.

Nills the ſame thing, is undoubtedly in the Right.
Liberty and Serenity of Mind muſt neceſſarily enſue upon the Maſtering of thoſe things, which either allure, or affright us; when, inſtead of thoſe flaſhy Pleaſures, (which even at the beſt are both vain, and hurtful together) we ſhall find our ſelves poſſeſs'd of Joys tranſporting, and everlaſting. It muſt be a *Sound Mind* that makes a *Happy Man*; there muſt be a Conſtancy in all Conditions, a Care for the things of this World, but without trouble, and ſuch an indifferency for the Bounties of Fortune, that either with them, or without them, we may live contentedly. There muſt be neither Lamentation, nor Quarrelling, nor Sloth, nor Fear; for it makes a Diſcord in a Man's Life. *He that Fears, Serves.* The Joy of a Wiſe man ſtands firm without Interruption; in all Places, at all Times, and in all Conditions, his Thoughts are chearful and quiet. As it never *came in* to him from *without*, ſo it will never leave him; but, it is born within him, and inſeparable from him. It is a ſolicitous life that is egg'd on with the hope of any thing, though never ſo open and eaſie; nay, though a Man ſhould never ſuffer any ſort of diſappointment. I do not ſpeak this, either as a Bar to the fair enjoyment of lawful Pleaſures, or to the gentle Flatteries of reaſonable Expectations: But, on the contrary, I would have Men to be always in good Humour; provided that it ariſes from their own Souls, and be cheriſh'd in

in their own Breasts. Other Delights are trivial; they may smooth the Brow, but they do not fill, and affect the Heart, *True Joy is a severe, and sober Motion*; and they are miserably out, that take *Laughing* for *Rejoycing*: The Seat of it is within, and there is no Chearfulness like the Resolution of a Brave Mind, that has Fortune under its Feet. He that can look Death in the Face, and bid it Welcom; open his door to Poverty, and Bridle his Appetites; this is the Man whom Providence has establish'd in the Possession of inviolable Delights. The Pleasures of the Vulgar are ungrounded, thin, and superficial; but the other are Solid, and *Eternal*. As the *Body* it self is rather a *Necessary thing*, then a *Great*; so the Comforts of it are but Temporary and Vain; beside, that without extraordinary Moderation, their End is only Pain and Repentance. Whereas a Peaceful Conscience, Honest Thoughts, Virtuous Actions, and an indifference for Casual Events, are Blessings without End, Satiety, or Measure. This Consummated State of Felicity is only a Submission to the Dictate of Right Nature: *The Foundation of it is Wisdom and Virtue; the Knowledge of what we ought to do, and the Conformity of the Will to that Knowledge.*

CHAP. II.

Humane Happineſs is founded upon Wiſdom, *and* Virtue; *and firſt of* Wiſdom.

TAKING for granted, That *Humane Happineſs* is founded upon *Wiſdom* and *Virtue*, we ſhall treat of theſe two Points in order as they lye: And *Firſt* of *Wiſdom*; not in the Latitude of its various Operations, but only as it has a Regard to Good Life, and the happineſs of Mankind.

WISDOM is a Right Underſtanding; a * Faculty of Diſcerning Good from Evil; What is to be choſen, and what rejected; a Judgment grounded upon the Value of things, and not the Common Opinion of them; an Equality of Force, and a Strength of Reſolution. It ſets a Watch over our Words and Deeds; it takes us up with the Contemplation of the Works of Nature; and makes us invincible, by either Good or Evil Fortune. It is large and ſpacious; and requires a great deal of Room to work in; it ranſacks Heaven, and Earth; it has for its Object, things paſt, and to come; Tranſitory and Eternal; It Examines all the Circumſtances of time; *what it is*; *when it began, and how long it will continue*: And ſo for the *Mind*; *whence it came*; *what it is*; *when it begins*; *how long it laſts*; *whether*

* *Wiſdom, what it is.*

or no it passes from one Form to another; or serves only one; and wanders when it leaves us; where it abides in the State of Separation, and what the Action of it; what use it makes of its Liberty; whether or no it retains the Memory of things past, and comes to the Knowledge of it self. It is the Habit of a Perfect Mind, and the Perfection of Humanity, rais'd as high as Nature can carry it. It differs from *Philosophy*, as Avarice, and Mony; the One desires, and the other is desired; the one is the Effect, and the Reward of the other. To be Wise, is the Use of Wisdom, as Seeing is the Use of Eyes, and Well-speaking the Use of Eloquence. He that is perfectly Wise, is perfectly Happy; nay, the very beginning of Wisdom makes Life easie to us. Neither is it enough to know this, unless we Print it in our Minds by daily Meditation, and so bring a *good Will* to a *good Habit.* And we must practise what we Preach: For *Philosophy* is not a Subject for popular Ostentation; nor does it rest in Words, but in Things: It is not an Entertainment taken up for delight, or to give a Taste to our Leisures; but it fashions the Mind, governs our Actions, tells us what we are to do, and what not. It sits at the Helm, and guides us through all Hazards: Nay, we cannot be safe without it, for every hour gives us occasion to make use on't: It informs us in all the Duties of Life, Piety to our Parents, Faith to our Friends, Charity to

the miserable, Judgment in Counsel; it gives us *Peace*, by *Fearing* nothing, and *Riches*, by *Coveting nothing*.

* *A Wise Man does his Duty in all Conditions.*

* THERE's no Condition of Life that excludes a Wise Man from discharging his Duty. If his Fortune be good, he *Tempers* it; if bad, he *Masters* it; if he has an Estate, he will exercise his Virtue in Plenty; if none, in Poverty; if he cannot do it in his Country, he will do it in Banishment; if he has no Command, he will do the Office of a Common Soldier. Some People have the Skill of Reclaiming the fiercest of Beasts: They will make a Lion Embrace his Keeper; a Tyger Kiss him, and an Elephant Kneel to him. This is the Case of a Wise Man in the extremest Difficulties; let them be never so terrible in themselves; when they come to him once, they are perfectly tame. They that ascribe the Invention of Tillage, Architecture, Navigation, *&c.* to Wise Men, may perchance be in the right, that they were invented by Wise Men; but they were not invented by Wise Men, as *Wise Men*; For Wisdom does not teach our Fingers, but our Minds: Fiddling, and Dancing, Arms, and Fortifications, were the Works of Luxury and Discord; but Wisdom instructs us in the way, of Nature, and in the Arts of Unity and Concord; not in the Instruments, but in the Government of Life; nor to make us live only, but to live happily. She teaches us what things are Good, what Evil, and what only appear so; and,

to

to diſtinguiſh betwixt true Greatneſs, and Tumour. She Clears our Minds of Droſs, and Vanity; ſhe raiſes up our Thoughts to Heaven, and carries them down to Hell: She diſcourſes the Nature of the Soul; the Powers, and Faculties of it; the firſt Principles of things; the Order of Providence; ſhe exalts us from things Corporeal, to Incorporeal; and retrieves the Truth of all: She ſearches Nature, gives Laws to Life, and tells us, *That it is not enough to know God, unleſs we obey him:* She looks upon all Accidents, as Acts of Providence; ſets a true Value upon things; delivers us from falſe Opinions, and Condemns all Pleaſures that are attended with Repentance. She allows nothing to be Good, that will not be ſo for ever; No Man to be Happy, but he that needs no other Happineſs then what he has within himſelf; no Man to be Great, or Powerful, that is not Maſter of himſelf. This is the Felicity of Humane Life; a Felicity that can neither be corrupted, nor extinguiſh'd: It enquires into the Nature of the Heavens, the Influences of the Stars; how far they operate upon our Minds, and Bodies; which Thoughts, though they do not form our Manners, they do yet raiſe, and diſpoſe us for Glorious things.

IT is agreed upon at all Hands, That * *Right Reaſon is the Perfection of Humane Nature*, and Wiſdom only the Dictate of it. The Greatneſs that ariſes from it, is ſolid, and unmoveable; the Reſolutions of Wiſdom being Free, Abſolute, and Conſtant; whereas Folly is never long pleas'd with the ſame thing, but ſtill ſhifting of Counſels, and Sick of it ſelf. There can be no Happineſs without Conſtancy, and Prudence; for, a Wiſe Man is to write without a Blot; and what he likes once, he approves for ever: He admits of nothing that is either Evil, or Slippery; but Marches without Staggering, or Stumbling, and is never ſurpriz'd: He lives always true, and Steady to himſelf; and whatſoever befalls him, this great Artificer of both Fortunes turns to Advantage. He that demurs, and heſitates, is not yet compos'd: But whereſoever Virtue interpoſes upon the Main, there muſt be Concord and Conſent in the Parts; For all Virtues are in Agreement, as well as all Vices are at Variance. A Wiſe Man, in what Condition ſoever he is, will be ſtill Happy, for he ſubjects all things to himſelf, becauſe he ſubmits himſelf to Reaſon, and governs his Actions by Counſel, not by Paſſion. He is not mov'd with the Utmoſt Violences of Fortune, nor with the Extremities of Fire and Sword; whereas a Fool is afraid of his own Shadow, and ſurpriz'd at ill Accidents, as if they were all level'd at him. He does nothing unwillingly,

* *Right Reaſon is the Perfection of humane Nature.*

lingly, for whatever he finds neceſſary, he makes it his Choice. He propounds to himſelf the certain Scope, and End of Humane Life: He follows that which conduces to't, and avoids that which hinders it. He is content with his Lot, whatever it be, without wiſhing what he has not; though, of the two, he had rather abound then want. The great buſineſs of his Life, like that of Nature, is perform'd without Tumult, or Noiſe: He neither fears Danger, nor provokes it; But, it is his Caution, not any want of Courage; for Captivity, Wounds, and Chains, he only looks upon as falſe, and lymphatical Terrors. He does not pretend to go through with whatever he Undertakes; but to do that well which he does. Arts are but the Servants, Wiſdom Commands; and where the Matter fails, 'tis none of the Workman's Fault. He is cautelous in doubtful Caſes; in Proſperity temperate, and reſolute in Adverſity; ſtill making the beſt of every Condition, and improving all Occaſions to make them ſerviceable to his Fate. Some Accidents there are, which I confeſs may affect him, but not overthrow him; as Bodily Pains, Loſs of Children and Friends; the Ruin and Deſolation of a Man's Country. One muſt be made of Stone, or Iron, not to be ſenſible of theſe Calamities; and beſide, it were no Virtue to *bear* them, if a Body did not *feel* them.

THERE

* *Three degrees of Proficients in Wisdom.*

THERE are *Three degrees of Proficients* in the School of Wisdom. The *first*, are those that come within sight of it, but not up to't: They have learn'd what they ought to do, but they have not put their Knowledge in practice: They are past the hazard of a Relapse, but they have still the grudges of a Disease, though they are out of the danger of it. By a Disease, I do understand an Obstinacy in Evil, or an ill habit, that makes us over-eager upon things, which are either not much to be desir'd, or not at all, A *Second* sort are those, that have subjected their Appetites for a Season, but are yet in fear of falling back. A *Third* sort, are those that are clear of many Vices, but not of all. They are not Covetous, but perhaps they are Cholerick; not Lustful, but perchance Ambitious; they are firm enough in some Cases, but weak in others: There are many that despise Death, and yet shrink at Pain. There are Diversities in Wise Men, but no Inequalities; one is more Affable; another more Ready; a third, a better Speaker; but, the Felicity of them all is equal. It is in this, as in Heavenly Bodies; there is a *certain* State in Greatness.

* *A Wise Man in some cases may need Counsel.*

IN Civil, and Domestick Affairs a *Wise Man may stand in need of Counsel, as of a Physician, an Advocate, a Solicitor; but, in greater Matters, the Blessing of Wise Men rests in the Joy they take in the Communication of their Virtues: If there were nothing

nothing elſe in it, a Man would apply himſelf to Wiſdom, becauſe it ſettles him in a perpetual Tranquility of Mind.

CHAP. III.

There can be no Happineſs without Virtue.

VIRTUE is that perfect Good, which is the Complement of a *Happy Life*; the only immortal thing that belongs to Mortality: It is the Knowledge both of others, and it ſelf; it is an invincible Greatneſs of Mind, not to be elevated or dejected, with good or ill Fortune. It is ſociable, and Gentle; Free, Steady, and Fearleſs; Content within it ſelf, full of inexhauſtible Delights; and it is valued for it ſelf. One may be a good Phyſician, a good Governour, a good Grammarian, without being a good Man; So that all things from without, are only Acceſſories; for the Seat of it is a pure and holy Mind. It conſiſts in a Congruity of Actions; which we can never expect, ſo long as we are diſtracted by our Paſſions. Not but that a Man may be allow'd to change Colour, and Countenance, and ſuffer ſuch Impreſſions as are properly a kind of Natural Force upon the Body, and not under the Dominion of the Mind: But, all this while, I will have his Judgment firm, and he ſhall Act ſteadily, and boldly, without wavering betwixt the Motions of his Body,

Body, and those of his Mind. It is not a thing indifferent, I know, whether a Man lies at Ease upon a Bed, or in Torment upon a Wheel: And yet the former may be the worse of the two, if we suffer the latter with Honour, and enjoy the other with Infamy; it is not the *Matter*, but the *Virtue*, that makes the Action *Good*, or *Ill*; and, he that is led in Triumph, may be yet Greater then his Conqueror. When we come once to value our Flesh above our Honesty, we are lost: And yet I would not press upon Dangers, no not so much as upon Inconveniences, unless where the Man and the Brute come in competition: And, in such a Case, rather then make a Forfeiture of my Credit, my Reason, or my Faith, I would run all Extremities. They are great Blessings, to have Tender Parents, Dutiful Children, and to live under a Just, and well-order'd Government. Now, would it not trouble, even a Virtuous Man, to see his Children Butcher'd before his Eyes, his Father made a Slave, and his Country over-run by a Barbarous Enemy? There is a great difference betwixt the simple Loss of a Blessing, and the Succeeding of a great Mischief into the place of it over and above. The loss of Health is follow'd with Sickness; and the loss of Sight with Blindness; but, this does not hold in the loss of Friends, and Children; where there is rather something on the contrary to supply that loss, that is to say, *Virtue*, which fills the Mind, and

and takes away the Deſire of what we have not. What matters it whether the Water be ſtopt, or no, ſo long as the Fountain is ſafe? Is a Man ever the Wiſer for a multitude of Friends, or the more Fooliſh for the loſs of them? So neither is he the Happier, nor the more miſerable: Short Life, Grief, and Pain, are Acceſſions that have no Effect at all upon Virtue. It conſiſts in the Action, and not in the things we do: In the Choice it ſelf, and not in the Subject matter of it. It is not a deſpicable Body, or Condition; not Poverty, Infamy, or Scandal, that can obſcure the Glories of Virtue; but a Man may ſee her through all Oppoſitions, and he that looks diligently into the State of a Wicked Man, will ſee the Canker at his Heart, through all the falſe, and dazling ſplendors of Greatneſs and Fortune. We ſhall then diſcover our *Childiſhneſs*, in ſetting our Hearts upon Things Trivial and Contemptible; and in the ſelling of our very Country and Parents for a *Rattle.* And, what's the difference (in effect) betwixt *Old Men* and *Children*, but that the *One* deals in *Paintings*, and *Statues*, and the *Other* in *Babies*? So that we our ſelves are only the more Expenſive Fools.

IF one could but ſee the Mind of a Good Man, as it is Illuſtrated with Virtue; the Beauty, and the * Majeſty of it, which is a Dignity not ſo much as to be thought of without Love, and Veneration; would not a Man bleſs himſelf at the ſight of ſuch an Object,

* *The Dignity of Virtue.*

Object, as at the Encounter of ſome Supernatural Power? A Power ſo Miraculous, that it is a kind of Charm upon the Souls of thoſe that are truly affected with it. There is ſo wonderful a Grace, and Authority in it, that even the worſt of Men approve it, and ſet up for the Reputation of being accounted Virtuous themſelves. They covet the Fruit indeed, and the Profit of Wickedneſs, but they hate, and are aſham'd of the Imputation of it. It is by an Impreſſion of Nature, that all Men have a Reverence for Virtue: They know it, and they have a Reſpect for it, though they do not Practice it: Nay, for the Countenance of their very *Wickedneſs*, they miſcall it *Virtue*. Their Injuries they call Benefits, and expect a Man ſhould thank them for doing him a Miſchief; they cover their moſt notorious Iniquities with a Pretext of Juſtice. He that Robs upon the High-way had rather find his Booty, then force it. Ask any of them that live upon Rapine, Fraud, Oppreſſion, if they had not rather enjoy a Fortune Honeſtly gotten, and their Conſciences will not ſuffer them to deny it. Men are Vicious only for the Profit of Villany; for, at the ſame time that they commit it, they condemn it. Nay, ſo powerful is Virtue, and ſo Gracious is Providence, that every Man has a Light ſet up within him for a Guide; which we do all of us both See, and Acknowledge, though we do not purſue it. This is it that makes the Priſoner upon

upon the Torture happier then the Executioner, and Sickneſs better then Health, if we bear it without yielding, or repining: This is that overcomes ill Fortune, and moderates Good; for it marches betwixt the One, and the Other, with an equal Contempt of Both. It turns, (like Fire) all things into it ſelf; our Actions, and our Friendſhips, are tinctur'd with it; and whatever it touches, becomes Amiable. That which is frail and Mortal, riſes, and falls, grows, waſts, and varies from it ſelf; but the State of things Divine is always the ſame: And ſo is Virtue, let the matter be what it will. It is never the worſe for the difficulty of the Action, nor the better for the eaſineſs of it. 'Tis the ſame in a Rich Man, as in a Poor, in a Sickly Man, as in a Sound, in a Strong, as in a Weak: The Virtue of the Beſieged is as great as that of the Beſiegers. There are ſome Virtues, I confeſs, which a good Man cannot be without, and yet he had rather have no Occaſion to employ them. If there were any difference, I ſhould prefer the Virtues of Patience before thoſe of Pleaſure; for, it is braver to break through Difficulties, then to temper our Delights. But, though the Subject of Virtue may poſſibly be againſt Nature, as to be burnt, or wounded, yet the Virtue it ſelf of *an Invincible Patience* is according to Nature. We may ſeem perhaps to promiſe more then Humane Nature is able to perform; but, we ſpeak with

with a respect to the Mind, and not to the Body.

* *The good Will is accepted for the Deed.*

IF a Man does not live up to his own Rules, it is something * yet to have Virtuous Meditations, and Good Purposes; even without Acting: It is Generous, the very Adventure of being Good, and the bare Proposal of an eminent Course of Life, though beyond the Force of humane Frailty to accomplish. There is something of Honour yet in the Miscarriage; Nay, in the naked Contemplation of it. I would receive my own Death with as little trouble as I would hear of another Man's; I would bear the same Mind, whether I be Rich, or Poor, whether I get, or lose in the World: what I have, I will not either sordidly spare, or prodigally squander away; and, I will reckon upon Benefits well plac'd, as the faireſt part of my Possession: Not valuing them by Number, or Weight, but by the Profit and Esteem of the Receiver; accompting my self never the Poorer for that which I give to a worthy Person. What I do, shall be done for Conscience, not Ostentation. I will Eat, and Drink, not to gratifie my Palate, or only to fill and empty, but to satisfie Nature: I will be Cheerful to my Friends, Mild and placable to my Enemies; I will prevent an honeſt Requeſt, if I can foresee it, and I will grant it without asking; I will look upon the whole World as my Country, and upon the Gods, both as the Witnesses and the Judges of

of my Words, and Deeds. I will live, and dye with this Testimony, That I lov'd good Studies, and a good Conscience, That I never invaded another Man's Liberty, and that I preserv'd my own. I will govern my Life, and my Thoughts, as if the whole World were to see the one, and to read the other; for, *What does it signifie, to make any thing a Secret to my Neighbour, when to God* (who is the Searcher of our Hearts) *all our Privacies are open.*

VIRTUE is divided into two Parts, *Contemplation*, and *Action*. The one is deliver'd by Institution, the other by Admonition: One part of Virtue consists in Discipline; the other in Exercise; for we must first Learn, and then Practise. The sooner we begin to apply our selves to it, and the more haste we make, the longer shall we enjoy the Comforts of a rectified Mind, nay, we have the Fruition of it in the very Act of Forming it; but, it is another sort of Delight, I must confess, that arises from the Contemplation of a Soul which is advanc'd into the Possession of Wisdom, and Virtue. If it was so great a Comfort to us, to pass from the Subjection of our Childhood, into a State of Liberty, and Business; how much greater will it be, when we come to cast off the Boyish Levity of our Minds, and range our selves among the Philosophers? We are past our Minority, 'tis true, but not our Indiscretions; and, which is yet worse, we have the

* *Virtue is divided into Contemplation and Action.*

Authority of Seniors, and the Weakneſſes of Children; (I might have ſaid of Infants, for every little thing frights the one, and every trivial Phancy, the other.) Whoever ſtudies this Point well, will find, that many things are the leſs to be fear'd, the more terrible they appear. To think any thing Good that is not Honeſt, were to reproach Providence; for, Good Men ſuffer many Inconveniences; But Virtue, like the Sun, goes on ſtill with her Work, let the Air be never ſo Cloudy, and finiſhes her Courſe; Extinguiſhing likewiſe all other Splendors, and Oppoſitions; Inſomuch, that Calamity is no more to a Virtuous Mind, then a Shower into the Sea. That which is Right, is not to be valu'd by *Quantity*, *Number*, or *Time*; A Life of a Day may be as honeſt, as a Life of an Hundred Years: but yet Virtue in one Man may have a larger Field to ſhew it ſelf in, then in another. One Man perhaps may be in a Station to adminiſter unto Cities and Kingdoms; to Contrive good Laws, Create Friendſhips, and do beneficial Offices to Mankind: 'Tis another Man's Fortune to be ſtreightned by Poverty, or put out of the way by Baniſhment; and yet the latter may be as Virtuous as the former; and may have as great a Mind, as exact a Prudence, as inviolable a Juſtice, and as large a Knowledge of things, both Divine, and Humane; without which, a Man cannot be happy. For Virtue is open to all; as well to Servants,

vants, and Exiles, as to Princes: It is profitable to the World, and to it ſelf, at all Diſtances, and in all Conditions; and there is no Difficulty can excuſe a man from the Exerciſe of it; and it is only to be found in a Wiſe man, though there may be ſome faint Reſemblances of it in the common People. The *Stoicks* hold all Virtues to be equal; but, yet there's great Variety in the Matter they have to work upon, according as it is larger, or narrower; Illuſtrious, or leſs Noble; of more, or leſs Extent; as all good men are equal; that is to ſay, as they are Good; but yet one may be Young, another Old; one may be Rich, another Poor; one Eminent, and Powerful, another Unknown, and Obſcure There are many things which have little or no Grace in themſelves, and are yet made Glorious and Remarkable by Virtue. Nothing can be good which gives neither Greatneſs nor Security to the Mind; but on the contrary, infects it with Inſolence, Arrogance, and Tumor: Nor does Virtue dwell upon the Tip of the Tongue, but in the Temple of a Purify'd Heart. He that depends upon any other Good, becomes Covetous of Life, and what belongs to't; which expoſes a man to Appetites that are vaſt, unlimited, and intolerable. Virtue is Free, and Indefatigable, and accompany'd with Concord, and Graceſulneſs: Whereas Pleaſure is mean, ſervile, tranſitory, tireſome, and ſickly; and ſcarce out-lives the taſting of it: It is

the good of the Belly, and not of the Man, and only the Felicity of Brutes. Who does not know, that Fools enjoy their Pleasures, and that there is great Variety in the Entertainments of Wickedness? Nay, the Mind it self has its variety of marvellous Pleasures, as well as the Body; as Insolence, Self-conceit, Pride, Garrulity, Lasciness, and the abusive Wit of turning every thing into *Ridicule*; whereas Virtue weighs all this, and Corrects it; It is the Knowledge both of others, and of it self; it is to be learn'd from it self; and, the very Will it self may be Taught: Which Will cannot be right, unless the whole Habit of the Mind be right, from whence the Will comes. It is by the Impulse of Virtue that we love Virtue, so that the very way to Virtue lies by Virtue, which takes in also, at a View, the Laws of Humane Life.

NEITHER are we to value our selves upon a Day, or * an Hour, or any one Action, but upon the whole Habit of the Mind. Some Men do one thing bravely, but not another; they will shrink at Infamy, and bear up against Poverty: In this Case, we commend the Fact, and despise the Man. The Soul is never in the right place, 'till it be deliverld from the Cares of Humane Affairs: We must labour, and climb the Hill, if we will arrive at Virtue, whose Seat is upon the Top of it. He that masters Avarice, and is truly good, stands firm against Ambition; he looks upon his last hour, not as

* *A Virtuous Life must be all of a Piece.*

a Punishment, but as the Equity of a Common Fate. He that subdues his Carnal Lusts, shall easily keep himself untainted with any other. So that Reason does not Encounter this or that Vice by it self, but bears down all at a Blow. What does he, he care for Ignominy, that only values himself upon Conscience, and not Opinion? *Socrates* look'd a Scandalous Death in the Face, with the same Constancy that he had before practis'd towards the Thirty Tyrants; his Virtue consecrated the very Dungeon; as *Cato*'s Repulse was *Cato*'s Honour, and the Reproach of the Government. He that is wise, will take delight even in an ill Opinion that is well gotten; 'tis Ostentation, not Virtue, when a man will have his good Deeds publish'd; and, 'tis not enough to be just where there is Honour to be gotten, but to continue so, in Defiance of Infamy and Danger.

BUT Virtue cannot lye hid, for the time will come, that * shall raise it again, (even after it is bury'd) and deliver it from the Malignity of the Age that oppressed it: Immortal Glory is the Shadow of it, and keeps it Company whether we will or no; but sometimes the Shadow goes before the Substance, and otherwhiles it follows it: and, the later it comes, the larger it is, when even Envy it self shall have given way to't. It was a long time that *Democritus* was taken for a Madman, and before *Socrates* had any Esteem in the World. How long was

* *Virtue can never be suppressed.*

it before *Cato* could be Understood? Nay, he was Affronted, Contemn'd, and Rejected, and People never know the Value of him, till they had lost him: The Integrity and Courage of *Rutilius* had been forgotten, but for his Sufferings. I speak of those that Fortune has made Famous for their Persecutions; and there are others also that the World never took notice of, till they were dead; as *Epicurus*, and *Metrodorus*, that were almost wholly unknown, even in the Place where they liv'd. Now, as the Body is to be kept in, upon the Down-hill, and forc'd Upwards; So there are some Virtues that require the Rein, and others the Spur. In *Liberality*, *Temperance*, *Gentleness* of Nature, we are to check our selves, for fear of falling; but in *Patience*, *Resolution*, and *Perseverance*, where we are to mount the Hill, we stand in need of Encouragement. Upon this Division of the Matter, I had rather steer the smoother Course, then pass through the Experiments of Sweat and Blood: I know it is my Duty to be content in all Conditions; but yet if it were at my Election, I would chuse the fairest. When a Man comes once to stand in need of Fortune, his Life is Anxious, Suspicious, Timorous, Dependent upon every Moment, and in fear of all Accidents. How can that Man Resign himself to God, or bear his Lot, whatever it be, without murmurring, and chearfully submit to Providence; that shrinks at every Motion of Pleasure, or Pain? It is Virtue alone

that

that raiſes us above Griefs, Hopes, Fears, and Chances; and makes us not only patient, but willing, as knowing that whatever we ſuffer, is according to the Decree of Heaven. He that is overcome with Pleaſure (ſo contemptible and weak an Enemy) What will become of him when he comes to grapple with Dangers, Neceſſities, Torments, Death, and the Diſſolution of Nature it ſelf? Wealth, Honour, and Favour, may come upon a Man by Chance; nay, they may be caſt upon him without ſo much as looking after them; but Virtue is the Work of Induſtry, and Labour; and certainly 'tis worth the while to purchaſe that Good which brings all others along with it. A Good Man is Happy within himſelf, and Independent upon Fortune: Kind to his Friend; Temperate to his Enemy; Religiouſly Juſt; Indefatigably Laborious; and he diſcharges all Duties with a Conſtancy, and Congruity of Actions,

CHAP. IV.

Philosophy the Guide of Life.

IF it be true, That the *Understanding*, and the *Will* are the two Eminent Faculties of the *Reasonable Soul*; it follows necessarily, that *Wisdome* and *Virtue* (which are the best Improvement of those two Faculties) must be the Perfection also of our *Reasonable Being*; and consequently, the *Undoubted foundation of a Happy Life*. There is not any Duty to which Providence has not annex'd a Blessing; not any Infliction of Heaven, which, even in this Life, we may not be the better for: not any Temptation either of Fortune or of Appetite, that is not subject to our Reason; not any Passion, or Affliction, for which Virtue has not provided a Remedy. So that it is our own Fault if we either Fear, or Hope for any thing; which two Affections are the Root of all our Miseries. From this General Prospect of the *Foundation* of our *Tranquility*, we shall pass by degrees to a particular Consideration of the *Means* by which it may be *procur'd*; and of the *Impediments* that *obstruct* it; beginning with that *Philosophy* which principally regards our *Manners*, and Instructs us in the Measures of a Virtuous, and a Quiet Life.

PHI-

* *PHILOSOPHY* is divided into *Moral*, *Natural*, and *Rational*: The *First* concerns our *Manners*; the *Second* searches the Works of *Nature*; and the *Third* furnishes us with Propriety of *Words*, and *Arguments*, and the Faculty of *Distinguishing*, that we may not be impos'd upon with Tricks and Fallacies. The *Causes* of things fall under *Natural Philosophy*; *Arguments*, under *Rational*; and *Actions*, under *Moral*. *Moral Philosophy* is again divided into Matter of *Justice*, which arises from the Estimation of Things, and of Men; and into *Affections*, and *Actions*; and a Failing in any one of these, disorders all the rest: For, what does it profit us to know the true value of things, if we be transported by our Passions? Or, to master our Appetites, without understanding the *when*, the *what*, the *how*, and other Circumstances of our Proceedings? For, it is one thing to know the Rate, and Dignity of things; and another to know the little Nicks, and Springs of Acting. *Natural Philosophy* is Conversant about things *Corporeal*, and *Incorporeal*; the Disquisition of *Causes*, and *Effects*, and the Contemplation of the *Cause of Causes*: *Rational Philosophy* is divided into *Logick*, and *Rhetorick*; the One looks after *Words*, *Sense*, and *Order*; the Other Treats barely of *Words*, and the *Significations* of them. *Socrates* places all *Philosophy* in *Morals*; and *Wisdom*, in the distinguishing of *Good* and *Evil*. It is the Art and

* *Philosophy is Moral, Natural, and Rational.*

and Law of Life, and it teaches us what to do in all Cases, and like good Marksmen, to hit the White at any distance. The force of it is incredible; for it gives us, in the Weakness of a Man, the Security of a *Spirit*: In Sickness, it is as good as a Remedy to us, for whatsoever eases the Mind, is profitable also to the Body. The *Physician* may prescribe Dyet, and Exercise, and accommodate his Rule and Medicine to the Disease; but 'tis *Philosophy* that must bring us to a Contempt of Death, which is the Remedy of all Diseases In Poverty, it gives us Riches, or such a State of Mind, as makes them superfluous to us. It Arms against all Difficulties; One man is press'd with Death, another with Poverty; some with Envy; others are offended at Providence, and unsatisfied with the Condition of Mankind. But *Philosophy* prompts us to relieve the Prisoner, the Infirm, the Necessitous, the condemn'd; to shew the Ignorant their Errors, and rectifie their Affections. It makes us Inspect and Govern our Manners; it rouzes us where we are faint, and drouzy; it binds up what is loose, and humbles in us that which is Contumacious. It delivers the Mind from the Bondage of the Body; and raises it up to the Contemplation of its Divine Original. Honours, Monuments, and all the Works of Vanity and Ambition are Demolished and Destroyed by Time; but, the Reputation of Wisdom is veno-

venerable to Posterity, and those that were envy'd, or neglected in their Lives, are ador'd in their Memories; and exempted from the very Laws of Created Nature, which has set Bounds to all other things. The very Shadow of *Glory* carries a Man of *Honour* upon all Dangers, to the Contempt of Fire, and Sword; and it were a Shame, if *Right Reason* should not inspire as generous Resolutions into a Man of *Virtue*.

NEITHER is *Philosophy* only profitable to the Publick, but *one Wise Man helps another, even in the Exercise of their Virtues; and, the one has need of the other, both for Conversation and Counsel; for they Kindle a mutual Emulation in Good Offices. We are not so perfect yet, but that many new things remain still to be found out, which will give us the reciprocal Advantages of instructing one another: For, as one Wicked Man is Contagious to another; and, the more Vices are mingled, the worse it is; so is it on the contrary with Good Men, and their Virtues. As Men of Letters are the most useful, and excellent of Friends, so are they the best of Subjects; as being better Judges of the Blessings they enjoy under a well-order'd Government; and of what they owe to the Magistrate for their Freedom, and Protection. They are Men of Sobriety, and Learning, and free from Boasting, and Insolence; they reprove the Vice, without reproaching the Person; for,

*One Wise Man teaches another.

for, they have learn'd to be Wise, without either Pomp, or Envy. That which we see in High Mountains, we find in *Philosophers*; they seem taller near hand then at a distance. They are rais'd above other Men, but their Greatnes is substantial. Nor do they stand upon the Tiptoe, that they may seem higher then they are, but content with their own Stature, they reckon themselves tall enough when Fortune cannot reach them. Their Laws are short, and yet comprehensive too, for they bind all.

Philosophy teaches us to live well.

IT is the Bounty of *Nature* that we *live*, but of *Philosophy* that we live *well*; which is in truth, a greater Benefit then Life it self. Not but that *Philosophy* is also the Gift of Heaven, so far as to the Faculty, but not to the Science; for that must be the Business of Industry. No Man is born wise, but Wisdom and Virtue require a Tutor, though we can easily learn to be Vicious without a Master. It is *Philosophy* that gives us a Veneration for God, a Charity for our Neighbour, that teaches us our Duty to Heaven, and exhorts us to an Agreement one with another. It unmasks things that are terrible to us, assuages our Lusts, refutes our Errors, restrains our Luxury, Reproves our Avarice, and works strangely upon Tender Natures. I could never hear *Attalus* (says *Seneca*) upon the Vices of the Age, and the Errors of Life, without a Compassion for Mankind, and in his discourses

courses upon Poverty, there was something methought that was more then Humane. *More then we use, says he, is more then we need, and only a Burthen to the Bearer.* That Saying of his put me out of Countenance at the Superfluities of my own Fortune. And so in his Invectives against vain Pleasures, he did at such a rate advance the Felicities of a Sober Table, a Pure Mind, and a Chaste Body, that a Man could not hear him without a Love for Continence, and Moderation. Upon these Lectures of his I deny'd my self, for a while after, certain Delicacies that I had formerly used: but in a short time I fell to them again, though so sparingly, that the Proportion came little short of a Total Abstinence.

NOW to shew you (says our Author) how much earnester my Entrance upon Philosophy was, then my Progress; my Tutor *Sotion* gave me a wonderful Kindness for *Pythagoras*; and after him for *Sextius*. The former for bear shedding of Blood, upon his *Metempsycosis*; and put Men in fear of it, lest they should after Violence to the Souls of some of their departed Friends, or Relations. *Whether (says he) there be a Transmigration or not; if it be true, there's no hurt in't; if false, there's Frugality: and nothing's gotten by Cruelty neither, but all Cozening a Wolf, perhaps, or a Vulture of a Supper.* Now *Sextius* abstain'd upon another Account; which was, *That he would not have us inur'd to hardness of Heart, by the Laceration, and*

* *Youth is apt to take good Impressions.*

Tormenting of Living Creatures; beside, that Nature had sufficiently provided for the Sustenance of Mankind, without Blood. This wrought so far upon me, that I gave over eating of Flesh, and in one Year made it not only easie to me, but pleasant; my Mind methought was more at Liberty; and I am still of the same Opinion) but I gave it over nevertheless; and the Reason was this: It was imputed as a Superstition to the *Jews*, the Forbearance of some sorts of Flesh, and my Father brought me back again to my old Custom, that I might not be thought tainted with their Superstition. Nay, and I had much ado to prevail upon my self to suffer it too. I make use of this Instance to shew the Aptness of Youth to take good Impressions, if there be a Friend at hand to press them. Philosophers are the Tutors of Mankind; if they have found out Remedies for the Mind, it must be our Part to apply them. I cannot think of *Cato*, *Lelius*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, without Veneration; their very Names are Sacred to me. Philosophy is the Health of the Mind; let us look to that Health first, and in the Second place, to that of the Body, which may be had upon easier Terms; for a strong Arm, a Robust Constitution, or the Skill of Procuring this, is not a Philosopher's Business. He does some things as a *Wise man*, and other things as he is a *man*; and he may have Strength of Body, as well as of Mind; but if he Runs, or Casts the Sledge, it were injurious

to

to aſcribe to his Wiſdom which is common to the greateſt of Fools. He ſtudies rather to fill his Mind, then his Coffers; and he knows that Gold and Silver were mingled with Dirt, till Avarice, or Ambition parted them. His Life is Ordinate, Fearleſs, Equal, Secure; he ſtands firm in all extremities, and bears the Lot of his Humanity with a Divine Temper. There's a great Difference betwixt the Splendor of Philoſophy, and of Fortune; the one ſhines with an Original Light, the other with a borrow'd one; beſide, that it makes us Happy, and Immortal; for Learning ſhall out-live Palaces, and Monuments. The Houſe of a Wiſe man is ſafe, though narrow; there's neither Noiſe, nor Furniture in it; no Porter at the Door, nor any thing that is either Vendible, or Mercenary, nor any Buſineſs of Fortune; For, ſhe has nothing to do, where ſhe has nothing to look after. This is the way to Heaven, which Nature has Chalk'd out, and it is both ſecure and pleaſant; there needs no Train of Servants, no Pomp, or Equipage, to make good our Paſſage; no Money, or Letters of Credit, for Expences upon the Voyage; but the Graces of an honeſt Mind will ſerve us upon the way, and make us happy at our Journeys end.

TO tell you my Opinion now of *the* * *Liberal Sciences*; I have no great Eſteem for any thing that terminates in Profit, or Money, and yet I ſhall allow them to be ſo far Beneficial, as they only *prepare* the Underſtanding,

* *The Liberal Sciences are matters rather of Curioſity then Virtue.*

ding, without *determining* it. They are but the Rudiments of Wisdom, and only then to be learn'd, when the Mind is capable of nothing better; and the Knowledge of them is better worth the Keeping, then the Acquiring. They do not so much as pretend to the making of us Virtuous, but only to give us an Aptitude of Disposition to be so. The *Grammarian*'s Business lies in a *Syntax* of Speech; or if he proceed to *History*, or the Measuring of a *Verse*, he is at the end of his Line; but, what signifies a Congruity of Periods, the Computing of Syllables, or the Modifying of Numbers, to the Taming of our Passions, or the Repressing of our Lusts? The *Philosopher* proves the Body of the Sun to be large, but for the true Dimensions of it, we must ask the *Mathematician*: *Geometry*, and *Musick*, if they do not teach us to master our Hopes and Fears, all the rest is to little purpose. What does it concern us, which was the Elder of the two, *Homer*, or *Hesiod*; or which was the Taller, *Hellen*, or *Hecuba*? We take a great deal of Pains to trace *Ulysses* in his Wandrings: But, were it not time as well spent to look to our selves, that we may not wander at all? Are not we our selves tos'd with tempestuous Passions, and both *assaulted* by terrible *Monsters* on the one hand, and *tempted* by *Syrens* on the other? Teach me my Duty to my Country, to my Father, to my Wife, to Mankind. What is it to me, whether *Penelope* was *Honest* or no? Teach me to know how

to

to be ſo my ſelf, and to live according to that Knowledge. What am I the better for putting ſo many parts together in *Muſick*, and raiſing an Harmony out of ſo many different Tones? Teach me to tune my Affections, and to hold conſtant to my ſelf. *Geometry* teaches me the Art of *Meaſuring Acres*; teach me to *meaſure my Appetites*, and to know when I have enough: teach me to divide with my Brother, and to rejoyce in the Proſperity of my Neighbour. You teach me how I may hold my own, and keep my Eſtate; but I would rather learn how I may loſe it all, and yet be contented. *'Tis hard*, you'l ſay, *for a Man to be forc'd from the Fortune of his Family*. This Eſtate, 'tis true, was my *Father*'s; but, Whoſe was it in the time of my *Great Grand-father*? I do not only ſay, What *Man*'s was it? but, What *Nation*'s? The *Aſtrologer* tells me of *Saturn*, and *Mars* in *Oppoſition*; but I ſay, let them be as they will, their Courſes and their Poſitions are order'd them by an Unchangeable Decree of Fate. Either they produce, and point out the Effects of all Things, or elſe they ſignifie them: If the former; What are we the better for the Knowledge of that, which muſt of neceſſity come to paſs? If the latter, What does it avail us, to foreſee what we cannot avoid? ſo that whether we know, or not know, the Event will ſtill be the ſame.

HE that designs the Institution of Humane Life should not * be over-curious of his Words; It does not stand with his Dignity to be solicitous about Sounds and Syllables, and to debase the Mind of Man with small and trivial Things; placing Wisdom in Matters that are rather difficult, than great. If he be *Eloquent*, 'tis his *Good Fortune*, not his *Business*. Subtile Disputations are only the Sport of Wits, that play upon the Catch; and are fitter to be contemn'd, then resolv'd. Were not I a Mad man to sit wrangling about Words, and putting of Nice, and Impertinent Questions, when the Enemy has already made the Breach, the Town fir'd over my Head, and the Mine ready to play, that shall blow me up into the Air? Were this a time for Fooleries? Let me rather fortifie my self against Death, and Inevitable Necessities; let me understand, that the Good of Life does not consist in the Length, or Space, but in the Use of it. When I go to *Sleep*, who knows whether ever I shall *Wake* again? And, when I *Wake*, whether ever I shal *Sleep* again? When I go *abroad*, whether ever I shall come *home* again? And, when I *return*, whether ever I shall go *abroad* again? It is not at Sea only, that Life and Death are within a few Inches one of another; but they are as near every where else too, only we do not take so much Notice of it. What have we to do with Frivolous and Captious Questions, and impertinent Niceties? Let us rather

* *'Tis not for the dignity of a Philosopher to be curious about Words.*

ther Study how to deliver our ſelves from Sadneſs, Fear, and the Burthen of all our Secret Luſts: Let us paſs over all our moſt Solemn Levities, and make haſte to a good Life, which is a thing that preſſes us. Shall a Man that goes for a Midwife, ſtand gaping upon a Poſt, to ſee *what Play to day*; or when his Houſe is on Fire, ſtay the Curling of a Periwig before he calls for Help? Our Houſes are on Fire, our Country Invaded, our Goods taken away, our Children in danger, and, I might add to theſe, the Calamities of Earthquakes, Shipwrecks, and whatever elſe is moſt terrible. Is this a time for us now to be playing faſt and looſe with idle Queſtions, which are, in effect, but ſo many unprofitable Riddles? Our Duty is, the Cure of the Mind, rather then the Delight on't; but we have only the Words of Wiſdom, without the Works, and turn Philoſophy into a Pleaſure, that was given for a Remedy. What can be more ridiculous, then for a Man to *neglect* his *Manners*, and *Compoſe* his *Style*? We are Sick, and Ulcerous, and muſt be Lanc'd and Scarify'd, and every Man has as much Buſineſs within himſelf, as a Phyſician in a Common Peſtilence. *Misfortunes*, in fine, *cannot be avoided; but they may be ſweetned, if not overcome; and our Lives may be made happy by Philoſophy.*

CHAP. V.

The Force of Precepts.

THERE ſeems to be ſo near an Affinity betwixt *Wiſdom*, *Philoſophy*, and *Good Counſels*, that it is rather Matter of Curioſity, then of Profit, to divide them: *Philoſophy* being only a *Limited Wiſdom*; and, *Good Counſels*, *a Communication of that Wiſdom*, for the Good of *Others*, as well as of our *Selves*; and to *Poſterity*, as well as to the *Preſent*. The *Wiſdom* of the *Ancients*, as to the Government of Life, was no more, then certain *Precepts*, what to do, and what not; and Men were much better in that Simplicity; for as they came to be more *Learned*, they grew leſs careful of being *Good*. That *Plain*, and *Open Virtue*, is now turn'd into a *Dark*, and *Intricate Science*; and we are taught to *Diſpute*, rather then to *Live*. So long as Wickedneſs was ſimple, ſimple Remedies alſo were ſufficient againſt it: But, now it has taken Root, and ſpread; we muſt make uſe of ſtronger.

THERE are ſome Diſpoſitions that embrace Good Things as * ſoon as they hear them; but they will ſtill need quickening by Admonition, and Precept. We are Rash and Forward in ſome Caſes, and Dull in others: and there is no Repreſs of the One Humour, or Raiſing of the Other, but by

* *The beſt of us are yet the better for Admonition and Precept.*

by removing the Cauſes of them; which are (in one word) *Falſe Admiration*, and *Falſe Fear*. Every Man knows his Duty to his Country, to his Friends, to his Gueſts; and yet when he is call'd upon to draw his Sword for the One, or to Labour for the Other, he finds himſelf diſtracted betwixt his Apprehenſions, and his Delights: He knows well enough the Injury he does his Wife, in the keeping of a Wench; and yet his Luſt over-rules him: So that 'tis not enough to Give Good Advice, unleſs we can Take away that which hinders the Benefit of it. If a Man does what he ought to do, he'l never do it Conſtantly, or Equally, without knowing why he does it: And if it be only Chance, or Cuſtom, he that does Well by Chance, may do Ill ſo too. And further: a Precept may direct us what we *Ought* to do, and yet fall ſhort in the manner of doing it: An Expenſive Entertainment may, in One Caſe, be Extravagance, or Gluttony; and yet a Point of Honour, and Diſcretion in Another. *Tiberius Cæſar* had a huge *Mullet* preſented him, which he ſent to the Market to be ſold: *And now* (ſays he) *my Maſters*, (to ſome Company with him) *you ſhall ſee, that either* Apricius *or* Octavius, *will be the Chapman for this Fiſh: Octavius* beat the Price, and gave about 30 *l. Sterling* for't. Now there was a great Diſference between *Octavius*, that bought it for his Luxury, and the *Other* that purchas'd it for a *Complement* to *Tiberius*. Precepts are

idle, if we be not firſt taught, what Opinion we are to have of the Matter in Queſtion; Whether it be *Poverty*, *Riches*, *Diſgrace*, *Sickneſs*, *Baniſhment*, &c. Let us therefor examine them one by one; not what they are *Call'd*, but what in Truth they *Are*. And ſo for the *Virtues*: 'Tis to no purpoſe to ſet a high Eſteem upon *Prudence*, *Fortitude*, *Temperance*, *Juſtice*; if we do not firſt know *what Virtue is*: whether *One*, or *More*; or if he that has *One*, has *All*; or *how they differ*.

PRECEPTS are of great Weight; and a few *Uſeful ones at hand, do more toward a Happy Life, then whole Volumes of Cautions, that we know not where to find. Theſe Solitary Precepts ſhould be our Daily Meditation, for they are the Rules by which we ought to ſquare our Lives. When they are contracted into *Sentences*, they ſtrike the *Affections*; whereas *Admonition* is only *blowing of the Coal*; it moves the Vigor of the Mind, and excites Virtue: We have the Thing already, but we know not where it lies. It is by Precepts that the Underſtanding is Nouriſh'd, and Augmented; the Offices of Prudence, and Juſtice, are Guided by them, and they lead us to the Execution of our Duties. A *Precept* deliver'd in *Verſe*, has a much greater Effect then in *Proſe*; and thoſe very People that never think they have enough; let them but hear a ſharp Sentence againſt *Avarice*; How will they clap and admire it,

* *The Power of Precepts and Sentences.*

it, and bid open Defiance to Money? So ſoon as we find the Affections ſtruck, we muſt follow the Blow: not with *Syllogiſms*, or Quirks of *Wit*; but, with *plain* and *weighty Reaſon:* and we muſt do it with *Kindneſs* too, and *Reſpect:* for, *there goes a Bleſſing along with Councels, and Diſcourſes that are bent wholly upon the Good of the Hearer:* And thoſe are ſtill the moſt Efficacious, that take Reaſon along with them; and tell us as well *why* we are to do this or that, as *what* we are to do. For, ſome Underſtandings are weak, and need an Inſtructer to expound to them what is Good, and what is Evil. It is a great Virtue to *Love*, to *Give*, and to *follow good Councel*; if it does not *Lead* us to Honeſty, it does at leaſt *Prompt* us to't. As ſeveral Parts make up but one Harmony, and the moſt agreeable Muſick ariſes from Diſcords; ſo ſhould a Wiſe Man gather many Arts, many Precepts, and the Examples of many Ages, to inform his own Life. Our Fore-fathers have left us in Charge to avoid three things; *Hatred*, *Envy*, and *Contempt*; now it is hard to avoid *Envy*, and not incur *Contempt*; for, in taking too much Care not to uſurp upon others, we become many times liable to be trampled upon our ſelves. Some people are afraid of others, becauſe 'tis poſſible that others may be afraid of them: but, let us ſecure our ſelves on all hands: For *Flattery* is as dangerous as *Contempt*. 'Tis not to ſay, in Caſe of Admonition, *I knew this be-*

fore: For, we know many Things, but we do not think of them; so that 'tis the part of a *Monitor* not so much to *Teach*, as to *Mind* us of our Duties. Sometimes a Man oversees that which lies just under his Nose; otherwhile he is Careless, or *pretends* not to see it: We do all know, that Friendship is Sacred, and yet we Violate it; and the greatest Libertine expects, that his own Wife should be honest.

* *Good Counsel is the best Service we can do to Mankind.*

GOOD * *Counsel* is the most needful Service that we can do to Mankind, and if we give it to *many*, it will be sure to profit *some*: For, of many Trials, some or other will undoubtedly succeed. He that places a Man in the Possession of himself, does a great Thing; for Wisdom does not shew it self so much in Precept, as in Life; in a firmness of Mind, and a Mastery of Appetite: It Teaches us to *Do*, as well as to *Talk*; and to make our Words and Actions all of a Colour. If that Fruit be pleasantest which we gather from a Tree of our own Planting, How much greater Delight shall we take in the Growth, and Increase of Good Manners of our own Forming? It is an Eminent Mark of Wisdom for a Man to be always like himself. You shall have some that keep a thrifty Table, and lash out upon Building; Profuse upon themselves, and Sordid to others; Niggardly at Home, and Lavish Abroad. This Diversity is Vicious, and the Effect of a Dissatisfied, and Uneasie Mind; whereas every Wise Man lives by Rule. This Disagreement

agreement of Purpoſes ariſes from hence, either that we do not propound to our ſelves what we would be at; or if we do, that we do not purſue it, but paſs from one Thing to another; and we do not only *change* neither, but return to the very Thing which we had both quitted, and condemn'd.

IN all our *Undertakings, let us firſt examine our own Strength; the Enterprize next; and Thirdly, the Perſons with whom we have to do. The firſt Point is moſt Important; for, we are apt to over-value our ſelves, and reckon, that we can do more then indeed we can. One Man ſets up for a Speaker, and is out, as ſoon as he opens his mouth; another over-charges his Eſtate perhaps, or his Body: A Baſhful Man is not fit for Publick Buſineſs; ſome again are too Stiff, and Peremptory for the Court; many People are apt to fly out in their Anger, nay, and in a Frolick too, if any ſharp Thing fall in their way, they'l rather venture a Neck, then loſe a Jeſt. Theſe People had better be quiet in the World, then buſie. Let him that is Naturally Cholerick, and Impatient, avoid all Provocations, and thoſe Affairs alſo, that multiply and draw on more; and thoſe alſo from which there is no Retreat. When we may come off at Pleaſure, and fairly hope to bring our Matters to a Period, 'tis well enough. If it ſo happen, that a Man be ty'd up to Buſineſs, which he can neither looſen, nor break off; let him imagine thoſe Shackles upon his Mind to be Irons

* *Three Points to be examined in all our Undertakings.*

Irons upon his Legs: They are Troublesome at first, but when there's no Remedy but Patience, Custom makes them easie to us, and Necessity gives us Courage. We are all Slaves to Fortune; some only in loose and Golden Chains, others in streight ones, and Coarser: Nay, and *they that bind us, are Slaves too themselves*; some to Honour, others to Wealth; some to Offices, others to Contempt; some to their Superiors, others to themselves: Nay, Life it self is a servitude: Let us make the best on't then, and with our Philosophy mend our Fortune. Difficulties may be soften'd, and heavy Burthens Dispos'd of to our Ease. Let us Covet nothing out of our Reach, but content our selves with Things hopeful, and at hand; and without Envying the Advantages of others: For Greatness stands upon a Craggy Precipice, and 'tis much Safer and Quieter living upon a Level. How many Great Men are forc'd to keep their Station upon mere Necessity; because they find there's no coming down from it but headlong? These Men should do well to fortifie themselves against ill Consequences, by such Virtues and Meditations, as may make them less solicitous for the future. The surest Expedient in this Case is to bound our Desires, and to leave nothing to Fortune which we may keep in our own Power. Neither will this Course wholly compose us, but it shews us, at worst, the end of our Troubles.

IT

IT is a main point to take Care, that we propoſe * nothing but what is Hopeful, and Honeſt. For it will be equally troubleſome to us, either not to ſucceed, or to be aſham'd of the Succeſs. Wherefore, let us be ſure not to admit any Ill Deſign into our Heart; that we may lift up pure Hands to Heaven, and ask nothing which another ſhall be a Loſer by. Let us pray for a Good Mind, which is a Wiſh to no Man's Injury. I will Remember always that I am a Man, and then conſider, that if I am *Happy*, it will not laſt *Always*; if *Unhappy*, I may be *other* if I pleaſe. I will carry my Life in my Hand, and deliver it up readily when it ſhall be call'd for. I will have a care of being a Slave to my ſelf, for it is a Perpetual, a Shameful, and the heavieſt of all Servitudes; And, this may be done by moderate Deſires. I will ſay to my ſelf, *What is it that I Labour, Sweat, and Solicit for, when it is but very little that I want, and it will not be long that I ſhall need any thing.* He that would make Trial of the Firmneſs of his Mind, let him ſet certain days apart for the practice of his Virtues. Let him Mortifie himſelf with Faſting, coarſe Clothes, and hard Lodging; and then ſay to himſelf, *Is this the Thing now that I was afraid of?* In a State of Security a Man may thus prepare himſelf againſt Hazards, and in Plenty fortifie himſelf againſt Want. If you will have a Man Reſolute when he comes to the Puſh, train him up to't

* *Propoſe nothing but what is Hopeful, and Honeſt.*

to't before-hand. The Soldier does Duty in Peace, that he may be in Breath when he comes to Battel. How many Great, and Wise Men, have made Experiment of their Moderation by a Practice of Abstinence, to the highest degree of Hunger and Thirst; and convinc'd themselves, that a Man may fill his Belly, without being beholden to Fortune; which never denies any of us where-with to satisfie our Necessities, though she be never so Angry? It is as easie to *suffer* it *always*, as to *try* it *once*; and it is no more then Thousands of Servants and Poor People do every Day of their Lives. He that would live Happily, must neither trust to Good Fortune, nor submit to Bad: He must stand upon his Guard against all Assaults: He must stick to himself, without any Dependance upon other People. Where the Mind is tinctured with Philosophy, there's no place for Grief, Anxiety, or Superfluous Vexations. It is prepossess'd with Virtue, to the Neglect of Fortune, which brings us to a Degree of Security not to be disturb'd. 'Tis easier to give Counsel then to take it, and a common thing for one Cholerick Man to condemn another. We may be sometimes Earnest in Advising, but not Violent, or Tedious. Few Words with Gentleness, and Efficacy are best: the Misery is, that the Wise do not need Counsel, and Fools will not take it. A Good Man, 'tis true, delights in it; and it is a mark of Folly, and ill Nature, to hate

hate Reproof. To a Friend I would be always Franc and Plain; and rather fail in the Succeſs, then be wanting in the Matter of Faith, and Truſt. There are ſome Precepts that ſerve in common, both to the Rich, and Poor, but they are too general; as, *Cure your Avarice, and the work is done.* It is one thing not to deſire Money, and another thing not to underſtand how to uſe it. In the Choice of the Perſons we have to do withal, we ſhould ſee that they be worth our while; In the Choice of our Buſineſs we are to conſult Nature, and follow our Inclinations. He that gives ſober Advice to a Witty Droll, muſt look to have every thing turn'd into Ridicule. *As if you Philoſophers* (ſays *Martellinus*) *did not love your Whores, and your Guts, as well as other People*; and then he tells you of ſuch and ſuch that were taken in the Manner. We are all ſick, I muſt confeſs, and it is not for Sick Men to play the Phyſicians; but it is yet Lawful for a Man in an Hoſpital to diſcourſe of the Common Condition, and Diſtempers of the Place. He that ſhould pretend to teach a mad Man how to Speak, Walk, and Behave himſelf, were not he the madder Man of the two? He that directs the Pilot, makes him move the Helm; order the Sails ſo or ſo, and make the beſt of a ſcant Wind, after this or that manner. And ſo ſhould we do in our Counſels. Do not tell me what a Man ſhould do in Health, or Poverty, but ſhew me the way to be either Sound or Rich. Teach me to Maſter

my

my Vices: For, 'tis to no purpose so long as I am under their Government, to tell me, what I must do when I am clear of it. In Case of an Avarice a little eas'd, a Luxury moderated, a Temerity restrain'd, a Sluggish Humour quicken'd; Precepts will then help us forward, and tutor us how to behave our selves. It is the first, and the main Tie of a Soldier, his Military Oath, which is an Engagement upon him both of Religion and Honour. In like manner, he that pretends to a Happy Life, must first lay a Foundation of Virtue, as a Bond upon him, to Live and Die true to that Cause. We do not find Felicity in the Veins of the Earth, where we dig for Gold; nor in the Bottom of the Sea, where we fish for Pearl; but in a pure and untainted Mind, which, if it were not Holy, were not fit to entertain the Deity. *He that would be truly Happy, must think his own Lot best, and so live with Men, as considering that God sees him, and so speak to God, as if Men heard him.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

No Felicity like Peace of Conſcience.

A *GOOD Conſcience is the Teſtimony of a Good Life, and the Reward of it.* This is it that fortifies the Mind againſt Fortune, when a Man has gotten the Maſtery of his Paſſions; plac'd his Treaſure, and his Security within himſelf; learned to be content with his Condition, and that Death is no Evil in it ſelf, but only the End of Man. He that has dedicated his Mind to Virtue, and to the Good of Humane Society, whereof he is a Member, has conſummated all that is either Profitable, or Neceſſary for him to Know, or Do, toward the Eſtabliſhment of his Peace. Every Man has a Judge, and a Witneſs within himſelf, of all the Good, and Ill that he Does; which inſpires us with great Thoughts, and adminiſters to us wholeſome Counſels. We have a Veneration for all the Works of Nature, the Heads of Rivers, and the Springs of Medicinal Waters: the Horrors of Groves, and of Caves, ſtrike us with an Impreſſion of Religion, and Worſhip. To ſee a Man Fearleſs in Dangers, Untainted with Luſts, Happy in Adverſity, Compos'd in a Tumult, and Laughing at all thoſe Things which are generally either Coveted, or Feared, all Men muſt acknowledge, that this can be nothing

thing elſe but a Beam of Divinity that Influences a Mortal Body. And this is it that carries us to the Diſquiſition of Things Divine, and Humane; What the State of the World was before the Diſtribution of the Firſt Matter into Parts; what Power it was that drew Order out of that Confuſion, and gave Laws both to the whole, and to every Particle thereof; What that ſpace is beyond the World; and whence proceed the ſeveral Opearations of Nature. Shall any Man ſee the Glory, and Order of the Univerſe: ſo many ſcatter'd Parts, and Qualities wrought into one Maſs; ſuch a Medly of Things, which are yet diſtinguiſh'd; the World enlighten'd, and the Diſorders of it ſo wonderfully Regulated, and, ſhall he not conſider the Author, and Diſpoſer of all this; and, whither we our ſelves ſhall go, when our Souls ſhall be deliver'd from the Slavery of our Fleſh? The whole Creation, we ſee, conforms to the Dictates of Providence, and follows God both as a Governor, and as a Guide. A Great, a Good, and a Right Mind, is a kind of Divinity lodg'd in Fleſh, and may be the Bleſſing of a Slave, as well as of a Prince; it came from Heaven, and to Heaven it muſt return; and, it is a kind of Heavenly Felicity, which a pure, and virtuous Mind enjoys, in ſome degree, even upon Earth: Whereas Temples of Honour are but empty Names, which probably owe their Beginning either to Ambition, or to Violence. I am ſtrangely tranſ-

transported with the Thoughts of Eternity; Nay, with the Belief of it; for I have a profound Veneration for the Opinions of Great Men, especially when they promise Things so much to my Satisfaction: for they do Promise them, though they do not Prove them. In the Question of the Immortality of the Soul, it goes very far with me, a Ceneral Consent to the Opinion of a Future Reward, and Punishment; which Meditation raises me to the Contempt of this Life, in hopes of a Better. But still, though we know that we have a Soul; yet, what the Soul is, How, and from Whence, we are utterly Ignorant: This only we understand, that all the Good, and Ill we do, is under the Dominion of the Mind; that a Clear Conscience States us in an Inviolable Peace: And, that the greatest Blessing in Nature, is that, which every honest Man may bestow upon himself. The Body is but the Clog and Prisoner of the Mind; tossed up and down, and Persecuted with Punishments, Violences, and Diseases; but the Mind it self is Sacred, and Eternal, and exempt from the Danger of all Actual Impressions.

*PROVIDED that we look to our Consciences, no matter for Opinion: Let me deserve Well, though I hear Ill. The Common People take Stomach, and Audacity, for the Marks of Magnanimity, and Honour; and, if a Man be Soft, and modest, they look upon him as an easie Fop; but, * *Every Man's Conscience is his Judge.*

when they come once to obſerve the Dignity of his Mind, in the Equality and Firmneſs of his Actions; and that his External Quiet is founded upon an Internal Peace, the very ſame People have him in Eſteem, and Admiration. For, there is no man but Approves of Virtue, though but few Purſue it; we ſee where it is, but we dare not venture to come at it: And the Reaſon is, we over-value that which we muſt quit to obtain it. A good Conſcience fears no Witneſſes, but a guilty Conſcience is ſolicitous, even in Solitude. If we do nothing but what is Honeſt, let all the World know it; but if otherwiſe, what does it ſignifie to have no body elſe know it, ſo long as I know it my ſelf? Miſerable is he that ſlights that Witneſs! Wickedneſs, 'tis true, may ſcape the Law, but not the Conſcience: For a Private Conviction is the firſt, and the greateſt Puniſhment of Offenders; ſo that Sin plagues it ſelf: and the Fear of Vengeance purſues even thoſe that ſcape the Stroke of it. It were ill for Good Men that Iniquity may ſo eaſily evade the Law, the Judge, and the Execution, if Nature had not ſet up Torments, and Gibbets, in the Conſciences of Tranſgreſſors. He that is Guilty, lives in perpetual Terror; and while he expects to be puniſhed, he puniſhes himſelf; and, whoſoever Deſerves it, Expects it. What if he be not Detected? He is ſtill in Apprehenſion yet, that he may be ſo. His Sleeps are Painful, and never Secure; and he can-

cannot ſpeak of another Man's Wickedneſs, without thinking of his own; whereas a good Conſcience is a continual Feaſt. Thoſe are the only certain, and Profitable Delights, which ariſe from the Conſcience of a well-acted Life: No matter for Noiſe Abroad, ſo long as we are Quiet within: but, if our Paſſions be Seditious, that's enough to keep us Waking, without any other Tumult. It is not the Poſture of the Body, or the Compoſure of the Bed, that will give Reſt to an Uneaſie Mind: There is an Impatient Sloth, that may be rouz'd by Action, and the Vices of Lazineſs muſt be cured by Buſineſs. True Happineſs is not to be found in the Exceſſes of Wine, or of Women, nor in the Largeſt Prodigalities of Fortune: What ſhe has given me, ſhe may take away; but ſhe ſhall not Tear it from me; and, ſo long as it does not grow to me, I can part with it without Pain. He that would perfectly know himſelf, let him ſet aſide his Money, his Fortune, his Dignity, and examine himſelf Naked; without being put to learn from others the Knowledge of himſelf.

IT is dangerous for a Man too ſuddenly or too eaſily to believe himſelf. Wherefore let us *Examine, Watch, Obſerve, and Inſpect our own Hearts; for, we our ſelves are our own greateſt Flatterers: We ſhould every Night call our ſelves to an Accompt, *What Infirmity have I Maſter'd to day? What Paſſion Oppos'd? What Temptation Reſiſted?*

Let every Man Examine himſelf.

What Virtue Acquired? Our Vices will abate of themſelves, if they be brought every day to the Shrift. Oh the bleſſed Sleep that follows ſuch a Diary! Oh the Tranquillity, Liberty, and Greatneſs of that Mind, that is a Spy upon it ſelf; and a private Cenſor of its own Manners! It is my Cuſtom (ſays our Author) every Night, ſo ſoon as the Candle is out, to run over all the Words and Actions of the paſt Day; and I let nothing ſcape me; for, Why ſhould I fear the Sight of my own Errors, when I can Admonish, and Forgive my ſelf? *I was a little too hot in ſuch a Diſpute: my Opinion might have been as well ſpar'd, for it gave Offence, and did no good at all. The Thing was true; but all Truths are not to be ſpoken at all Times; I would I had held my Tongue, for there's no contending either with Fools, or our Superiors. I have done Ill; but it ſhall be ſo no more.* If every Man would but thus look into himſelf, it would be the better for us all. What can be more Reaſonable then this daily Review of a Life that we cannot warrant for a moment? Our Fate is ſet, and the firſt Breath we draw, is only the firſt motion toward our laſt: One Cauſe depends upon another; and the Courſe of all Things, Publick and Private, is but a long Connexion of Providential Appointments. There is a great Variety in our Lives, but all tends to the ſame Iſſue. *Nature* may uſe her own Bodies as ſhe pleaſes; but a Good Man has this Conſolation, that nothing periſhes which

which he can call his own. 'Tis a great Comfort, that we are only condemn'd to the ſame Fate with the Univerſe; the Heavens themſelves are mortal as well as our Bodies; Nature has made us Paſſive, and to Suffer is our Lot. While we are in Fleſh, every Man has his Chain, and his Clog, only it is looſer, and lighter to one Man then to another; and he is more at eaſe that takes it up, and carries it, then he that drags it. We are Born to Loſe, and to Periſh; to Hope, and to Fear; to Vex our Selves, and Others; and there is no Antidote againſt a Common Calamity, but Virtue; for, *the Foundation of true Joy is in the Conſcience.*

CHAP. VII.

A Good Man can never be Miſerable, nor a Wicked Man Happy.

THERE is not in the Scale of Nature a more Inſeparable Connexion of Cauſe and Effect, then in the Caſe of Happineſs and Virtue: Nor any thing that more naturally produces the one, or more neceſſarily preſuppoſes the other. For, What is it to be Happy, but for a Man to content himſelf with his Lot, in a chearful and quiet Reſignation to the Appointments of God? All the Actions of our Lives ought to be governed with a Reſpect to Good, and Evil: And it is only Reaſon that diſtinguiſhes:

by which Reason we are in such manner Influenc'd, as if a Ray of the Divinity were dipt in a Mortal Body; and that's the Perfection of Mankind. 'Tis true, we have not the Eyes of Eagles, or the Sagacity of Hounds; Nor if we had, could we pretend to value our selves upon any thing which we have in Common with Brutes. What are we the better for that which is Foreign to us, and may be given, and taken away? As the Beams of the Sun irradiate the Earth, and yet remain where they were; so is it in some proportion with an Holy Mind, that Illustrates all our Actions, and yet adheres to its Original. Why do we not as well commend a Horse for his Glorious Trappings, as a Man for his Pompous Additions? How much a braver Creature is a Lion, (which by Nature ought to be Fierce, and Terrible,) how much braver (I say) in his Natural Horror, then in his Chains? so that every thing in its pure Nature pleases us best. It is not Health, Nobility, Riches, that can justifie a Wicked Man; nor is it the want of all these that can discredit a Good one. That's the Sovereign Blessing, which makes the Possessor of it valuable without any thing else, and him that wants it Contemptible, though he had all the World besides. 'Tis not the Painting, Gilding, or Carving, that makes a good Ship; but, if she be a nimble Sailer, Tight and Strong, to endure the Seas, that's her Excellency. 'Tis the Edge, and Temper of the Blade that makes a good

Sword;

Sword; not the Richneſs of the Scabbard: and ſo 'tis not Money, or Poſſeſſions, that make a Man Conſiderable, but his Virtue.

'IT is every Man's Duty to make himſelf Profitable to Mankind: If he can, to Many; if not, to Fewer: If not ſo neither, to his Neighbours; but however to Himſelf. There are Two Republicks, a Great one, which is Humane Nature; and a Leſs, which is the place where we were Born: Some ſerve Both at a time; ſome only the Greater, and ſome again only the Leſs: The Greater may be ſerv'd in Privacy, Solitude, Contemplation, and perchance that way better then any other: but, it was the Intent of Nature however, that we ſhould ſerve Both. A Good Man may ſerve the Publick, his Friend, and Himſelf, in any Station: If he be not for the Sword, let him take the Gown; If the Bar does not agree with him, let him try the Pulpit; if he be Silenc'd Abroad, let him give Counſel at Home; and diſcharge the Part of a Faithful Friend, and a Temperate Companion. When he is no longer a Citizen, he is yet a Man; the whole World is his Country, and Humane Nature never wants Matter to Work upon: But, if nothing will ſerve a Man in the *Civil Government*, unleſs he be *Prime Miniſter*; or in the *Field*, but *to Command in Chief*, 'tis his own Fault. The Common Soldier, where he cannot uſe his Hands, fights with his very Looks; his Example, his Encourage-

A Good Man makes himſelf profitable to Mankind.

ment, his Voice: and ſtands his Ground even when he has loſt his Hands; and does Service too with his very Clamour; ſo that in any Condition whatſoever, he ſtill diſcharges the Duty of a good Patriot. Nay, he that ſpends his Time well, even in a Retirement, gives a great Example: We may enlarge indeed, or contract, according to the Circumſtances of Time, Place, or Abilities, but above all Things, we muſt be ſure to keep our ſelves in Action; For, he that is ſlothful, is dead even while he lives. Was there ever any State ſo deſperate, as that of *Athens* under the *Thirty Tyrants*; where it was Capital to be Honeſt; and the Senate-Houſe was turn'd into a College of Hangmen? never was any Government ſo wretched, and ſo hopeleſs; and yet *Socrates* at the ſame time Preached *Temperance* to the *Tyrants*, and *Courage* to the *Reſt*: and afterwards dy'd an Eminent Example of Faith, and Reſolution, and a Sacrifice for the Common Good.

* *The Injuries of Fortune do not affect the Mind.*

IT is not for a Wiſe Man to ſtand * ſhifting, and fencing with Fortune, but to oppoſe her bare-fac'd; for, he is ſufficiently convinc'd, that ſhe can do him no hurt. She may take away his Servants, Poſſeſſions, Dignity; aſſault his Body, put out his Eyes, cut off his Hands, and ſtrip him of all the External Comforts of Life. But, What does all this amount to, more then the recalling of a Truſt, which he has receiv'd, with Condition to deliver it up again upon Demand?

mand? He looks upon himſelf as precarious, and only lent to himſelf, and yet he does not value himſelf ever the leſs, becauſe he is not his own, but takes ſuch care as an Honeſt Man ſhould do, of a thing that is committed to him in Truſt. Whenſoever he that lent me my ſelf, and what I have, ſhall call for all back again, 'tis not a Loſs, but a Reſtitution; and I muſt willingly deliver up what moſt undeſervedly was beſtowed upon me: And it will become me to return my Mind better then I received it.

*A Generous Inſtance of a conſtant Mind.

**DEMETRIUS*, upon the taking of *Megara*, ask'd *Stilpo* the Philoſopher what he had loſt. *Nothing*, ſays he, *for I had all that I could call my own about me.* And yet the Enemy had then made himſelf the Maſter of his Patrimony, his Children, and his Country: But theſe he look'd upon only as adventitious Goods, and under the Command of Fortune: Now he that neither loſt any thing, nor fear'd any thing in a Publick Ruine, but was Safe, and at Peace, in the middle of the Flames, and in the Heat of a Military Intemperance and Fury; What Violence, or Provocation imaginable, can put ſuch a Man as this out of the Poſſeſſion of himſelf? Walls, and Caſtles, may be Min'd, and Batter'd; but there is no Art, or Engine, that can ſubvert a ſteady Mind. *I have made my way* (ſays *Stilpo*) *through Fire, and Blood; what is become of my Children, I know not; but theſe are Tranſitory Bleſſings,*

ſings, and Servants that are condemn'd to change their Maſters; what was my own before, is my own ſtill: Some have loſt their Eſtates; others their dear-bought Miſtreſſes; their Commiſſions, and Offices; the Uſurpers have loſt the Bonds, and Securities; but, Demetrius, *for my part, I have ſav'd All: and do not imagine, after all this, either that* Demetrius *is a Conqueror, or that* Stilpo *is overcome: 'tis only thy Fortune has been too hard for mine. Alexander* took *Babylon*; *Scipio* took *Carthage*; the *Capitol* was *Burnt*: but, there's no Fire, or Violence, that can diſcompoſe a Generous Mind. And let us not take this Character neither for a *Chimæra*; for all Ages afford ſome, though not many Inſtances of this Elevated Virtue. A Good Man does his Duty, let it be never ſo painful, ſo hazardous, or never ſo great a Loſs to him; and it is not all the Money, the Power, and the Pleaſure in the World; no not any Force, or Neceſſity, that can make him Wicked: He conſiders what he is to Do, not what he is to Suffer, and will keep on his Courſe, though there ſhould be nothing but Gibbets, and Torments in the way. And in this Inſtance of *Stilpo*; who, when he had loſt his Country, his Wife, his Children, the Town on Fire over his Head, himſelf ſcaping very hardly, and naked, out of the Flames; *I have ſav'd all my Goods*, (ſays he,) *my Juſtice, my Courage, my Temperance, my Prudence*; accounting nothing his own, or Valuable; and ſhewing how much eaſier it was to overcome a Nation, then one Wiſe Man.

Man. It is a certain mark of a brave Mind, not to be mov'd by any Accidents: The upper Region of the Air admits neither Clouds, nor Tempests; The Thunder, Storms, and Meteors, are form'd Below; and this is a Difference betwixt a mean, and an exalted Mind: the former is Rude, and Tumultuary; the latter is Modest, Venerable, Compos'd, and always Quiet in its Station. In Brief, it is the Conscience that pronounces upon the Man, whether he be happy, or miserable. But, though Sacrilege and Adultery be generally condemn'd, how many are there still that do not so much as Blush at the one, and, in truth, that take a Glory in the other? For, nothing is more Common, then for Great Thieves to ride in Triumph, when the Little ones are punish'd. But, *Let Wickedness scape, as it may, at the Bar, it never fails of doing Justice upon it self; for, every Guilty Person is his own Hangman.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The due Contemplation of Divine Providence is the certain Cure of all Misfortunes.

WHOEVER obſerves the World, and the Order of it, will find all the Motions in it to be only a Viciſſitude of Falling and Riſing: Nothing extinguiſh'd, and even thoſe Things which ſeem to us to Periſh, are in truth but Chang'd. The Seaſons Go, and Return; Day, and Night, follow in their Courſes; The Heavens roul, and Nature goes on with her Work; All Things ſucceed in their Turns; Storms, and Calms; the Law of Nature will have it ſo, which we muſt follow, and obey; accounting all Things that are done, to be well done; So that what we cannot Mend, we muſt Suffer, and wait upon Providence without Repining: It is the part of a Cowardly Soldier to follow his Commander, Groaning; but a Generous Man delivers himſelf up to God without ſtruggling; and it is only for a Narrow Mind to condemn the Order of the World; and to propound rather the mending of Nature, then of Himſelf. No Man has any Cauſe of Complaint againſt Providence, if that which is Right pleaſes him. Thoſe Glories that appear fair to the Eye, their Luſtre is but falſe and ſuperficial; and they are only Vanity and Delu-

Deluſion: They are rather the Goods of a Dream, then a ſubſtantial Poſſeſſion; they may couzen us at a Diſtance, but bring them once to the Touch, they are Rotten and Counterfeit. There are no greater Wretches in the World, then many of thoſe which the People take to be Happy; Thoſe are the only true and incorruptible Comforts, that will abide all Trials; and the more we turn, and examine them, the more valuable we find them; and, The greateſt Felicity of all, is not to ſtand in need of any. What's *Poverty?* No Man lives ſo poor as he was born. What's *Pain?* It will either have an end it ſelf, or make an end of us. In ſhort; Fortune has no Weapon that reaches the Mind: But the Bounties of Providence are Certain, and Permanent Bleſſings; and they are the Greater, and the Better, the longer we conſider them: That is to ſay, *The Power of contemning Things terrible, and deſpiſing what the Common People covet.* In the very Methods of Nature, we cannot but obſerve the Regard that Providence had to the Good of Mankind, even in the Diſpoſition of the World, in providing ſo amply for our Maintenance, and Satisfaction. It is not poſſible for us to Comprehend what the Power is, which has made all Things: Some few Sparks of that Divinity are diſcovered, but infinitely the greater part of it lies hid. We are all of us however thus far agreed; Firſt, in the Acknowledgment and Belief of that Almighty Being;

ing; and Secondly, that we are to aſcribe to it, all Majeſty, and Goodneſs.

How comes it that God Men are Afflicted in this World, and Wicked Men Proſper.

If there be a Providence, ſay ſome, * *How comes it to paſs, that good Men labour under Affliction, and Adverſity; and wicked Men enjoy themſelves in Eaſe and Plenty?* My Anſwer is, That God deals by Us, as a good Father does by his Children; he Tries us, he Hardens us, and Fits us for Himſelf. He keeps a ſtrict Hand over thoſe that he loves, and by the reſt he does as we do by our Slaves; he lets them go on in Licenſe and Boldneſs. As the Maſter gives his moſt hopeful Scholars the hardeſt Leſſons, ſo does God deal with the moſt Generous Spirits; and the croſs Encounters of Fortune, we are not to look upon as a Cruelty, but as a Conteſt: The familiarity of Dangers brings us to the Contempt of them, and that part is ſtrongeſt which is moſt exercis'd; the Seaman's Hand is Callous, the Soldier's Arm is ſtrong, and the Tree that is moſt expos'd to the Wind takes the beſt Root: There are People that live in a perpetual Winter, in Extremity of Froſt, and Penury, where a Cave, a Lock of Straw, or a few Leaves, is all their Covering, and wild Beaſts their Nouriſhment: All this by Cuſtom is not only made tolerable, but when 'tis once taken up upon neceſſity, by little and little it becomes pleaſant to them. Why ſhould we then count that Condition of Life a Calamity, which is the Lot of many Nations? There is no State of Life ſo miſera-

ble,

ble, but there are in it Remiſſions, Diverſions; nay, and Delights too, ſuch is the Benignity of Nature towards us, even in the ſevereſt Accidents of Humane Life. There were no Living, if Adverſity ſhould hold on as it begins, and keep up the Force of the Firſt Impreſſion. We are apt to murmure at many Things as great Evils, that have nothing at all of Evil in them beſide the Complaint; which we ſhould more reaſonably take up againſt our ſelves. If I be Sick, 'tis part of my Fate; and for other Calamities, they are uſual Things; they ought to be; nay, which is more, they muſt be, for they come by Divine Appointment. So that we ſhould not only Submit to God, but Aſſent to him, and Obey him, out of *Duty*, even if there were no *Neceſſity*; All thoſe terrible Appearances that make us Groan, and Tremble, are but the Tribute of Life; we are neither to Wiſh, nor to Ask, nor to Hope to ſcape them; For 'tis a kind of Diſhoneſty to pay a Tribute unwillingly. Am I Troubl'd with the Stone; or Afflicted with continual Loſſes? Nay, is my Body in danger? All this is no more than what I Pray'd for when I Pray'd for Old Age. All theſe Things are as familiar in a Long Life, as Duſt, and Dirt in a Long Way. Life is a Warfare; and, What brave Man would not rather chuſe to be in a Tent, then in a Shambles? Fortune does like a Sword-man: She ſcorns to Encounter a fearful Man: There's no Honour in the Victory, where there's no Danger

Danger in the way to't: She tries *Mucius* by *Fire*; *Rutilius* by *Exile*; *Socrates* by *Poyſon*; *Cato* by *Death*. 'Tis only in Adverſe Fortune, and in Bad Times, that we find great Examples. *Mucius* thought himſelf happier with his Hand in the Flame, then if it had been in the Boſom of his Miſtreſs. *Fabricius* took more Pleaſure in Eating the Roots of his own Planting, then in all the Delicacies of Luxury and Expence. Shall we call *Rutilius* miſerable, whom his very Enemies have adored? who, upon a Glorious, and a Publick Principle, choſe rather to loſe his Country, then to return from Baniſhment? the only Man that deny'd any Thing to *Sylla* the Dictator, who recall'd him. Nor did he only refuſe to come, but drew himſelf farther off: *Let them*, ſays he, *that think Baniſhment a Misfortune, live Slaves at* Rome, *under the Imperial Cruelties of* Sylla: *He that ſets a Price upon the Heads of Senators, and after a Law of his own Inſtitution againſt Cut-throats, becomes the greateſt himſelf.* Is it not better for a Man to live in Exile Abroad, then to be Maſſacred at Home? In ſuffering for Virtue, 'tis not the Torment, but the Cauſe, that we are to conſider; and the more Pain, the more Renown. When any Hardſhip befalls us, we muſt look upon it as an Act of Providence, which many times ſuffers Particulars to be wounded for the Conſervation of the whole: Beſide that, God chaſtiſes ſome People under an appearance of Bleſſing them,

them, turning their Prosperity to their Ruine, as a Punishment for abusing his Goodness. And we are farther to consider, that many a Good Man is Afflicted, only to teach others to suffer; for we are born for Example: And likewise, that where Men are Contumacious and Refractory, it pleases God many times to cure Greater Evils by Less, and to turn our Miseries to our Advantage.

HOW many Casualties, and Difficulties are there, that we dread, as insupportable Mischiefs, which, upon farther Thoughts, we find to be Mercies and Benefits? As Banishment, Poverty, Loss of Relations, Sickness, Disgrace? Some are cured by the Lance; by Fire, Hunger, Thirst; taking out of Bones, Lopping of Limbs, and the like: Nor do we only Fear things that are many times Beneficial to us; but on the other side, we hanker after, and pursue things that are Deadly, and Pernicious: We are Poison'd in the very Pleasures of our Luxury; and betrayed to a Thousand Diseases, by the Indulging of our Palate. To lose a Child, or a Limb, is only to part with what we have received, and Nature may do what she pleases with her own: We are Frail our selves, and we have received Things transitory: That which was given us, may be taken away; Calamity tries Virtue, as the Fire does Gold: Nay, he that lives most at ease, is only delay'd, not dismiss'd, and his Portion is to come. When

Providence draws Good out of Evil.

we are visited with Sickness, or other Afflictions, we are not to murmure as if we were ill us'd: It is a mark of the General's Esteem, when he puts us upon a Post of Danger: We do not say, *My Captain uses me ill*, but, *He does me Honour*: And so should we say, that are Commanded to encounter Difficulties, for this is our Case with God almighty.

* *Calamity is the Trial of Virtue.*

WHAT was * *Regulus* the worse, because Fortune made Choice of him for an Eminent Instance, both of Faith and Patience? He was thrown into a Case of Wood stuck with pointed Nails; so that which way soever he turned his Body, it rested upon his Wounds; his Eye-lids were cut off, to keep him waking; and yet *Mecænas* was not happier upon his *Bed*, then *Regulus* upon his *Torments*. Nay, the World is not yet grown so wicked, as not to prefer *Regulus* before *Mecænas*: And, can any Man take that to be an Evil, of which, Providence accompted this brave Man worthy? *It has pleased God* (says he) *to single me out for an Experiment of the Force of Humane Nature.* No Man knows his own Strength or Value, but by being put to the Proof. The Pilot is try'd in a Storm; the Soldier in a Battle; the Rich man knows not how to behave himself in Poverty: He that has liv'd in Popularity and Applause, knows not how he would bear Infamy, and Reproch: Nor he that never had Children, how he would bear the Loss of them. Calamity is the

the Occaſion of Virtue, and a Spur to a Great Mind. The very Apprehenſion of a Wound ſtartles a Man when he firſt bears Arms, but an Old Soldier bleeds boldly; becauſe he knows, that a Man may loſe Blood, and yet win the Day. Nay, many times a Calamity turns to our Advantage; and Great Ruines have but made way to Greater Glories. The Crying out of *Fire* has many times quieted a Fray, and the Interpoſing of a Wild Beaſt has parted the Thief, and the Traveller; for, we are not at leiſure for Leſs Miſchiefs, while we are under the Apprehenſion of Greater. One Man's Life is ſav'd by a Diſeaſe; Another is Arreſted, and taken out of the way, juſt when his Houſe was falling upon his Head.

TO ſhew now, that the Favours, or the Croſſes of Fortune; and the Accidents of Sickneſs, and of Health, are neither Good, nor Evil; God permits them indifferently, both to Good, and Evil Men. *Tis hard*, you'l ſay, *for a Virtuous Man to ſuffer all ſorts of Miſery, and for a Wicked Man, not only to go free, but to enjoy himſelf at pleaſure.* And, is it not the ſame thing for Men of Proſtituted Impudence, and Wickedneſs, to ſleep in a whole Skin, when Men of Honour and Honeſty bear Arms, lie in the Trenches, and Receive Wounds? Or for the Veſtal Virgins to riſe in the Night to their Prayers, when Common Strumpets lie Stretching themſelves in their Beds? We ſhould rather ſay with *Demetrius*, *If I*

* *Accidents are neither Good nor Evil.*

had known the Will of Heaven before I was call'd to't, I would have offer'd my Self. If it be the Pleasure of God to take my Children, I have brought them up to that End: If my Fortune, any Part of my Body, or my Life, I would rather present it, then yield it up: I am ready to part with all, and to suffer all; for I know that nothing comes to pass, but what God appoints: Our Fate is Decreed, and Things do not so much Happen, as in their due time Proceed, and every Man's Portion of Joy, and Sorrow, is Predetermin'd.

* *Nothing that is properly Evil can befall a Good Man.*

THERE is nothing falls amiss to a * Good Man, that can be charg'd upon Providence: for, Wicked Actions, Lewd Thoughts, Ambitious Projects, Blind Lusts, and Insatiable Avarice, against all these he is Arm'd by the Benefit of Reason: And, Do we expect now, that God should look to our Luggage too? (I mean our Bodies?) *Democritus* discharged himself of his Treasure, as the Clog and Burden of his Mind. Shall we wonder then if God suffers that to befall a Good Man, which a Good Man sometimes does to himself? I lose a Son, and why not? when it may sometime so fall out, that I my self may kill him. Suppose he be Banish'd by an Order of State: Is it not the same thing with a Man's Voluntary leaving of his Country, and never to return? Many Afflictions may befall a Good Man, but no Evil; for Contraries will never Incorporate: All the Rivers in the World are never able

able to Change the Taſt or Quality of the Sea. Prudence, and Religion, are above Accidents; and draw Good out of every thing; Affliction keeps a Man in Ure, and makes him ſtrong, Patient, and Hardy. Providence Treats us like a Generous Father, and brings us up to Labours, Toils, and Dangers; whereas the Indulgence of a fond Mother makes us weak, and ſpiritleſs; God loves us with a Maſculine Love, and turns us looſe to Injuries, and Indignities: He takes delight to ſee a Brave, and a Good Man, Wraſtling with Evil Fortune, and yet keeping himſelf upon his Legs, when the whole World is in diſorder about him. And, Are not we our ſelves delighted, to ſee a bold Fellow preſs with his Lance upon a Bore, or Lion? And the Conſtancy and Reſolution of the Action, is the Grace and Dignity of the Spectacle. No Man can be Happy that does not ſtand firm againſt all Contigencies; and ſay to himſelf in all Extremities, *I ſhould have been content, if it might have been ſo, or ſo; but, ſince 'tis otherwiſe determined, God will provide better.* The more we ſtruggle with our Neceſſities, we draw the Knot the harder, and the worſe 'tis with us: And, the more the Bird Flaps and Flutters in the Snare, the ſurer ſhe is caught: So that the beſt way is to ſubmit, and lie ſtill under this double Conſideration, That *the Proceedings of God are Unqueſtionable; and his Decrees not to be reſiſted.*

CHAP. IX.

Of Levity of Mind, and other Impediments of a Happy Life.

NOW to Sum up what is already deliver'd, we have shew'd what Happiness is, and wherein it consists: That it is founded upon Wisdom and Virtue; that we must first know what we Ought to do, and then Live according to that Knowledge: We have also discoursed the Helps of Philosophy, and Precepts towards a *Happy Life*: The Blessing of a Good Conscience; That a Good Man can never be Miserable, nor a Wicked Man Happy: Nor any Man Unfortunate, that cheerfully submits to Providence. We shall now Examine, How it comes to pass, that when the certain way to Happiness lies so fair before us, Men will yet steer their Course on the other side, which as manifestly leads to Ruine.

THERE are some that live without any *Impediments of Happiness.* *Design at all, and only pass in the World like Straws upon a River; they do not Go, but they are Carry'd. Others only deliberate upon the parts of Life, and not upon the whole, which is a great Error, for there's no disposing of the Circumstances of it, unless we first propound the main Scope. How shall any Man take his Aim with-

without a Mark? Or, what Wind will ſerve him that is not yet reſolv'd upon his Port? We Live as it were by Chance, and by Chance we are Govern'd. Some there are that torment themſelves a-freſh with the Memory of what is paſt; *Lord! What did I endure? Never was any Man in my Condition; every body gave me over; my very Heart was ready to break*, &c. Others again afflict themſelves with the Apprehenſion of Evils to Come; and very ridiculouſly both: For the *One* does not *Now* concern us, and the *Other*, not *Yet*: Beſide, that there may be Remedies for Miſchiefs likely to happen; for they give us warning by Signs, and Symptoms of their Approch. Let him that would be Quiet, take heed not to provoke Men that are in Power; but Live without giving Offence; and if we cannot make all Great Men our Friends, it will ſuffice to keep them from being our Enemies. This is a thing we muſt avoid, as a Mariner would do a Storm. A raſh Seaman never conſiders what Wind blows, or what Courſe he ſteers; but runs at a venture, as if he would brave the Rocks, and the Eddies: whereas he that is Careful, and Conſiderate, informs himſelf before-hand where the Danger lies, and what Weather it is like to be: He conſults his Compaſs, and keeps aloof from thoſe Places that are infamous for Wrecks and Miſcarriages. So does a wiſe Man in the common Buſineſs of Life; he keeps out of the way from thoſe that may

do him hurt; but it is a Point of Prudence not to let them take notice that he does it on purpose; for that which a Man shuns, he tacitely condemns. Let him have a care also of *Liſt'ners*, *Newsmongers* and *Medlers* in other People's Matters; for their Diſcourſe is commonly of ſuch Things as are never Profitable, and moſt commonly Dangerous, either to be ſpoken, or heard.

* *Levity of Mind is a great hindrance of our Repoſe.*

LEVITY * of Mind is a great hindrance of Repoſe, and the very Change of Wickedneſs is an Addition to the Wickedneſs it ſelf; for it is Inconſtancy added to Iniquity; We relinquiſh the Thing we ſought, and then we take it up again; and ſo divide our Lives between our Luſts, and our Repentances. From one Appetite we paſs to another, not ſo much upon Choice, as for Change; and there is a Check of Conſcience that caſts a Damp upon all our unlawful Pleaſures; which makes us loſe the Day, in expectation of that Night, and the Night it ſelf for fear of the Approaching Light. Some People are *never* at quiet; others are *always* ſo; and they are Both to blame; For that which looks like Vivacity, and Induſtry in the one, is only a Reſtleſneſs and Agitation; and that which paſſes in the other for Moderation, and Reſerve, is but a Drowſy, and an Unactive Sloth. Let Motion, and Reſt, both take their turns, according to the Order of Nature, which made both the Day, and the Night: Some are perpetually ſhifting from one thing to another; Others

again

again make their whole Life but a kind of Uneaſie Sleep: Some lie toſſing and turning, till very Wearineſs bring them to Reſt; Others again I cannot ſo properly call Inconſtant, as Lazy: There are many Proprieties, and Diverſities of Vice; but, it is one never-failing Effect of it, to live Diſpleas'd. We do all of us labour under Inordinate Deſires; we are either timorous, and dare not venture, or venturing, we do not ſucceed; or elſe we caſt our ſelves upon uncertain Hopes, where we are perpetually Solicitous, and in Suſpence: In this Diſtraction, we are apt to propoſe to our ſelves Things diſhoneſt, and hard; and when we have taken great Pains to no purpoſe, we come then to repent of our Undertakings: We are afraid to go on, and we can neither Maſter our Appetites, nor Obey them; We live and die Reſtleſs, and Irreſolute; and, which is worſt of all, when we grow weary of the Publick, and betake our Selves to Solitude for Relief, our Minds are Sick, and Wallowing, and the very Houſe and Walls are Troubleſome to us; we grow impatient, and aſham'd of our ſelves; and ſuppreſs our inward Vexation till it breaks our Heart for want of vent. This is it that makes us Soure, and Moroſe; Envious of Others, and Diſſatisfied with our Selves: Till at laſt, betwixt our Troubles for other People's Succeſſes, and the Deſpair of our Own, we fall foul upon Fortune, and the Times; and

get

get into a Corner, perhaps, where we ſit brooding over our own Diſquiets. In theſe Diſpoſitions there is a kind of pruriginous Phancy that makes ſome People take delight in Labour, and Uneaſineſs, like the Clawing of an Itch till the Blood ſtarts.

Change of Place does no Good without change of Mind.

*THIS is it that puts us upon rambling Voyages; one while by Land; but ſtill diſguſted with the Preſent: The Town pleaſes us to Day; the Country to Morrow: The Splendors of the Court at one time; the Horrors of a Wilderneſs at another; but all this while we carry our Plague about us; for 'tis not the place that we are weary of, but our ſelves. Nay, our weakneſs extends to every thing, for we are impatient equally of Toyl, and of Pleaſure. This Trotting of the Ring, and only treading the ſame Steps over and over again, has made many a Man lay violent hands upon himſelf. It muſt be the Change of the Mind, not of the Climate, that will remove the Heavineſs of the Heart; our Vices go along with us, and we carry in our ſelves the Cauſes of our Diſquiets. There's a great Weight lies upon us, and the bare ſhocking of it makes it the more Uneaſie; changing of Countreys, in this Caſe, is not Travelling, but Wandring. We muſt keep on our Courſe if we would gain our Journey's end *He that cannot live Happily any where, will live Happily no where.* What is a Man the better for Travelling? As if his Cares could not find him out wherever he

he goes? Is there any retiring from the fear of Death, or of Torments? Or from those Difficulties which beset a Man wherever he is? It is only Philosophy that makes the Mind Invincible, and places us out of the Reach of Fortune; so that all her Arrows fall short of us. This is it that reclaims the Rage of our Lusts, and sweetens the Anxiety of our Fears. Frequent changing of Places, or Councils, shews an Instability of Mind; and we must fix the Body, before we can fix the Soul: We can hardly stir abroad, or look about us without encountring some thing or other that revives our Appetites. As he that would cast off an unhappy Love, avoids whatsoever may put him in mind of the Person; so he that would wholly deliver himself from his Beloved Lusts, must shun all Objects that may put them in his Head again, and remind him of them. We travel, as Children run up and down after strange Sights, for Novelty, not Profit; we return neither the better, nor the sounder; nay, and the very Agitation hurts us. We learn to call Towns, and Places, by their Names, and to tell Stories of Mountains, and of Rivers: But, had not our Time been better spent in the Study of Wisdom, and of Virtue? In the Learning of what is already discover'd, and in the Quest of Things not yet found out? If a Man break his Leg, or strain his Ancle, he sends presently for a Surgeon to set all right again; and does not take

Horse

Horse upon't, or put himself on Ship-board: No more does the Change of Place work upon our Disorder'd Minds, then upon our Bodies. It is not the Place, I hope, that makes either an Orator, or a Physician. Will any Man ask upon the Road, Pray which is the way to Prudence, to Justice, to Temperance, to Fortitude? No matter whither any Man goes that carries his Affections along with him. He that would make his Travels delightful, must make himself a Temperate Companion. A great Traveller was complaining, That he was never the better for his Travels, *That's very true*, said *Socrates*, *because you travell'd with your self*. Now had not he better have made himself another Man, then to transport himself to another Place? 'Tis no matter what Manners we find any where, so long as we carry our own. But we have all of us a Natural Curiosity of seeing fine Sights, and of making new Discoveries; turning over Antiquities, Learning the Customs of Nations, &c. We are never quiet: To day we seek an Office; to morrow we are Sick on't: We divide our Lives betwixt a dislike of the Present, and a desire of the Future; but, he that lives as he should, orders himself so, as neither to fear, nor to wish for to morrow; If it comes, 'tis Welcome, but if not, there's nothing lost; for, that which is come, is but the same over again with what's past. As Levity is a pernicious Enemy to Quiet; so Pertinency is a great One too. The

One

One Changes Nothing; the Other Sticks to Nothing; and which of the Two is the worſe may be a Queſtion. It is many times ſeen, that we beg earneſtly for thoſe Things, which, if they were offered us, we would refuſe: And it is but juſt to puniſh this eaſineſs of Asking with an equal Facility of Granting. There are ſome Things we would be thought to deſire, which we are ſo far from deſiring, that we dread them. *I ſhall tire you*, ſays one, *in the Middle of a tedious Story. No, pray be pleaſed to go on*, we cry, though we wiſhed his Tongue out at half way; Nay, we do not deal Candidly even with God himſelf. We ſhould ſay to our Selves in theſe Caſes, *This have I drawn upon my Self. I could never be quiet, till I had gotten this Woman, this Place, this Eſtate, this Honor; and now ſee what's come on't.*

ONE Sovereign Remedy againſt all Misfortunes, is * Conſtancy of Mind: The Changing of Parties, and Countenances, looks as if a Man were driven with the Wind. Nothing can be above him that is above Fortune. It is not Violence, Reproch, Contempt, or whatever elſe from without, that can make a Wiſe Man quit his Ground; but he is Proof againſt Calamities both great and ſmall: Only our Error is, that what we cannot do our ſelves, we think no body elſe can, ſo that we Judge of the Wiſe by the Meaſures of the Weak. Place me among Princes, or among Beggars; The One ſhall not make me Proud, nor the Other

* *Conſtancy of Mind ſecures us in all Difficulties.*

Other Aſham'd: I can take as ſound a ſleep in a Barn, as in a Palace; and a Bottle of Hay makes me as good a Lodging as a Bed of Down. Should every Day ſucceed to my Wiſh, it ſhould not Tranſport me: Nor would I think my ſelf Miſerable, if I ſhould not have one quiet Hour in my whole Life. I will not tranſport my Self with either Pain, or Pleaſure; but yet for all that, I could wiſh that I had an eaſier Game to play; and that I were put rather to Moderate my Joys, then my Sorrows. If I were an Imperial Prince, I had rather Take, then be Taken: And yet I would bear the ſame Mind under the Chariot of my Conqueror, that I had in my Own. It is no great matter to trample upon thoſe Things that are moſt coveted, or fear'd by the common People. There are thoſe that will laugh upon the Wheel; and caſt themſelves upon a Certain Death, only upon a tranſport of Love, perhaps, Anger, Avarice, or Revenge: How much more then upon an Inſtinct of Virtue; which is Invincible, and Steady? If a ſhort Obſtinacy of Mind can do this; How much more ſhall a Compos'd, and a Deliberate Virtue; whoſe Force is equal, and perpetual?

TO ſecure our ſelves in this World; Firſt, we muſt aim at * nothing that Men count worth the wrangling for: Secondly, we muſt not value the Poſſeſſion of any Thing, which even a Common Thief would think worth the ſtealing. A Man's Body is no Booty.

* *The leſs we have to do with the World, the Better.*

Booty. Let the way be never ſo dangerous for Robberies, the Poor, and the Naked paſs quietly. A plain-dealing ſincerity of Manners makes a Man's Life Happy, even in deſpite of Scorn, and Contempt; which is every Clear Man's Fate. But we had better yet be Contemn'd for Simplicity, then lie perpetually upon the Torture of a Counterfeit: Provided that Care be taken not to confound Simplicity with Negligence: And it is moreover, an Uneaſie Life, that of a Diſguiſe: For a Man to ſeem to be what he is not; to keep a perpetual Guard upon himſelf, and to live in fear of Diſcovery. He takes every Man that looks upon him for a Spy; over and above the trouble of being put to play another Man's part. It is a good Remedy in ſome Caſes for a Man to apply himſelf to Civil Affairs, and Publick Buſineſs; and yet in this State of Life too, what betwixt Ambition, and Calumny; it is hardly ſafe to be Honeſt. There are indeed ſome Caſes wherein a Wiſe Man will give way: But let him not yield over-eaſily neither: If he marches off, let him have a care of his Honour; and make his Retreat with his Sword in his hand, and his Face to the Enemy. Of all others a Studious Life is the leaſt tireſome: it makes us eaſie to our ſelves, and to others, and gains us both Friends, and Reputation.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

He that ſets up his Reſt upon Contingencies, ſhall never be Quiet.

NEVER pronounce any Man Happy that depends upon Fortune for his Happineſs; for nothing can be more prepoſterous then to place the Good of a Reaſonable Creature in Unreaſonable Things. If I have loſt any thing, it was Adventitious; and, the leſs Money, the leſs Trouble; the leſs Favour, the leſs Envy: Nay, even in thoſe Caſes that put us out of our Wits, it is not the Loſs it ſelf, but the Opinion of the Loſs that troubles us. It is a Common Miſtake to accompt thoſe Things Neceſſary that are ſuperfluous, and to depend upon Fortune for the Felicity of Life, which ariſes only from Virtue. There is no truſting to her Smiles: The Sea Swells, and Rages in a moment: and the Ships are ſwallow'd up at Night, in the very place where they ſported themſelves in the Morning. And Fortune has the ſame Power over Princes, that it has over Empires; over Nations, that it has over Cities; and the ſame Power over Cities, that it has over Private Men. Where's that Eſtate that may not be follow'd upon the heel with Famine, and Beggery? That Dignity, which the next Moment may not be laid in the Duſt?

That

That Kingdom that is ſecure from Deſolation and Ruine? The Period of all Things is at hand, as well that which caſts out the Fortunate, as the other that delivers the Unhappy; and that which may fall out at any time, may fall out this very day. What *ſhall* come to paſs I know not, but what *may* come to paſs I know: So that I'll deſpair of Nothing, but expect Every thing; and whatſoever Providence remits, is clear Gain. Every moment, if it ſpares me, deceives me: and yet in ſome ſort it does not deceive me; for though I know that any thing may happen; yet I know likewiſe, that every thing will not. I'll hope the beſt, and provide for the worſt. Methinks we ſhould not find ſo much fault with Fortune for her Inconſtancy, when we our ſelves ſuffer a Change every moment that we live; only other Changes make more Noiſe, and this ſteals upon us like the Shadow upon a Dial; every jot as Certainly, but more Inſenſibly.

THE Burning of *Lyons* may ſerve to ſhew* us, that we are never ſafe; and to arm us againſt all Surprizes. The Terror of it muſt needs be great, for the Calamity is almoſt without Example. If it had been fir'd by an Enemy, the Flame would have left ſome further Miſchief to have been done by the Soldiers: But to be wholly conſum'd, we have not heard of many Earthquakes ſo Pernicious: So many Rarities to be deſtroy'd in one Night; and in

* *An Inſtance of the Uncertainty of Humane Affairs in the Burning of Lyons.*

the depth of Peace to ſuffer an Outrage beyond the Extremity of War, Who would believe it? But twelve Hours betwixt ſo fair a City and none at all: It was laid in Aſhes in leſs time then it would require to tell the Story. To ſtand unſhaken in ſuch a Calamity is hardly to be expected; and our Wonder cannot but be equal to our Grief. Let this Accident teach us to provide againſt all Poſſibilities, that fall within the Power of Fortune; all External Things are under her Dominion: One while ſhe calls our hands to her Aſſiſtance: Another while ſhe contents her ſelf with her own Force, and deſtroys us with Miſchiefs of which we cannot find the Author. No Time, Place or Condition is excepted; She makes our very Pleaſures painful to us: She makes War upon us in the depth of Peace, and turns the means of our Security into an occaſion of Fear: She turns a Friend into an Enemy, and makes a Foe of a Companion: We ſuffer the Effects of War without any Adverſary; and rather then fail, our Felicity ſhall be the Cauſe of our Deſtruction. Leſt we ſhould either Forget, or Neglect her Power, every Day produces ſomething extraordinary. She perſecutes the moſt Temperate with Sickneſs; the ſtrongeſt Conſtitutions with the Pthiſick; ſhe brings the Innocent to Puniſhment, and the moſt retir'd ſhe aſſaults with Tumults. Thoſe Glories that have grown up with many Ages, with infinite Labour, and Expence, and under the

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Favour of many Auſpicious Providences, One Day Scatters, and brings to Nothing. He that pronounc'd a Day, nay an Hour ſufficient for the deſtruction of the greateſt Empire, might have fallen to a Moment. It were ſome Comfort yet to the Frailty of Mankind, and of Humane Affairs, if Things might but decay as ſlowly as they riſe, but they Grow by Degrees, and they fall to Ruine in an Inſtant. There's no Felicity in in any thing either Private or Publick: Men, Nations, and Cities, have all their Fates, and Periods: Our Very Entertainments are not without Terror, and our Calamity riſes there where we leaſt expect it. Thoſe Kingdoms that ſtood the ſhock both of Foreign Wars, and Civil, come to deſtruction without the ſight of an Enemy. Nay, we are to dread our Peace and Felicity, more then Violence, becauſe we are there taken Unprovided; unleſs in a State of Peace we do the Duty of Men in War, and ſay to our ſelves, *Whatſoever May be, Will be.* I am to Day, Safe, and Happy in the Love of my Country; I am to morrow, Baniſh'd: To day, in Pleaſure, Peace, Health; to morrow broken upon the Wheel, led in Triumph, and in the Agony of Sickneſs. Let us therefore prepare for a Shipwreck in the Port, and for a Tempeſt in a Calm, One Violence drives me from my Country; another raviſhes that from me; and that very Place where a Man can hardly paſs

this day for a Crowd, may be to morrow a Desart. Wherefore, let us set before our Eyes the whole Condition of Humane Nature, and consider as well what *May* happen, as what commonly *Does*. The way to make future Calamities easie to us in the Sufferance, is to make them familiar to us in the Contemplation. How many Cities in *Asia*, *Achaia*, *Assyria*, *Macedonia*, have been swallow'd up by Earthquakes! Nay, whole Countries are lost, and large Provinces laid under Water; but Time brings all things to an end, for all the Works of Mortals are Mortal: All Possessions, and their Possessors, are Uncertain, and Perishable; and, What Wonder is it to lose any thing at any time, when we must one Day lose all?

* *That which we call our Own is but lent us.*

THAT which we * call our Own, is but lent us; and what we have received *Gratis*, we must return without Complaint. That which Fortune gives us this Hour, she may take away the next; and he that trusts to her Favours, shall either find himself deceived, or if he be not, he will at least be troubled because he may be so. There's no Defence in Walls, Fortifications, and Engines, against the Power of Fortune: We must provide our selves Within, and when we are safe there, we are Invincible; we may be Battered, but not Taken. She throws her Gifts among us, and we Sweat and Scuffle for them: Never considering how few are the better for that which is

expected

expected by all. Some are transported with what they Get; Others tormented for what they Miss; and many times there's a Leg or an Arm broken in a Conteſt for a Counter. She gives us Honours, Riches, Favours, only to take them away again; either by Violence, or Treachery; So that they frequently turn to the Damage of the Receiver. She throws out Baits for us, and ſets Traps, as we do for Birds and Beaſts; Her Bounties are Snares, and Lime-twigs to us; we think that we Take, but we are Taken. If they had any thing in them that were ſubſtantial, they would ſome time or other fill, and quiet us; but they ſerve only to provoke our Appetite, without any thing more then Pomp, and Shew, to allay it. But the beſt of it is, if a Man cannot mend his Fortune, he may yet mend his Manners, and put himſelf ſo far out of her Reach, that whether ſhe Gives or Takes, it ſhall be all one to us; for we are never the Greater for the One, nor the Leſs for the Other. We call This a Dark Room, or That a Light One, when 'tis in it ſelf neither the One, nor the Other, but only as the Day and the Night renders it. And ſo it is in Riches, Strength of Body, Beauty, Honour, Command: And likewiſe in Pain, Sickneſs, Baniſhment, Death; which are in themſelves Middle, and Indifferent things, and only Good, or Bad, as they are Influenc'd by Virtue. To weep, Lament, and

Groan, is to renounce our Duty; and it is the ſame Weakneſs on the other ſide to Exult and Rejoyce: I would rather Make my Fortune, then expect it; being neither depreſs'd with her Injuries, nor dazl'd with her Favours. When *Zeno* was told, That all his Goods were drown'd; *Why then*, ſays he, *Fortune has a Mind to make me a Philoſopher*. 'Tis a great Matter for a Man to advance his Mind above her Threats, or Flatteries; for he that has once gotten the better of her, is ſafe for ever.

* *Fortune ſpares neither Great nor Small.*

IT is ſome Comfort yet to the Unfortunate, that Great Men lie under * the Laſh for Company; and that Death ſpares the Palace, no more then the Cottage; and that whoever is above Me, has a Power alſo above him. Do we not daily ſee Funerals without Trouble, Princes depos'd, Countries depopulated, Towns ſack'd; without ſo much as thinking how ſoon it may be our own Caſe? Whereas, if we would but Prepare, and Arm our ſelves againſt the Iniquities of Fortune, we ſhould never be ſurpriz'd. When we ſee any Man Baniſh'd, Begger'd, Tortur'd, we are to account, that though the Miſchief fell upon another, it was levell'd at us. What Wonder is it, if of ſo many thouſands of Dangers, that are conſtantly hovering about us, one comes to hit us at laſt? That which befalls any Man, may befall every Man; And then it breaks the force of a Preſent Calamity, to provide againſt

againſt the Future. Whatſoever our Lot is, we muſt bear it; as, ſuppoſe it be Contumely, Cruelty, Fire, Sword, Pains, Diſeaſes, or a Prey to wild Beaſts; there's no ſtruggling, nor any Remedy but Moderation. 'Tis to no purpoſe to bewail any Part of our Life, when Life it ſelf is Miſerable throughout; and the whole Flux of it only a Courſe of Tranſition from one Misfortune to another. A Man may as well wonder, that he ſhould be Cold in Winter; Sick at Sea, or have his Bones clatter'd together in a Waggon, as at the Encounter of ill Accidents, and Croſſes in the Paſſage of Humane Life: And it is in vain to run away from Fortune, as if there were any Hiding place wherein ſhe could not find us; or to expect any Quiet from her, for ſhe makes Life a perpetual State of War, without ſo much as any Reſpite or Truce. This we may conclude upon; that her Empire is but Imaginary, and that whoſoever ſerves her, makes himſelf a voluntary Slave; for *the Things that are often contemn'd by the Inconſiderate, and always by the Wiſe, are in themſelves neither Good nor Evil:* As Pleaſure, and Pain; Proſperity, and Adverſity; which can only operate upon our Outward Condition, without any proper and neceſſary Effect upon the Mind.

CHAP. XI.

A Sensual Life is a Miserable Life.

THE Sensuality that we here treat of falls naturally under the Head of Luxury; which extends to all the Excesses of Gluttony, Lust, Effeminacy of Manners; and, in short, to whatsoever concerns the over-great Care of the Carkass.

To begin now with the Pleasures of the Palate; (which deal with us like *Egyptian* Thieves, that strangle those they embrace,) What shall we say of the Luxury of *Nomentanus* and *Apicius*, that entertained their very Souls in the Kitchin; they have the Choicest Musick for their Ears; the most diverting Spectacles for their Eyes; the Choicest variety of Meats, and Drinks for their Palates. What is all this, I say, but a *Merry Madness*? 'Tis true, they have their Delights, but not without Heavy, and Anxious Thoughts, even in their very Enjoyments; beside that they are followed with Repentance, and their Frolicks are listed more then the Laughter of so many People out of their Wits. Their Felicities are full of Disquiet, and neither Sincere, nor Well-grounded: But they have need of one Pleasure to support another, and of new

* *The Excesses of Luxury are Painful, and Dangerous.*

Prayers

Prayers to forgive the Errors of their Former. Their Life muſt needs be wretched, that get with great Pains, what they keep with greater. One Diverſion overtakes another: Hope excites Hope; Ambition begets Ambition; ſo that they only change the Matter of their Miſeries, without ſeeking any End of them, and ſhall never be without either proſperous, or unhappy Cauſes of Diſquiet. What if a Body might have all the Pleaſures in the World for the Asking? Who would ſo much Unman himſelf, as by accepting of them, to deſert his Soul, and become a perpetual Slave to his Senſes? Thoſe Falſe, and Miſerable Palates, that Judge of Meats by the Price, and Difficulty, not by the Healthfulneſs, or Taſte; They Vomit, that they may Eat; and they Eat, that they may fetch it up again. They croſs the Seas for Rarities, and when they have ſwallow'd them, they will not ſo much as give them time to digeſt. Whereſoever Nature has plac'd Men, ſhe has provided them Aliment: But we rather chuſe to Irritate Hunger by Expence, then to allay it at an Eaſier rate. What is it that we plow the Seas for; or Arm our ſelves againſt Men, and Beaſts? To what end do we Toyl, and Labour, and pile Bags upon Bags? We may enlarge our Fortunes, but we cannot our Bodies; ſo that it does but ſpill, and run over, whatſoever we take more then we can hold. Our Fore-fathers (by the

the force of whose Virtues we are now supported in our Vices) liv'd every jot as well as we, when they provided, and dress'd their own Meat with their own Hands; lodg'd upon the Ground, and were not as yet come to the vanity of Gold and Gemms: When they swore by their Earthen Gods, and kept their Oath, though they dy'd for't. Did not our Consuls live more Happily when they Cook'd their own Meat with those Victorious Hands that had conquer'd so many Enemies, and won so many Laurels? Did they not live more happily, I say, then our *Apicius*? (that Corrupter of Youth, and Plague of the Age he liv'd in) who after he had spent a Prodigious Fortune upon his Belly, Poison'd himself for fear of Starving, when he had yet 250000 Crowns in his Coffers: Which may serve to shew us, that it is the Mind, and not the Sum, that makes any Man rich: When *Apicius* with all this Treasure counted himself in a State of Beggary; and took Poison to avoid that Condition, which another would have Pray'd for. But, why do we call it Poison, which was the wholsomest Draught of his Life? His daily Gluttony was Poison rather, both to himself, and others. His Ostentation of it was intolerable; and so was the Infinite Pains he took to mislead others by his Example, who went even fast enough of themselves without driving.

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IT is a Shame for a Man to place his Felicity in thoſe Entertainments, and Appetites that are ſtronger in Brutes. Do not Beaſts eat with a Better Stomach? Have they not more Satisfaction in their Luſts? And they have not only a quicker Reliſh of their Pleaſures, but they enjoy them without either Scandal or Remorſe. If Senſuality were Happineſs, Beaſts were happier then Men; but Humane Felicity is lodg'd in the Soul, not in the Fleſh. They that deliver themſelves up to Luxury, are ſtill either tormented with too Little, or oppreſs'd with too Much; and equally miſerable, by being either deſerted, or overwhelm'd: They are like Men in a dangerous Sea; one while caſt adry upon a Rock, and another while ſwallowed up in a Whirlpool; and all this from the Miſtake of not diſtinguiſhing Good from Evil. The Huntſman that with much Labour and Hazard takes a wild Beaſt, runs as great a Riſque afterwards in the Keeping of him; for many times he tears out the Throat of his Maſter; and 'tis the ſame thing with Inordinate Pleaſures; The more in Number, and the greater they are, the more General and Abſolute a Slave is the Servant of them. Let the Common People pronounce him as Happy as they pleaſe, he pays his Liberty for his Delights, and ſells himſelf for what he buys.

*If Senſuality were Happineſs, Beaſts were Happier then Men.

LET

* *We have as many Diſeaſes, as Diſhes.*

LET any Man take a View of * our Kitchins, the Number of our Cooks, and the Variety of our Meats: Will he not wonder to ſee ſo much Proviſion made for one Belly? We have as many Diſeaſes as we have Cooks, or Meats; and the Service of the Appetite is the Study now in Vogue. To ſay nothing of our Trains of Lacquays; and our Troops of Caterers, and Sewers. Good God! that ever one Belly ſhould employ ſo many People. How Nauſeous, and Fulſome, are the Surfeits that follow theſe Exceſſes? Simple Meats are out of Faſhion; and All are collected into One; ſo that the Cook does the Office of the Stomach; nay, and of the Teeth too, for the Meat looks as if it were chew'd before-hand; Here's the Luxury of all Taſtes in one Diſh, and like a Vomit then a Soup. From theſe Compounded Diſhes, ariſe Compounded Diſeaſes, which require Compounded Medicines. It is the ſame thing with our Minds, that it is with our Tables; Simple Vices are Curable by ſimple Counſels, but a General Diſſolution of Manners is hardly overcome: We are over-run with a Publick, as well as with a Private Madneſs. The Phyſicians of old underſtood little more then the Virtue of ſome Herbs to ſtop Blood, or heal a Wound: And their firm and healthful Bodies needed little more, before they were corrupted by Luxury and Pleaſure: And, when it came to that once, their Buſineſs was not to Lay

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Hunger, but to provoke it, by a thouſand Inventions, and Sauces. That which was Aliment to a Craving Stomach, is become a Burthen to a full one. From hence come Paleneſs, trembling; and worſe Effects from Crudities, then Famine: A Weakneſs in the Joynts, the Belly ſtretch'd, Suffuſion of Choler; the Torpor of the Nerves; and a Palpitation of the Heart. To ſay nothing of Megrims, Torments of the Eyes, and Ears; Head-ach, Gout, Scurvy; ſeveral ſorts of Fevers, and putrid Ulcers; with other Diſeaſes, that are but the Puniſhment of Luxury. So long as our Bodies were hardned with Labour, or tir'd with Exerciſe, or Hunting, our Food was plain, and ſimple; many Diſhes have made many Diſeaſes.

IT is an ill thing for a Man not to know the Meaſure of his Stomach; nor to conſider, that Men do many Things in their Drink, that they are aſham'd of Sober; Drunkenneſs being nothing elſe but a Voluntary Madneſs. It emboldens Men to do all ſorts of Miſchiefs; It both Irritates Wickedneſs, and Diſcovers it; It does not make Men Vitious, but it ſhews them to be ſo. It was in a Drunken Fit that *Alexander* kill'd *Clytus*. It makes him that is Inſolent, Prouder; Him that is Cruel, Fiercer; It takes away all Shame. He that is Peeviſh, breaks out preſently into Ill Words, and Blows. The Leacher, without any regard to Decency, or Scandal, turns up his Whore in the Market-place. A Man's Tongue trips, his

Drunkenneſs is a Voluntary Madneſs.

his Head runs round: he Staggers in his Pace. To say nothing of the Crudities and Diseases that follow upon this Distemper. Consider the Publick Mischiefs it has done. How many Warlike Nations, and Strong Cities, that have stood Invincible to Attacks and Sieges, has Drunkenness overcome? Is it not a great Honour to drink the Company Dead? A Magnificent Virtue to Swallow more Wine than the rest, and yet at last to be out-done by a Hogshead? What shall we say of those Men that Invert the Offices of Day, and Night? As if our Eyes were only given us to make use of in the Dark: Is it Day? *'Tis time to go to Bed.* Is it Night? *'Tis time to Rise.* Is it toward Morning? *Let us go to Supper.* When other People lie down, they rise; and lie till the next Night to digest the Debauch of the Day before. 'Tis an Argument of Clownery, to do as other People do. Luxury steals upon us by degrees; First, it shews it self in a more then Ordinary Care of our Bodies; it slips next into the Furniture of our Houses; and it gets then into the Fabrick, Curiosity, and Expence of the House it self. It appears, Lastly, in the Phantastical Excesses of our Tables. We change, and shuffle our Meats; Confound our Sauces; Serve that in First, that uses to be the Last; and value our Dishes, not for the Taste, but for the Rarity. Nay, we are so delicate, that we must be told when we are to Eat, or Drink; when we are Hungry, or Weary; and we cherish

cherish some Vices as Proofs, and Arguments of our Happiness. The most miserable of Mortals are they, that deliver themselves up to their Palates, or to their Lusts: The Pleasure is short, and turns presently Nauseous, and the End of it is either Shame, or Repentance. It is a Brutal Entertainment, and Unworthy of a Man, to place his Felicity in the Service of his Senses. As to the Wrathful, the Contentious, the Ambitious, though the Distemper be great, the Offence has yet something in it that is Manly: But, the Basest of Prostitutes are those, that Dedicate themselves wholly to Lust; what with their Hopes and Fears, Anxiety of Thought, and perpetual Disquiets, they are never well, full nor fasting.

WHAT a deal of Business is now * made about our Houses, and Diet, which was at first both Obvious, and of little Expence? Luxury led the way, and we have employ'd our Wits in the Aid of our Vices. First, we desir'd Superfluities; our next Step was to Wickedness; and, in Conclusion, we deliver'd up our Minds to our Bodies, and so became Slaves to our Appetites, which before were our Servants, and are now become our Masters. What was it that brought us to the Extravagance of Embroideries, Perfumes, Tire-women, *&c.* We pass'd the Bounds of Nature, and lash'd out into Superfluities: Insomuch, that it is now adays only for Beggars, and Clowns, to content themselves with what is Sufficient: Our

* *The Folly and Vanity of Luxury.*

Luxury

Luxury makes us Insolent, and Mad. We take upon us like Princes, and fly out for every Trifle, as if there were Life, and Death in the Case. What a Madness is it for a Man to lay out an Estate upon a Table, or a Cabinet; a Patrimony upon a pair of Pendents, and to inflame the Price of Curiosities, according to the hazard either of breaking, or losing of them? To wear Garments that will neither defend a Woman's Body, nor her Modesty; so thin, that one would make a Conscience of Swearing, she were not Naked: For, she hardly shews more in the Privacies of her Amour, than in Publick? How long shall we Covet, and Oppress; enlarge our Possessions; and account That too little for one Man, which was formerly enough for a Nation? And our Luxury is as Insatiable as our Avarice: Where's that Lake, that Sea, that Forest, that Spot of Land, that is not ransack'd to gratify our Palate? The very Earth is Burthen'd with our Buildings, not a River, nor a Mountain escapes us. Oh that there should be such boundless Desires in our little Bodies! Would not fewer Lodgings serve us? We lie but in One, and where we are not, That is not properly Ours. What with our Hooks, Snares, Nets, Dogs, &c. we are at War with all Living Creatures; and nothing comes amiss, but that which is either too Cheap, or too Common; and all this is to gratifie a Phantastical Palate. Our Avarice, our Ambition, our Lusts, are Insatiable;

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we enlarge our Poſſeſſions; ſwell our Families; we rifle Sea, and Land, for matter of Ornament, and Luxury. A Bull contents himſelf with one Meadow; and one Foreſt is enough for a Thouſand Elephants; but the Little Body of a Man devours more then all other living Creatures. We do not Eat to ſatisfie Hunger, but Ambition; we are Dead while we are Alive; and our Houſes are ſo much our Tombs, that a Man might write our *Epitaphs* upon our very Doors.

A Voluptuous Perſon, in Fine, can neither be a Good Man, a Good Patriot, nor a Good Friend; for he is tranſported with his Appetites, without conſidering, that the Lot of Man is the Law of Nature. A Good Man (like a Good Soldier) will ſtand his Ground, receive Wounds, Glory in his Scars, and in Death it ſelf, Love his Maſter for whom he Falls; with that Divine Precept always in his Mind, *Follow God.* Whereas he that Complains, Laments, and Groans, muſt yield nevertheleſs, and do his Duty, though in ſpight of his Heart. Now, what a Madneſs is it, for a Man to chuſe rather to be lugg'd, then to follow; and vainly to contend with the Calamities of Humane Life? Whatſoever is laid upon us by Neceſſity, we ſhould receive Generouſly; For it is Fooliſh to ſtrive with what we cannot avoid. We are born Subjects, and to obey God is perfect Liberty. He that does This, ſhall be Free, Safe, and Quiet: all his Actions ſhall ſucceed to his Wiſh: and, What can

A Voluptuous Perſon cannot be a Good Man.

any Man desire more, then to want nothing from without, and to have all things desirable within himself? Pleasures do but weaken our Minds, and send us for our Support to Fortune, who gives us Money only as the Wages of Slavery. We must stop our Eyes, and our Ears. *Ulysses* had but one Rock to Fear, but Humane Life has many. Every City, nay, every Man is one, and there's no trusting even to our neerest Friends. Deliver me from the Superstition of taking those things which are Light, and Vain, for Felicities.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Avarice and Ambition are Inſatiable, and Reſtleſs.

THE Man that would be truly Rich, muſt not encreaſe his Fortune, but retrench his Appetites: For Riches are not only Superfluous, but Mean, and little more to the Poſſeſſor, then to the Looker on. What is the end of Ambition, and Avarice; when, at beſt, we are but Stewards of what we falſly call our Own? All thoſe things that we purſue with ſo much hazard, and expence of Blood, as well to Keep, as to Get; for which we break Faith, and Friendſhip; What are they, but the meer *Depoſita* of Fortune? And not ours, but already enclining toward a new Maſter. There is nothing our own, but that which we give to our ſelves; and of which we have a Certain, and an Inexpugnable Poſſeſſion. Avarice is ſo Inſatiable, that it is not in the Power of Liberality to Content it: And our Deſires are ſo Boundleſs, that whatever we get, is but in the way to getting more without end: And ſo long as we are ſolicitous for the Encreaſe of Wealth, we loſe the true Uſe of it; and ſpend our time in Putting out, Calling in, and paſſing our Accounts, without any Subſtantial Benefit, either to the World, or to our Selves. What

is the Difference betwixt Old men and Children? The one cries for Nuts and Apples, and the other for Gold and Silver. The one ſets up Courts of Juſtice; Hears, and Determines; Acquits, and Condemns in Jeſt; the other in Earneſt; the one makes Houſes of Clay, the other of Marble: So that the Works of Old Men are nothing in the World but the Progreſs, and Improvement of Children's Errors: and they are to be Admoniſh'd, and Puniſh'd too like Children; not in Revenge for Injuries Receiv'd, but as a Correction of Injuries Done, and to make them give over. There is ſome Subſtance yet in Gold and Silver; but, as to Judgments, and Statutes, Procuration, and Continuance-money, theſe are only the Viſions, and Dreams of Avarice. Throw a Cruſt of Bread to a Dog, he takes it open-mouth'd, ſwallows it whole, and preſently gapes for more: Juſt ſo do we with the Gifts of Fortune; down they go without Chewing; and we are immediately ready for another Chop. But, what has Avarice now to do with Gold, and Silver, that is ſo much out-done by Curioſities of a far greater Value? Let us no longer Complain, that there was not a heavier Load laid upon thoſe precious Metals; or that they were not bury'd deep enough; when we have found out ways by Wax and Parchments; and by Bloody Uſurious Contracts, to undo one another. It is remarkable, that Providence has given us all things for our Advantage

vantage near at hand: but Iron, Gold, and Silver, (being both the Inſtruments of Blood, and Slaughter, and the Price of it,) Nature has hidden in the Bowels of the Earth.

THERE is no Avarice without ſome *Puniſhment, over and above that which it is to it ſelf. How miſerable is it in the Deſire? How miſerable even in the Attaining of our Ends? For Money is a greater Torment in the Poſſeſſion, then it is in the Purſuit. The Fear of Loſing it is a Great Trouble, the Loſs of it a Greater, and it is made a Greater yet by Opinion. Nay, even in the Caſe of no direct Loſs at all, the Covetous Man loſes what he does not get. 'Tis true, the People call the Rich Man a Happy Man, and wiſh themſelves in his Condition; but, can any Condition be worſe then That, which carries Vexation, and Envy along with it? Neither is any Man to boaſt of his Fortune; his Herds of Cattle; his Number of Slaves; his Lands and Palaces; for, comparing that which he has, to that which he farther Covets, he is a Beggar. No man can Poſſeſs all things, but any man may Contemn them, and the Contempt of Riches is the neareſt way to the gaining of them.

Avarice puniſhes it ſelf.

SOME Magiſtrates are made for *Money, and Thoſe commonly are brib'd with Money. We are all turn'd Merchants, and look not into the Quality of Things, but into the Price of them; for Reward we are Pious, and for Reward again we are Impious.

Money does all.

pious. We are Honeſt, ſo long as we may Thrive upon it; but if the Devil himſelf give better Wages, we change our Party. Our Parents have train'd us up into an Admiration of Gold, and Silver, and the Love of it is grown up with us to that Degree, that when we would ſhew our Gratitude to Heaven, we make Preſents of thoſe Metals. This is it that makes Poverty look like a Curſe, and a Reproche; and the Poets help it forward; The Chariot of the Sun muſt be all of Gold; the Beſt of Times muſt be the Golden Age, and thus they turn the greateſt Miſery of Mankind into the greateſt Bleſſings.

** Avarice makes us Ill-natur'd as well as Miſerable.*

NEITHER does Avarice make us* only Unhappy in our ſelves, but Malevolent alſo to Mankind. The Soldier wiſhes for War; the Husbandman would have his Corn dear; the Lawyer prays for Diſſention; the Phyſician for a ſickly Year; He that deals in Curioſities, for Luxury, and Exceſs; makes up his Fortunes out of the Corruptions of the Age; High Winds, and publick Conflagrations make Work for the Carpenter, and Bricklayer; and one man lives by the loſs of another; ſome few, perhaps, have the Fortune to be detected, but they are all Wicked alike. A great Plague makes Work for the Sexton, and, in one Word, whoſoever gains by the Dead, has not much kindneſs for the Living. *Demades* of *Athens* Condemn'd a Fellow that ſold Neceſſaries for Funerals, upon Proof, that he wiſh'd to make

make himſelf a Fortune by his Trade, which could not be but by a great Mortality. But perhaps he did not ſo much deſire to have many Cuſtomers, as to Sell Dear, and Buy Cheap; beſides, that all of That Trade might have been Condemn'd as well as he. Whatſoever whets our Appetites, Flatters and Depreſſes the Mind, and by dilating it, weakens it; firſt blowing it up, and then filling, and deluding it with Vanity.

TO proceed now from the moſt Proſtitute of all Vices, * Senſuality, and Avarice, to that which paſſes in the World for the moſt Generous, the Thirſt of Glory and Dominion; If they that run Mad after Wealth, and Honour, could but look into the Hearts of them that have already gain'd theſe Points; How would it ſtartle them to ſee thoſe hideous Cares, and Crimes, that wait upon Ambitious Greatneſs; All thoſe Acquiſitions that dazle the Eyes of the Vulgar, are but Falſe Pleaſures, Slippery, and Uncertain. They are Atchiev'd with Labour, and the very Guard of them is Painful. Ambition puffs us up with Vanity, and Wind; and we are equally troubled, either to ſee any Body before us, or no Body behind us; ſo that we lie under a double Envy; for whoſoever Envies another, is alſo Envy'd himſelf. What matters it how far *Alexander* extended his Conqueſts, if he was not yet ſatisfied with what he had? Every Man wants as much as he Covets; and, 'tis loſt Labour to pour into a Veſſel that will never

* *The Cares and Crimes that attend Ambition.*

never be full. He that had subdu'd so many Princes, and Nations, upon the Killing of *Clytus*, (one Friend,) and the Loss of *Hephestion*, (another,) deliver'd himself up to Anger and Sadness: and when he was Master of the World, he was yet a Slave to his Passions. Look into *Cyrus*, *Cambyses*, and the whole *Persian Line*, and you shall not find so much as one Man of them that dy'd satisfied with what he had gotten. Ambition aspires from Great Things to Greater; and propounds Matters even Impossible, when it has once arriv'd at things beyond Expectation. It is a kind of Dropsie; the more a Man Drinks, the more he Covets. Let any Man but observe the Tumults, and the Crouds that attend Palaces; what Affronts must we endure to be admitted; and how much greater when we are in? The Passage to Vertue is Fair, but the way to Greatness is Craggy, and it stands not only upon a Precipice, but upon Ice too; and yet it is a hard matter to convince a Great Man that his Station is slippery, or to prevail with him not to depend upon his Greatness. But all Superfluities are Hurtful; a Rank Crop lays the Corn; too great a Burthen of Fruit breaks the Bough; and our Minds may be as well over-charged with an Immoderate Happiness. Nay, though we our selves would be at Rest, our Fortune will not suffer it: The way that leads to Honour, and Riches, leads to Troubles; and we find the Causes of our Sorrows in the very Objects of our De-

Delights. What Joy is there in Feaſting, and Luxury; in Ambition, and a Croud of Clients; In the Arms of a Miſtreſs, or in the Vanity of an Unprofitable Knowledge? Theſe Short and Falſe Pleaſures deceive us, and, like Drunkenneſs, Revenge the Jolly Madneſs of *One* Hour, with the Nauſeous, and ſad Repentance of *Many*. Ambition is like a Gulph, every thing is ſwallow'd up in it, and bury'd; beſide the dangerous Conſequences of it: For, that which One has taken for All, may be eaſily taken away again by All, from One. It was not either Virtue, or Reaſon, but the mad Love of a deceitful Greatneſs that animated *Pompey* in his Wars, either Abroad, or at Home. What was it but his Ambition that hurry'd him to *Spain*, *Africa*, and elſewhere, when he was too Great already, in every bodies Opinion but his Own? And the ſame Motive had *Julius Cæſar*, who could not, even then, brook a Superiour Himſelf, when the Common-wealth had ſubmitted unto two already. Nor was it any Inſtinct of Virtue that puſh'd on *Marius*, who, in the Head of any Army, was himſelf yet led on under the Command of Ambition: but, he came at laſt to the deſerved Fate of other Wicked Men, and to drink himſelf of the ſame Cup that he had fill'd to others. We impoſe upon our Reaſon, when we ſuffer our ſelves to be tranſported with Titles; for, we know, that they are nothing but a more Glorious Sound; and ſo for Ornaments, and Gildings, though

though there may be a Lustre to Dazle our Eyes, our Understanding tells us yet, that it is only Outside, and that the Matter under it is only Coarse and Common.

* *Miserable are those People that the World accounts Great and Happy.*

I will never Envy * those, that the People call Great and Happy. A Sound Mind is not to be shaken with a Popular, and Vain Applause: nor is it in the Power of their Pride to disturb the State of our Happiness. An Honest man is known now adays by the Dust he raises upon the Way: and, 'tis become a Point of Honour to over-run People, and keep all at a distance; though he that is put out of the Way, may perchance be Happier then he that takes it. He that would exercise a Power profitable to himself, and Grievous to no body else, let him practise it upon his Passions. They that have Burnt Cities, otherwise Invincible, driven Armies before them, and bath'd themselves in Humane Blood; after that they have overcome all open Enemies, they have been vanquish'd by their Lust, by their Cruelty, and without any Resistance. *Alexander* was possessed with the Madness of laying Kingdoms waste. He began with *Greece*, where he was brought up; and there he quarry'd himself upon that in it which was Best; He Enslav'd *Lacedæmon*, and Silenc'd *Athens*: Nor was he content with the Destruction of those Towns, which his Father *Philip* had either Conquer'd, or Bought; but he made himself the Enemy of Humane Nature, and, like the worst of Beasts, he worry'd what he

he could not eat. Felicity is an unquiet thing; it torments it ſelf, and puzzles the Brain. It makes ſome People Ambitious, others Luxurious; It puffs up ſome, and ſofteris others; only (as 'tis with Wine) ſome Heads bear it better then others; But it diſſolves all. Greatneſs ſtands upon a Precipice; and if Proſperity carries a Man never ſo little beyond his Poyſe, it over-bears and daſhes him to pieces. 'Tis a rare thing for a Man in a great Fortune, to lay down his Happineſs gently; it being a Common Fate, for a Man to ſink under the Weight of thoſe Felicities that raiſe him. How many of the Nobility did *Marius* bring down to Herdſmen, and other mean Offices? Nay, in the very Moment of our deſpiſing Servants, we may be made ſo our ſelves.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Hope, and Fear, are the Bane of Humane Life.

NO Man can be ſaid to be perfectly Happy, that runs the Riſque of Diſappointment; which is the Caſe of every Man that *Fears*, or *Hopes* for any thing. For *Hope* and *Fear*, how diſtant ſoever they may ſeem to be the one from the other, they are both of them yet coupled in the ſame Chain, as the Guard, and the Priſoner; and the one treads upon the Heel of the other. The Reaſon of this is obvious, for they are Paſſions that look forward, and are ever ſolicitous for the Future; only *Hope* is the more plauſible Weakneſs of the Two; which in truth, upon the Main, are Inſeparable, for the one cannot be without the other; but where the *Hope* is ſtronger then the *Fear*, or the *Fear* then the *Hope*, we call it the one, or the other: For, without *Fear*, it were no longer *Hope*, but *Certainty*; as without *Hope*, it were no longer *Fear*, but *Deſpair*. We may come to underſtand, whether our Diſquiets are vain, or no, if we do but Conſider, that we are either troubled about the *Preſent*, the *Future*, or *Both*. If the Preſent, 'tis eaſie to Judge, and the Future is Uncertain. 'Tis a fooliſh thing to be Miſerable before-hand, for fear of Miſery

Misery to come, for a Man loses the Present which he might enjoy, in expectation of the Future; Nay, the Fear of losing any thing is as bad as the Loss it self. I will be as Prudent as I can, but not Timorous, or Careless: And I will bethink my self, and forecast what Inconveniencies may happen, before they come. 'Tis true, a Man may Fear, and yet not be fearful; which is no more, then to have the Affection of Fear, without the Vice of it; but yet a frequent Admittance of it runs into a Habit. It is a Shameful, and an Unmanly thing to be Doubtful, Timorous, and Uncertain; to set one step forward, and another backward; and to be Irresolute. Can there be any Man so Fearful, that had not rather fall once, then hang always in suspence?

OUR Miseries are Endless, if we stand in fear of all Possibilities; the best way in such a Case, is to drive out one Nail with another, and a little to Qualifie Fear with Hope; which may serve to Palliate a Misfortune, though not to Cure it. There is not any thing that we Fear, which is so certain to come, as it is certain that many things which we do Fear will not come: but, we are loth to oppose our Credulity when it begins to move us, and so to bring our Fear to the Test. Well! but, *What if the Thing we Fear should come to pass?* Perhaps it will be the better for us. Suppose it to be *Death* it self, Why may it not prove the Glory of my

Our Miseries are Endless, if we fear all Possibilities.

my Life? Did not Poyſon make *Socrates* famous? And, was not *Cato*'s Sword a great part of his Honour? *Do we fear any Misfortune to befall us?* We are not preſently ſure that it will happen. How many Deliverances have come Unlook'd for? And, How many Miſchiefs that we look'd for, have never come to paſs? 'Tis time enough to Lament, when it comes, and, in the *Interim*, to promiſe our ſelves the Beſt. What do I know but ſomething or other may delay or divert it? Some have ſcap'd out of the Fire; Others, when a Houſe has fallen over their Head, has receiv'd no Hurt; One Man has been ſav'd when a Sword was at his Throat; another has been Condemn'd, and out-liv'd his Headſman: So that Ill Fortune, we ſee, as well as Good, has her Levities: Peradventure it will be, Peradventure not; and till it comes to paſs, we are not ſure of it: We do many times take Words in a worſe Senſe then they were intended, and imagine Things to be worſe taken then they are. 'Tis time enough to bear a Misfortune when it comes, without Anticipating it.

HE that would deliver himſelf from all Apprehenſions of the * Future, let him firſt take for Granted, that all his Fears will fall upon him; and then Examine, and meaſure the Evil that he fears, which he will find to be neither Great, nor Long. Beſide, that the Ills which he fears he may ſuffer, he ſuf-

* *Prepare for the Worſt.*

ſuffers in the very Fear of them. As in the Symptoms of an Approaching Diſeaſe; a Man ſhall find himſelf Lazy and Liſtleſs; a Wearineſs in his Limbs, with a Yawning and Shuddering all over him: So is it in the Caſe of a Weak Mind; It phanſies Misfortunes, and makes a Man wretched before his Time. Why ſhould I torment my ſelf at preſent, with what perhaps may fall out Fifty Years hence? This Humour is a kind of Voluntary Diſeaſe, and an Induſtrious Contrivance of our own Unhappineſs, to complain of an Affliction that we do not feel. Some are not only mov'd with Grief it ſelf, but with the meer Opinion of it; as Children will ſtart at a Shadow, or at the Sight of a deformed Perſon. If we ſtand in fear of Violence from a Powerful Enemy, it is ſome Comfort to us, that whoſoever makes himſelf terrible to Others, is not without Fear Himſelf: The leaſt Noiſe makes a Lion ſtart; and the Fierceſt of Beaſts, whatſoever enrages them, makes them tremble too: A Shadow, a Voice, an Unuſual Odor, rouzes them.

THE Things moſt to be fear'd, I take to be of three Kinds. **Want*, *Sickneſs*, and thoſe *Violences* that may be impos'd upon us by a *Strong Hand*. The Laſt of theſe has the greateſt Force, becauſe it comes attended with Noiſe, and Tumult: Whereas the Incommodities of Poverty, and Diſeaſes, are more Natural, and ſteal upon us in Silence, without any External Circumſtances of

* *The Things moſt to be fear'd are Want, Sickneſs, and the Violences of Men in Power.*

of Horror: but, the Other marches in Pomp, with Fire, and Sword, Gibbets, Racks, Hooks: Wild Beasts to devour us; Stakes to to Empale us; Engines to Tear us to pieces; Pitch'd Bags to Burn us in, and a thousand other Exquisite Inventions of Cruelty. No wonder then if that be most Dreadful to us, that presents it self in so many Uncouth Shapes; and by the very Solemnity is render'd the most formidable. The more Instruments of Bodily Pain the Executioner shews us, the more frightful he makes himself: For, many a man that would have encountred Death in any Generous Form, with Resolution enough, is yet overcome with the *Manner* of it. As for the Calamities of Hunger, and Thirst, Inward Ulcers, Scorching Fevers, Tormenting Fits of the Stone, I look upon these Miseries to be at least as Grievous as any of the rest: Only they do not so much affect the Phancy, because they Lie out of Sight. Some People talk High of Dangers at a Distance; but (like Cowards) when the Executioner comes to do his Duty, and shews us the Fire, the Axe, the Scaffold, and Death at hand, their Courage fails them upon the very Pinch, when they have most need of it. Sickness, (I hope,) Captivity, Fire, are no new things to us; the Falls of Houses, Funerals, and Conflagrations, are every day before our Eyes. The Man that I Supp'd with last Night, is Dead before Morning; Why should I wonder then, seeing so many fall about me, to be hit at last my Self? What

can

can be a Greater Madneſs, then to cry out, *Who would have dream'd of This?* And why not, I beſeech you? Where is that Eſtate that may not be reduc'd to Beggary? That Dignity which may not be follow'd with Baniſhment, Diſgrace, and Extreme Contempt? That Kingdom that may not ſuddenly fall to ruine; change its Maſter, and be depopulated? That Prince that may not paſs the Hand of a Common Hang-man? That which is one man's Fortune, may be another's; but, the Foreſight of Calamities to come, breaks the Violence of them.

CHAP. XIV.

It is according to the True, or Falſe Eſtimate of Things, that we are Happy, or Miſerable.

HOW many Things are there that the Phancy makes Terrible by Night, which the Day turns into Ridiculous? What is there in Labour, or in Death, that a Man ſhould be afraid of? They are much ſlighter in Act, then in Contemplation; and, we *May* contemn them, but we *Will* not: So that it is not becauſe they are Hard, that we dread them; but they are Hard, becauſe we are firſt afraid of them. Pains, and other Violences of Fortune, are the ſame thing to Us, that Goblins are to Children: We are more fear'd with them, then Hurt. We take up

our Opinions upon Truſt, and Err for Company; ſtill Judging That to be Beſt, that has moſt Competitors. We make a falſe Calculation of Matters, becauſe we adviſe with Opinion, and not with Nature; And this miſleads Us to a higher Eſteem for Riches, Honour, and Power, then they are worth: We have been us'd to Admire, and Recommend them, and a Private Error is quickly turn'd into a Publick. The Greateſt, and the Smalleſt things are equally Hard to be comprehended; we account many things *Great*, for want of underſtanding what elſe Actually is ſo: And we reckon other things to be *Small*, which we find frequently to be of the higheſt Value. Vain Things only move Vain Minds; The Accidents that we ſo much boggle at, are not Terrible in themſelves, but they are made ſo by our Infirmities, but we conſult rather what we Hear, then what we Feel, without Examining, Oppoſing or Diſcuſſing the Things we fear; So that we either ſtand ſtill and Tremble, or elſe directly Run for't; as thoſe Troops did, that upon the raiſing of the Duſt, took a Flock of Sheep for the Enemy. When the Body and Mind are Corrupted, 'tis no Wonder if all things prove Intolerable; and not becauſe they are ſo in Truth, but becauſe we are Diſſolute, and Fooliſh: For, we are Infatuated to ſuch a Degree, that betwixt the Common Madneſs of Men, and that which falls under the Care of the Phyſician, there is but this Difference; The one labours

of

of a Diſeaſe, and the other of a Falſe Opinion.

THE *Stoicks* hold, That all thoſe Torments that commonly draw from us Groans, and Ejaculations, are in themſelves Trivial, and Contemptible. But theſe High-flown Expreſſions apart, (how true ſoever) Let us Diſcourſe the Point at the rate of Ordinary Men, and not make our ſelves miſerable before our time; for the things we apprehend to be at hand, may poſſibly never come to paſs. Some things trouble us more then they ſhould, Other things Sooner; and ſome things again diſorder us, that ought not to trouble us at all: So that we either Enlarge, or Create, or Anticipate our Diſquiets. For the Firſt Part, let it reſt as a Matter in Controverſie, for that which I accompt Light, Another perhaps will Judge Inſupportable; One man Laughs under the Laſh, and another Whines for a Phillip. How ſad a Calamity is Poverty to One man, which to Another appears rather Deſirable, then Inconvenient? For the Poor man who has nothing to Loſe, has nothing to Fear: And he that would enjoy himſelf to the Satisfaction of his Soul, muſt be either Poor Indeed, or at leaſt look as if he were ſo. Some People are extremely dejected with Sickneſs, and Pain: whereas *Epicurus* bleſs'd his Fate with his laſt Breath in the Acuteſt Torments of the Stone imaginable. And ſo for Baniſhment, which to One man is ſo Grievous, and yet to Another is no more then a

Let every man make the beſt of his Lot.

bare Change of Place: A thing that we do every Day for our Health, Pleasure; nay, and upon the Account even of Common Business. How Terrible is Death to One Man, which to another Appears the greatest Providence in Nature; even toward all Ages, and Conditions? It is the Wish of Some, the Relief of Many, and the End of All. It sets the Slave at Liberty, carries the Banish'd man Home, and places all Mortals upon the same Level: Insomuch, that Life it self were a Punishment without it. When I see Tyrants, Tortures, Violences, the Prospect of Death is a Consolation to me, and the only Remedy against the Injuries of Life.

NAY, so great are our Mistakes in the True Estimate of things, that we have hardly done any thing that we have not had reason to wish Undone; and we have found the things we fear'd, to be more desirable then those we coveted: * Our very Prayers have been more Pernicious then the Curses of our Enemies; and we must Pray again to have our former Prayers forgiven. Where's the Wise man that wishes to himself the Wishes of his Mother, Nurse, or his Tutor; the worst of Enemies, with the Intention of the best of Friends? We are Undone if their Prayers be heard; and it is our Duty to Pray, that they may not; for they are no other then well-meaning Execrations. They take Evil for Good; and one Wish fights with another: Give me rather the Con-

Our very Prayers many times are Curses.

tempt

tempt of all those things whereof they wish me the greatest Plenty. We are equally hurt by some that Pray for us, and by others that Curse us: The One imprints in us a false Fear, and the other does us Mischief by a Mistake. So that it is no wonder if Mankind be miserable, when we are brought up from the very Cradle under the Imprecations of our Parents. We Pray for Trifles, without so much as thinking of the greatest Blessings; and we are not asham'd many times to ask God for That, which we should Blush to own to our Neighbour.

IT is with us, as with an Innocent * that my *Father* had in his Family; She fell blind on a sudden, and no body could perswade her she was Blind. *She could not endure the House* (she Cry'd) *it was so dark*; and was still calling to go abroad. That which we laugh'd at in her, we find to be true in our selves, we are Covetous, and Ambitious; but the World shall never bring us to Acknowledge it, and we Impute it to the Place: Nay, we are the worse of the Two; for that blind Fool call'd for a Guide, and we wander about without one. It is a hard matter to Cure those that will not believe they are Sick We are asham'd to admit a Master, and we are too Old to Learn. Vice still goes before Virtue: So that we have two Works to do; we must cast off the One, and learn the Other. By One Evil we make way to Another, and only seek things to be avoided, or those of which we are soon

* *We are vain and wicked, and will not believe it.*

weary. That which ſeem'd too Much when we wiſh'd for't, proves too Little when we have it; and it is not as ſome imagine, that Felicity is Greedy; but it is Little, and Narrow, and cannot Satisfie us. That which we take to be very High, at a diſtance we find to be but Low, when we come at it. And the Buſineſs is, we do not underſtand the true State of Things: We are deceiv'd by Rumors; when we have Gain'd the thing we aim'd at, we find it to be either Ill, or Empty; or perchance Leſs than we expect, or otherwiſe perhaps Great, but not Good.

CHAP. XV.

The Bleſſings of Temperance, and Moderation.

THERE is not any thing that is Neceſſary to us, but we have it either *Cheap*, or *Gratis*; and this is the Proviſion that our Heavenly Father has made for us, whoſe Bounty was never wanting to our Needs. 'Tis true, the Belly Craves, and Calls upon us, but then a ſmall matter contents it: A little Bread and Water is ſufficient, and all the reſt is but ſuperfluous. He that lives according to Reaſon, ſhall never be Poor; and he that Governs his Life by Opinion, ſhall never be Rich; for Nature is Limited, but

but Phancy is Boundleſs. As for Meat, Clothes, and Lodging, a little feeds the Body, and as little Covers it: So that if Mankind would only attend Humane Nature, without gaping at Superfluities, a Cook would be found as needleſs as a Soldier: For we may have Neceſſaries upon very Eaſie Terms; whereas we put our ſelves to great Pains for Exceſſes. When we are Cold, we may cover our ſelves with Skins of Beaſts; and, againſt violent Heats, we have Natural Grotto's; or with a few Oſiers, and a little Clay, we may defend our ſelves againſt all Seaſons. Providence has been kinder to us then to leave us to live by our Wits, and to ſtand in need of Invention, and Arts: It is only Pride, and Curioſity, that Involves us in Difficulties; If nothing will ſerve a Man but Rich Clothes, and Furniture; Statues and Plate; a Numerous Train of Servants, and the Rarities of all Nations; it is not Fortunes Fault, but his **Own**, that he is not Satisfied: For his Deſires are Inſatiable, and this is not a Thirſt, but a Diſeaſe; and if he were Maſter of the whole World, he would be ſtill a Beggar. 'Tis the Mind that makes us Rich and Happy, in what Condition ſoever we are; and Money ſignifies no more to it then it does to the Gods; If the Religion be Sincere, no matter for the Ornaments: 'Tis only Luxury, and Avarice, that makes Poverty Grievous to us; for it is a very ſmall matter that does our Buſineſs; and when we have provided againſt Cold,

Hunger, and Thirſt, all the reſt is but Vanity, and Exceſs: And there's no need of Expence upon Foreign Delicacies, or the Artifices of the Kitchin. What is he the worſe for Poverty, that deſpiſes theſe things? Nay, is he not rather the better for it, becauſe he is not able to go to the Price of them? For he is kept ſound whether he will or no; And that which a Man *cannot* do, looks many times as if he *would not*.

The Moderation of paſt Ages.

WHEN I look back into the Moderation of paſt Ages, it makes me aſham'd to Diſcourſe, as if Poverty had need of any Conſolation: For we are now come to that degree of Intemperance, that a fair Patrimony is too little for a Meal. *Homer* had but One Servant; *Plato* Three; and *Zeno* (the Maſter of the Maſculine Sect of *Stoicks*) had none at all. The Daughters of *Scipio* had their Portions out of the Common Treaſury, for their Father left them not worth a Peny: How happy were their Husbands that had the People of *Rome* for their Father-in-Law? Shall any Man now Contemn Poverty after theſe Eminent Examples; which are ſufficient not only to Juſtifie, but to Recommend it? Upon *Diogenes*'s only Servant's running away from him, he was told where he was, and perſwaded to ſetch him back again. *What*, ſays he, *can* Manes *live without* Diogenes, *and not* Diogenes *without* Manes? And ſo let him go. The Piety and Moderation of *Scipio* has made his Memory more Venerable, then his Arms; and more yet

after

after he left his Country, when while he defended it: For matters were come to that paſs, that either *Scipio* muſt be Injurious to *Rome*, or *Rome* to *Scipio*. Coarſe Bread, and Water, to a Temperate Man, is as good as a Feaſt, and the very Herbs of the Field yield a Nouriſhment to Man, as well as to Beaſts. It was not by Choice Meats, and Perfumes, that our Fore-fathers recommended themſelves, but by Virtuous Actions, and the Sweet of Honeſt, Military, and of Manly Labours.

WHILE Nature lay in Common, and all her Benefits were Promiſcuouſly enjoy'd, What could be happier then that State of Mankind? when People liv'd without either Avarice, or Envy? What could be Richer, then when there was not a Poor Man to be found in the World? So ſoon as this Impartial Bounty of Providence came to be reſtrain'd, by Covetouſneſs; and that Particulars appropriated That to themſelves which was intended for All; then did Poverty creep into the World; when ſome Men by deſiring more then came to their ſhare, loſt their Title to the Reſt. A Loſs never to be repair'd; for though we may come Yet to get Much, we once had All. The Fruits of the Earth were in thoſe days divided among the Inhabitants of it, without either Want, or Exceſs. So long as Men contented themſelves with their Lot, there was no Violence; no Engroſſing, or Hiding of thoſe Benefits for Particular Advantages,

* *The State of Innocence.*

vantages, which were appointed for the Community; but every Man had as much Care for his Neighbour, as for himſelf. No Arms, or Bloodſhed; no War, but with Wild Beaſts: But under the Protection of a Wood, or a Cave, they ſpend their days, without Cares, and their Nights without Groans; Their Innocence was their Security, and their Protection. There were as yet no Beds of State, no Ornaments of Pearl, or Embroidery, nor any of thoſe Remorſes that attend them; but the Heavens were their Canopy, and the Glories of them their Spectacle. The Motions of the Orbs, the Courſes of the Stars, and the wonderful Order of Providence, was their Contemplation: There was no fear of the Houſe falling; or the Ruſling of a Rat behind the *Arras*; they had no Palaces then like Cities: but they had open Air, and Breathing-room; Cryſtal Fountains, Refreſhing Shades; the Meadows dreſt up in their Native Beauty, and ſuch Cottages as were according to Nature, and wherein they lived contentedly, without fear either of Loſing, or of Falling. Theſe People liv'd without either Solitude, or Fraud; and yet I muſt call them rather Happy, then Wiſe. That men were generally better before they were corrupted, then after, I make no doubt; and I am apt to believe, that they were both Stronger and Hardier too; but their Wits were not yet come to Maturity; for Nature does not give Virtue; and it is a

kind

kind of Art to become Good: They had not as yet torn up the Bowels of the Earth for Gold, Silver, or precious Stones; and, ſo far were they from killing any Man, as we do, for a Spectacle, that they were not as yet come to it, either in Fear, or Anger; nay, they ſpar'd the very Fiſhes. But after all This, they were Innocent, becauſe they were Ignorant; and there's a great difference betwixt not Knowing how to offend, and not being Willing to do it. They had, in that rude Life, certain Images, and Reſemblances of Virtue, but yet they fell ſhort of Virtue it ſelf, which comes only by Inſtitution, Learning, and Study, as it is perfected by Practice. It is indeed the End for which we were born, but yet it did not come into the World with us; and in the beſt of men, before they are inſtructed, we find rather the Matter, and the Seeds of Virtue, then the Virtue it ſelf. It is the wonderful Benignity of Nature, that has laid open to us all things that may do us Good, and only hid thoſe things from us that may hurt us: As if ſhe durſt not truſt us with Gold, and Silver; or with Iron; which is the Inſtrument of War, and Contention for the other. It is we our ſelves that have drawn out of the Earth, both the *Cauſes* and the *Inſtruments* of our Dangers: And we are ſo vain as to ſet the higheſt Eſteem upon thoſe things to which Nature has aſſign'd the loweſt place. What can be more Coarſe, and Rude in the Mine, then

theſe

theſe precious Metals; or more Slaviſh, and Dirty, then the People that Dig, and Work them? And yet they defile our Minds more then our Bodies; and make the Poſſeſſor fouler then the Artificer of them. Rich men, in fine, are only the Greater Slaves. Both the One and the Other wants a great deal.

* *A Temperate Life is a Happy Life.*

HAPPY is that man that Eats only for *Hunger, and Drinks only for Thirſt; that ſtands upon his own Legs, and lives by Reaſon, not by Example; and provides for Uſe, and Neceſſity, not for Oſtentation and Pomp. Let us Curb our Appetites, encourage Virtue, and rather be beholden to our Selves for Riches, then to Fortune, who when a man draws himſelf into a narrow compaſs, has the leaſt Mark at him. Let my Bed be Plain and Clean, and my Clothes ſo too; my Meat without much Expence, or many Waiters; and neither a Burthen to my Purſe, nor to my Body; nor to go out the ſame way it came in. That which is too little for Luxury, is abundantly enough for Nature. The End of Eating and Drinking, is Satiety; Now, What matters it, though One Eats and Drinks more, and Another Leſs, ſo long as the One is not a Hungry, nor the Other a Thirſt? *Epicurus*, that limits Pleaſure to Nature, as the *Stoicks* do Virtue, is undoubtedly in the Right; and thoſe that cite him to authorize their Vo-

Voluptuouſneſs, do exceedingly miſtake him, and only ſeek a good Authority for an Evil Cauſe: For their Pleaſures of Sloth, Gluttony, and Luſt, have no Affinity at all with his Precepts, or Meaning. 'Tis true, that at firſt ſight, his Philoſophy ſeems Effeminate; but he that looks nearer him, will find him to be a very Brave Man only in a Womaniſh Dreſs.

'TIS a Common Objection, I know, That theſe Philoſophers do not live at the rate that they Talk; for they can flatter their Superiors, Gather Eſtates, and be as much concern'd at the Loſs of Fortune, or of Friends, as other People: As Senſible of Reproches, as Luxurious in their Eating, and Drinking, their Furniture, their Houſes; as Magnificent in their Plate, Servants, and Officers; as Profuſe, and Curious in their Gardens, *&c.* Well! And what of all this; or if it were twenty times more? 'Tis ſome degree of Virtue for a man to Condemn himſelf; and if he cannot come up to the Beſt, to be yet better then the Worſt; and if he cannot wholly Subdue his Appetites, however to Check, and Diminiſh them. If I do not Live, as I Preach; take notice that I do not ſpeak of my Self, but of Virtue; nor am I ſo much offended with other mens Vices, as with my Own. All this was objected to *Plato*, *Epicurus*, *Zeno*: Nor is any Virtue ſo Sacred, as to ſcape Malevolence. The *Cinique Demetrius* was a great Inſtance of Severity, and Mortification; and one that

Let Philoſophers live as they teach.

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Impos'd upon himself, neither to possess any thing, nor so much as to Ask it: And yet he had this *Scorn* put upon him, that his Profession was *Poverty*, not *Virtue*. *Plato* is blam'd for *Asking* Money; *Aristotle* for *Receiving* it; *Democritus* for *Neglecting* it; *Epicurus* for *Consuming* it. How happy were we if we could but come to imitate these Men's Vices; for if we knew our Own Condition, we should find work enough at Home. But, we are like People that are making Merry at a Play, or a Tavern; when their own Houses are on fire, and yet they know nothing on't. Nay, *Cato* himself was said to be a Drunkard; but *Drunkenness* it self shall sooner be proved to be no Crime, then *Cato* dishonest. They that demolish Temples, and overturn Altars, shew their Good Will, though they can do the Gods no hurt; and so it fares with those that invade the Reputation of great men. If the Professors of Virtue be as the World calls them, Avaritious, Libidinous, Ambitious; What are they then that have a Detestation for the very Name of it? But Malicious Natures do not want Wit to abuse Honester Men then themselves. It is the Practice of the Multitude, to bark at Eminent Men, as little Dogs do at Strangers; for they look upon other men's Virtues, as the Upbraiding of their own Wickedness. We should do well to commend those that are Good; if not, let us pass them over; but however let us spare our selves; for beside the Blaspheming

of

of Virtue, our Rage is to no purpoſe. But to return now to my Text.

We are ready enough to limit Others, but loth to put Bounds and Reſtraint upon our ſelves; though we know that many times a Greater Evil is Cur'd by a Leſs; and the Mind that will not be brought to Virtue by Precept, comes to it frequently by Neceſſity. Let us try a little to eat upon a Joint-Stool; to ſerve our ſelves; to Live within Compaſs, and accommodate our Cloaths to the End they were made for. Occaſional Experiments of our Moderation give us the beſt Proof of our Firmneſs, and Virtue. A well-govern'd Appetite is a great part of Liberty; and it is a Bleſſed Lot, that ſince no man can have all things that he would have, we may all of us forbear deſiring what we have not. It is the Office of Temperance to over-rule us in our Pleaſures; Some ſhe Rejects, Others ſhe Qualifies, and Keeps within Bounds, Oh! the Delights of Reſt, when a man comes to be Weary, and of Meat, when he is heartily Hungry! I have learn'd (ſays our Author) by one Journey, how many things we have that are ſuperfluous, and how eaſily they may be ſpar'd; for, when we are without them, upon Neceſſity, we do not ſo much as feel the want of them. This is the Second Bleſſed Day (ſays he) that my Friend, and I, have Travel'd together; One Waggon carries our Selves, and our Servants; my Mattreſs lies upon

'Tis good to practiſe Frugality in Plenty.

upon the Ground, and I upon That: Our Diet answerable to our Lodging; and never without our Figs and our Table Books. The Muletier without Shooes, and the Mules only prove themselves to be Alive by their Walking. In this Equipage, I am not willing, I perceive, to own my self, but as often as we happen into better Company, I presently fall a blushing; which shews, that I am not yet confirmed in those which I Approve, and Commend: I am not yet come to Own my Frugality; for he that's asham'd to be seen in a mean Condition, would be proud of a splendid one. I value my self upon what Passengers think of me, and Facitely renounce my Principles; whereas I should rather lift up my Voice to be heard by Mankind, and tell them, *You are all Mad; your Minds are set upon Superfluities, and you value no Man for his Virtues.* I came one Night weary Home, and threw my self upon the Bed, with this Consideration about me: *There is nothing Ill, that is Well Taken.* My Baker tells me, he has no Bread; but, says he, I may get some of your Tenants, though I fear 'tis not Good. No matter, said I, for I'll stay till it be better; that is to say, till my Stomach will be glad of worse. It is Discretion sometimes to practise Temperance, and wont our selves to a Little; for there are many Difficulties both of Time, and Place, that may force us upon it. When we come to the Matter of Patrimony; How strictly

ſtrictly do we examine what every Man is worth, before we'll truſt him with a Peny: *Such a Man*, we cry, *has a great Eſtate, but it is ſhrewdly incumbred; a very fair Houſe, but 'twas built with borrow'd Money; a Numerous Family, but he does not keep Touch with his Creditors; if his Debts were paid, he would not be worth a Groat.* Why do we not take the ſame Courſe in other things, and examine what every Man is worth? 'Tis not enough to have a long Train of Attendants, Vaſt Poſſeſſions, or an Incredible Treaſure in Money, and Jewels; a Man may be Poor for all this. There's only this difference at Beſt; One Man borrows of the *Uſurer*, and the other of *Fortune.* What ſignifies the Carving, or Gilding of the Chariot; Is the Maſter ever the better for't?

WE cannot cloſe up this Chapter with a more generous * Inſtance of Moderation, then that of *Fabricius. Pyrrhus* tempted him with a Sum of Money to betray his Country; and *Pyrrhus* his Phyſician offer'd *Fabricius*, for a Sum of Money, to Poyſon his *Maſter*; But he was too Brave, either to be overcome by Gold, or to overcome by Poyſon; ſo that he refus'd the Money, and adviſ'd *Pyrrhus* to have a Care of Treachery; and this in the Heat too of a Licentious War: *Fabricius* valu'd himſelf upon his Poverty, and was as much above the Thought of Riches, as of *Poyſon.* Live, *Pyrrhus*, ſays he, *by my Friendſhip; and Turn That to my Satisfacti-*

* *The Moderation & Bravery of* Fabricius.

on, which was before thy Trouble, that is to say, That Fabricius *could not be Corrupted.*

CHAP. XVI.

Constancy of Mind gives a Man Reputation, and makes him happy in despite of all Misfortune.

THE whole Duty of Man may be reduced to the Two Points of *Abstinence*, and *Patience*, *Temperance* in *Prosperity*, and *Courage* in *Adversity*. We have already treated of the Former; and the Other follows now in Course.

* *A Wise Man is above Injuries.*

EPICURUS will have it, That a * Wise Man will *Bear* all *Injuries*; but the *Stoicks* will not allow those things to be *Injuries*, which *Epicurus* calls so. Now, betwixt *these Two*, there is the same Difference that we find betwixt two *Gladiators*; the One receives Wounds, but yet maintains his Ground; the Other tells the people, when he is in Blood, That *'Tis but a Scratch*, and will not suffer any body to part them. An *Injury* cannot be *Received*, but it must be *Done*: But it may be *Done*, and yet not *Received*; as a Man may be in the Water, and not Swim, but if he Swims, 'tis presum'd that he is in the Water. Or if a Blow, or a Shot be level'd at us, it may so happen, that a Man may miss his Aim, or some Accident interpose

poſe that may divert the Miſchief. That which is Hurt is Paſſive, and Inferior to that which Hurts it; but you will ſay, that *Socrates* was Condemn'd, and put to Death, and ſo received an Injury; but I anſwer, that the Tyrants *Did* him an Injury, and yet he *Received* none. He that ſteals any thing from me, and hides it in my own Houſe; though I have not loſt it, yet he has ſtolen it. He that lies with his own Wife, and takes her for another Woman; though the Woman be Honeſt, the Man is an Adulterer. Suppoſe a Man gives me a Draught of Poyſon, and it proves not ſtrong enough to kill me; his Guilt is never the leſs for the Diſappointment. He that makes a Paſs at me, is as much a Murderer, though I put it by, as if he had ſtruck me to the Heart. It is the Intention, not the Effect, that makes the Wickedneſs. He is a Thief, that has the Will of Killing, and Slaying, before his hand is dipt in Blood: As it is Sacriledge, the very Intention of laying violent Hands upon Holy Things. If a Philoſopher be expos'd to Torments, the Axe over his Head, his Body wounded, his Guts in his Hands; I will allow him to Groan; for Virtue it ſelf cannot diveſt him of the Nature of a Man; but if his mind ſtands firm, he has diſcharg'd his part. A Great mind enables a Man to maintain his Station with Honour; So that he only makes uſe of what he meets in his way, as a Pilgrim that would fain be at his Journeys End.

* *A Great Man neither Asks any thing, nor Wants any thing.*

IT is the Excellency of a Great * Mind to *Ask* nothing, and to *Want* nothing; and to say, *I'll have nothing to do with Fortune, that Repulses* Cato, *and Prefers* Vatinius. He that quits his Hold, and accompts any thing Good that is not Honest, runs gaping after Casualities, spends his days in Anxiety, and vain Expectation: That Man is miserable. And yet 'tis hard you'll say, to be banish'd, or cast into Prison; Nay, what if it were to be burnt, or any other way destroy'd? We have Examples in all Ages, and in all Cases, of Great Men that have triumph'd over all Misfortunes. *Metellus* suffer'd *Exile* Resolutely; *Rutilius* Chearfully: *Socrates* disputed in the Dungeon; and though he might have made his Escape, refus'd it; to shew the World how easie a thing it was to subdue the two Great Terrors of Mankind, *Death*, and a *Jayl*. Or what shall we say of *Mucius Scævola*; a Man only of a Military Courage, and without the Help either of Philosophy, or Letters? Who, when he found that he had kill'd the Secretary, instead of *Porcenna* (the Prince) burnt his Right Hand to Ashes for the Mistake; and held his Arm in the Flame, till it was taken away by his very Enemies. *Porcenna* did more easily pardon *Mucius* for his Intent to kill him, then *Mucius* forgave *Himself* for missing of his Aim. He might have done a Luckier thing, but never a Braver.

DID

DID not *Cato*, in the laſt Night of his Life, take *Plato* to Bed with him; with his Sword at his Beds-head; the One, that he might have Death at his Will; the Other, that he might have it in his Power; being reſolv'd that no Man ſhould be able to ſay, either that he kill'd, or that he ſav'd *Cato*? So ſoon as he had compos'd his Thoughts, he took his Sword; *Fortune*, ſays he, *I have hitherto fought for my Country's Liberty, and for my Own, and only that I might live Free among Freemen; but the Cauſe is now Loſt, and* Cato *Safe.* With that word, he caſt himſelf upon his Sword; and after the Phiſicians, that preſs'd in upon him, had bound up his Wound, he tore it open again, and ſo Expired with the ſame Greatneſs of Soul that he Liv'd. But theſe are the Examples, you'l ſay, of Men famous in their Generations. Let us but Conſult Hiſtory, and we ſhall find, even in the moſt effeminate of Nations, and the moſt Diſſolute of Times, Men of all Degrees, Ages, and Fortunes; nay, even Women themſelves, that have overcome the Fear of Death: Which, in truth, is ſo little to be fear'd, that, duly conſidered, it is one of the Greateſt Benefits in Nature. It was as great an Honour for *Cato*, when his Party was broken, that he himſelf ſtood his Ground, as it would have been if he had carry'd the day, and ſettled an Univerſal Peace: For, it is an equal Prudence, to make the beſt of a bad Game, and to manage a Good one. The Day that he

* * Cato's Conſtancy.

was *Repulsed*, he *Played*; and the Night that he *Kill'd* himself, he *Read*, as valuing the Loss of his Life, and the missing of an Office at the same Rate. People, I know, are apt to pronounce upon other men's Infirmities, by the measure of their own, and to think it impossible that a man should be content to be Burnt, Wounded, Killed, or Shackl'd, though in some Cases he may. It is only for a Great Mind to judge of Great things; for otherwise, that which is our Infirmity, will seem to be another Bodies; as a streight Stick in the Water appears to be crooked. He that Yeilds, draws upon his own Head his own Ruin; for we are sure to get the better of Fortune, if we do but struggle with her. Fencers and Wrestlers we see, what Blows, and Bruises they endure, not only for Honour, but for Exercise. If we turn our Backs once, we are Routed, and Pursu'd: That Man only is Happy, that draws Good out of Evil; that stands fast in his Judgment, and unmov'd with any External Violence: or however, so little mov'd, that the Keenest Arrow in the Quiver of Fortune is but as the prick of a Needle to him, rather then a Wound: And All her other Weapons fall upon him only as Hail upon the Roof of a House, that Crackles, and Skips off again, without any Damage to the Inhabitant.

A Ge-

A Generous, and a Clear-ſighted Young Man, will take it for *a Happineſs to encounter ill Fortune. 'Tis nothing for a Man to hold up his Head in a Calm, but to maintain his Poſt, when all others have quitted their Ground, and there to ſtand upright, where other Men are beaten down, this is Divine, and Praiſe-worthy. What Ill is there in Torments, or in thoſe things which we commonly accompt Grievous Croſſes? The Great Evil is the want of Courage; the Bowing, and Submitting to them; which can never happen to a Wiſe Man; for he ſtands upright under any Weight: Nothing that is to be born diſpleaſes him; he knows his Strength; and, whatſoever may be any Man's Lot, he never complains of, if it be his own. Nature, he ſays, deceives no body; ſhe does not tell us whether our Children ſhall be Fair, or Foul; Wiſe, or Fooliſh; Good Subjects, or Traytors; nor whether our Fortune ſhall be Good, or Bad. We muſt not Judge of a Man by his Ornaments; but ſtrip him of all the Advantages, and the Impoſtures of Fortune; nay, of his very Body too; and look into his Mind. If he can ſee a naked Sword at his Eyes, without ſo much as winking; if he make it a thing indifferent to him, whether his Life go out at his Throat, or at his Mouth; if he can hear himſelf Sentenc'd to Torments, or Exile; and under the very Hand of the Executioner, ſay Thus to himſelf,

*The greateſt Evil in *Adverſity* is the ſubmitting to it.

ſelf, *All this I am provided for, and 'tis no more, then a Man, that is to Suffer the Fate of Humanity.* This is the Temper of Mind that Speaks a Man Happy; and without This, all the Confluences of External Comforts ſignifie no more then the Perſonating of a King upon the Stage; when the Curtain is drawn, we are Players again. Not that I pretend to except a Wiſe Man out of the number of Men, as if he had no Senſe of Pain. But I reckon him as compounded of Body, and Soul: The Body is irrational, and may be Gali'd, Burnt, Tortur'd; but the Rational Part is Fearleſs, Invincible, and not to be ſhaken. This is it that I reckon upon as the Supreme Good of Man; which, till it be perfected, is but an unſteady Agitation of Thought; and in the Perfection, an Immoveable Stability: It is not in our Contentions with Fortune, as in thoſe of the Theatre, where we may throw down our Arms, and pray for Quarter: But here we muſt Dye Firm and Reſolute. There needs no Encouragement to thoſe things which we are Inclin'd to by a Natural Inſtinct; as the Preſervation of our ſelves with Eaſe, and Pleaſure; but, if it comes to the Tryal of our Faith by Torments, or of our Courage by Wounds, theſe are Difficulties that we muſt be arm'd againſt by Philoſophy and Precept: And yet all This is no more then what we were born to; and no matter of Wonder at all; ſo that a Wiſe Man prepares himſelf for't; as expecting that whatſoever

May

May be, *Will be.* My Body is frail, and Liable, not only to the Impreſſions of Violence, but to Afflictions alſo, that Naturally ſucceed our Pleaſures. Full Meals bring Crudities; Whoring and Drinking make the Hands to ſhake, and the Knees to tremble. It is only the Surprize, and Newneſs of the thing, which makes that Misfortune Terrible, which by Premeditation might be made Eaſie to us. For, that which ſome People make Light by Sufferance, others do by Fore-ſight. Whatſoever is neceſſary, we muſt bear patiently. 'Tis no new thing to Dye; no new thing to Mourn, and no new thing to be Merry again. Muſt I be *Poor*? I ſhall have Company; In *Baniſhment*? I'll think my ſelf Born there. If I *Dye*, I ſhall be no more Sick; and 'tis a thing I can do but once.

LET Us never wonder at any thing * we are Born to; for no Man has Reaſon to Complain, where we are all in the ſame Condition. He that ſcapes, might have ſuffer'd; and 'tis but Equal to ſubmit to the Law of Mortality. We muſt undergo the Colds of Winter, the Heats of Summer; the Diſtempers of the Air, and Diſeaſes of the Body. A wild Beaſt meets us in One place, and a Man that is more Brutal, in another; we are here aſſaulted by Fire, there by Water. *Demetrius* was reſerv'd by Providence for the Age he lived in; to ſhew, that neither the Times could Corrupt Him, nor he Reform the People. He was

* *Let no Man be Surprized with what he is Born to.*

was a Man of an Exact Judgment, ſteady to his Purpoſe, and of a ſtrong Eloquence; not Finical in his Words, but his Senſe was maſculine, and Vehement. He was ſo Qualified in his Life, and Diſcourſe, that he ſerv'd both for an Example, and a Reproach. If Fortune ſhould have offer'd that Man the Government, and the Poſſeſſion of the whole World, upon Condition not to lay it down again; I dare ſay he would have refus'd it; and thus have Expoſtulated the matter with you. *Why ſhould you tempt a Freeman to put his Shoulder under a Burden; or an Honeſt Man to pollute himſelf with the Dregs of Mankind? Why do you offer me the Spoyls of Princes, and of Nations, and the Price not only of your Blood, but of your Souls?* It is the part of a Great Mind to be Temperate in Proſperity, Reſolute in Adverſity; To Deſpiſe what the Vulgar Admire; and to Prefer a Mediocrity to an Exceſs. Was not *Socrates* oppreſs'd with Poverty, Labour, nay and the worſt of Wars in his own Family, a Fierce and Turbulent Woman to his Wife? Were not his Children Indocible, and like their Mother? After Seven and twenty Years ſpent in Arms, he fell under a Slavery to the *Thirty Tyrants*, and moſt of them his bitter Enemies: He came at laſt to be Sentenc'd as *a Violator of Religion, a Corrupter of Youth, and a Common Enemy to God, and Man.* After this, he was Impriſon'd, and put to Death by Poyſon, which was all ſo far from working

working upon his Mind, that it never ſo much as altered his Countenance. We are to bear Ill Accidents, as Unkind Seaſons, Diſtempers, or Diſeaſes; and why may we not reckon the Actions of wicked Men even among thoſe Accidents; Their Deliberations are not Counſels, but Frauds, Snares, and Inordinate Motions of the Mind; and they are never without a thouſand Pretences, and Occaſions of doing a Man miſchief. They have their Informers, their Knights of the Poſt; they can make an Intereſt with Powerful Men, and one may be Robb'd as well upon the Bench, as upon the High-way. They lie in wait for Advantages, and live in perpetual Agitation, betwixt Hope, and Fear; whereas he that is truly Compos'd, will ſtand all Shocks, either of Violences, Flatteries, or Menaces, without Perturbation. It is an Inward Fear that makes us Curious after what we hear Abroad.

IT is an Error to attribute either *Good*, or *Ill*, to * *Fortune*; but the *Matter* of it we may; and we our ſelves are the Occaſion of it, being, in Effect, the Artificers of our own Happineſs, or Miſery: For the Mind is above Fortune; if That be Evil, it makes every thing elſe ſo too: But if it be Right, and Sincere, it corrects what is wrong, and mollifies what is hard, with Modeſty, and Courage. There's a Great Difference among thoſe that the World calls wiſe Men. Some take up Private Reſolutions of Oppoſing

* *The Works of Fortune are neither Good nor Evil.*

ſing Fortune, but they cannot go through with them; for they are either dazled with Splendor on the One hand, or affrighted with Terrors on the Other: But there are Others that will cloſe, and grapple with Fortune, and ſtill come off Victorious. *Mucius* overcame the Fire; *Regulus* the Gibbet; *Socrates*, Poyſon; *Rutillius*, Baniſhment; *Cato*, Death; *Fabricius*, Riches; *Tubero*, Poverty; and *Sextius*, Honours. But there are ſome again ſo Delicate, that they cannot ſo much as bear a Scandalous Report; which is the ſame thing as if a Man ſhould quarrel for being juſtled in a Croud, or daſh'd as he walks in the Streets; He that has a great way to Go, muſt expect a Slip, to Stumble, and to be Tir'd: To the Luxurious Man, Frugality is a Puniſhment; Labour, and Induſtry to the Sluggard; nay, Study it ſelf is a Torment to him. Not that theſe things are hard to us by Nature, but we our ſelves are Vain and Irreſolute. Nay, we wonder many of us, how any Man can live without Wine, or endure to riſe ſo early in a Morning.

* *Virtue is Glorious in Extremities.*

* A Brave Man muſt expect to be toſs'd; for he is to ſteer his Courſe in the Teeth of Fortune, and to work againſt Wind and Weather. In the Suffering of Torments, though there appears but one Virtue, a Man Exerciſes many. That which is moſt Eminent is Patience (which is but a Branch of Fortitude.) But there is Prudence alſo in the Choice of the Action, and in the Bearing

Bearing what we cannot avoid; and there is Conſtancy in bearing it Reſolutely; And there is the ſame Concurrence alſo of ſeveral Virtues in other Generous Undertakings. When *Leonidas* was to carry his 300 Men into the Straits of the *Thermopylæ*, to put a ſtop to *Xerxes* his huge Army: *Come, fellow Soldiers*, ſays he, *eat your Dinners here, as if you were to ſup in another World.* And they anſwer'd his Reſolution. How plain, and Imperious was that ſhort Speech of *Cæditius* to his Men upon a deſperate Action? And, how glorious a Mixture was there in it both of Bravery and Prudence? *Soldiers*, ſays he, *It is neceſſary for us to Go, but it is not neceſſary for us to Return.* This brief and pertinent Harangue, was worth Ten thouſand of the frivolous Cavils, and Diſtinctions of the Schools, which rather break the Mind, then fortifie it; and when 'tis once perplexed, and prick'd with Difficulties and Scruples, there they leave it. Our Paſſions are Numerous, and Strong, and not to be Maſter'd with Quirks, and Tricks, as if a Man ſhould undertake to defend the Cauſe of God, and Men, with a Bulruſh. It was a Remarkable piece of Honour, and Policy together, that Action of *Cæſar*'s, upon the taking of *Pompey*'s Cabinet at the Battel of *Pharſalia*: 'Tis probable that the Letters in it might have diſcovered who were his Friends, and who his Enemies; and yet he Burnt it, without ſo much as Opening it: Eſteeming it the Nobleſt way of Pardoning

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ing, to keep himſelf Ignorant both of the Offender, and of the Offence. It was a Brave Preſence of Mind alſo in *Alexander*, who, upon Advice, That his Phyſician *Philip* intended to Poyſon him, took the Letter of Advice in One hand, and the Cup in the Other; delivering *Philip* the Letter to Read, while he himſelf drank the Potion.

SOME are of Opinion, that Death gives a * Man Courage to ſupport Pain, and that Pain fortifies a Man againſt Death: But I ſay rather, that a Wiſe Man depends upon himſelf againſt Both, and that he does not either ſuffer with Patience, in hopes of Death, or Dye willingly becauſe he is weary of Life; but he bears the One, and Waits for the Other, and carries a Divine Mind through all the Accidents of Humane Life. He looks upon Faith and Honeſty, as the moſt Sacred Good of Mankind, and neither to be forc'd by Neceſſity, nor Corrupted by Reward; Kill, Burn, Tear him in Pieces, he will be true to his Truſt: And the more any man labours to make him diſcover a Secret, the deeper will he hide it. Reſolution is the Inexpugnable Defence of Humane Weakneſs, and it is a wonderful Providence that attends it. *Horatius Cocles* oppos'd his ſingle Body to the whole Army, till the Bridge was cut down behind him, and then leap'd into the River, with his Sword in his hand, and came off ſafe to his Party. There was a Fellow Queſtion'd about a Plot upon the Life of a Tyrant, and put to the Torture to declare

* *Virtue is Invincible.*

clare his Confederates: He nam'd, by one, and one, all the Tyrant's Friends that were about him; and ſtill as they were named, they were put to Death: The Tyrant ask'd him at laſt, If there were any more. Yes, ſays he, you your ſelf were in the Plot; and now you have never another Friend left you in the World: Whereupon the Tyrant cut the Throats of his own Guards. *He is the Happy Man that is the Maſter of Himſelf, and triumphs over the Fear of Death, which has overcome the Conquerors of the World.*

CHAP. XVII.

Our Happineſs depends in a great Meaſure upon the Choice of our Company.

THE Comfort of Life depends upon Converſation, Good Offices, and Concord; and Humane Society is like the Working of an Arch of Stone; all would fall to the Ground, if one Piece did not ſupport another. Above all things, let us have a tenderneſs for Blood; and it is yet too Little not to hurt, unleſs we Profit one another. We are to Relieve the Diſtreſſed; to put the Wanderer into his Way, and to Divide our Bread with the Humble: Which is but the doing of Good to our Selves; for we are only ſeveral Members of one Great Body. Nay, we are all of a Conſanguinity; form'd of the ſame Materials, and

and Deſigned to the ſame End: This obliges us to a mutual Tenderneſs, and Converſe; and the Other, to live with a Regard to Equity, and Juſtice. The Love of Society is Natural; but the Choice of our Company is matter of Virtue, and Prudence. Noble Examples ſtir us up to Noble Actions; and the very Hiſtory of Large, and Publick Souls, inſpires a Man with Generous Thoughts. It makes a Man long to be in Action; and doing of ſomething that the World may be the better for; as Protecting the Weak, Delivering the Oppreſs'd, Puniſhing the Inſolent. It is a Great Bleſſing, the very Conſcience of giving a good Example; beſide that it is the greateſt Obligation any Man can Lay upon the Age he lives in. He that Converſes with the proud, ſhall be puff'd up; a Luſtful Acquaintance makes a Man Laſcivious; and the way to ſecure a Man from Wickedneſs, is to withdraw from the Examples of it. 'Tis too much to have them *Near* us, but more to have them *Within* us: Ill Example, Pleaſure, and Eaſe, are, no doubt of it, great Corrupters of Manners. A Rocky Ground hardens the Horſes Hoof: The Mountanier makes the beſt Soldier; the Miner makes the beſt Pionier; and Severity of Diſcipline fortifies the Mind. In all Exceſſes, and Extremities of Good, and of Ill Fortune, let us have recourſe to Great Examples, that have contemn'd Both. *Thoſe are the beſt Inſtructers*

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that Teach in their Lives, and prove their Words by their Actions.

As an ill Air may endanger a Good Constitution, ſo may a * Place of Ill Example endanger a Good Man. Nay, there are ſome Places that have a kind of Priviledge to be Licentious, and where Luxury, and Diſſolution of Manners, ſeem to be Lawful; for Great Examples give both Authority, and Excuſe to Wickedneſs. Thoſe Places are to be avoided as Dangerous to our Manners. *Hannibal* himſelf was Unmann'd by the Looſeneſs of *Campania*, and though a Conqueror by his Arms, he was Overcome by his Pleaſures. I would as ſoon live among Butchers, as among Cooks; not but that a Man may be Temperate in any Place; but, to ſee Drunken Men Staggering up and down every where; and only the Spectacles of Luſt, Luxury, and Exceſs, before our Eyes, it is not ſafe to expoſe our ſelves to the Temptation. If the Victorious *Hannibal* himſelf could not reſiſt it, What ſhall become of us then that are Subdu'd, and give Ground to our Luſts already? He that has to do with an Enemy in his Breaſt, has a harder Task upon him then he that is to encounter one in the Field: his Hazard is Greater if he loſes Ground, and his Duty is Perpetual; for he has no Place, or Time for Reſt. If I give way to Pleaſure, I muſt alſo yield to Grief, to Poverty, to Labour, Ambition, Anger, till I am torn to Pieces by my Misfortunes, and my Luſts. But, againſt

* *Avoid even Diſſolute places, as well as looſe Companions.*

all This, Philoſophy propounds a Liberty, that is to ſay, a Liberty from the Service of Accidents, and Fortune. There is not any thing that does more Miſchief to Mankind, then Mercenary Maſters of Philoſophy, that do not Live as they Teach; They give a Scandal to Virtue. How can any Man expect that a Ship ſhould Steer a Fortunate Courſe, when the Pilot lies wallowing in his own Vomit? 'Tis an unuſual thing, firſt to Learn to do Ill our Selves, and then to Inſtruct Others to do ſo: But, that Man muſt needs be very Wicked, that has gather'd into himſelf the Wickedneſs of all other People.

** Practical Philoſophers are the beſt Company.*

THE beſt Converſation is with the *Philoſophers: That is to ſay, with ſuch of them as teach us Matter, not Words; that Preach to us Things Neceſſary, and keep us to the Practiſe of them. There can be no Peace in Humane Life, without the Contempt of all Events. There is nothing that either puts better Thoughts into a Man, or ſooner ſets him Right that is out of the way, then a good Companion. For, the Example has the Force of a Precept, and touches the Heart with an Affection to Goodneſs. And not only the frequent Hearing, and Seeing of a Wiſe Man delights us, but the very Encounter of him ſuggeſts profitable Contemplations; ſuch as a Man finds himſelf mov'd with, when he goes into a Holy Place. I will take more Care with *Whom* I Eat, and Drink, then *What*; for without a Friend, the Table

is

is a Manger. Writing does well; but Perſonal Diſcourſe, and Converſation does better; For Men give great Credit to their Ears, and take ſtronger Impreſſions from Example, then Precept. *Cleanthes* had never hit *Zeno* ſo to the Life, if he had not been in with him at all his Privacies; if he had not watch'd, and obſerv'd him, whether or no he Practis'd as he Taught. *Plato* got more from *Socrates* his *Manners*, then from his *Words*; and it was not the *School*, but the *Company*, and *Familiarity* of *Epicurus*, that made *Metrodorus*, *Hermachus*, and *Polyænus* ſo famous.

The more Company the more Danger.

NOW though it be by Inſtinct that we Covet Society, and avoid Solitude, we ſhould yet take This along with us, that the more Acquaintance, the more Danger. Nay, there is not One Man of an Hundred that is to be truſted with Himſelf. If Company cannot Alter us, it may Interrupt us; and he that ſo much as ſtops upon the Way, loſes a great deal of a ſhort Life; which we yet make ſhorter by our Inconſtancy. If an Enemy were at our Heels, What haſte ſhould we make? But Death is ſo, and yet we never mind it. There is no venturing of Tender, and Eaſie Natures among the People; for 'tis odds that they'l go over to the Major Party. It would perhaps ſhake the Conſtancy of *Socrates*, *Cato*, *Lælius*, or any of us all; even when our Reſolutions are at the Height, to ſtand the Shock of Vice that preſſes upon us with a kind of Publick Au-

thority. It is a World of Mischief that may be done by one Single Example of Avarice or Luxury. One Voluptuous Palace makes a great many. A wealthy Neighbour stirs up Envy, and a Fleering Companion moves ill Nature wherever he comes. What will become of those People then, that expose themselves to a Popular Violence? Which is ill both ways; either if they comply with the Wicked, because they are many, or quarrel with the Multitude, because they are not Principl'd alike. The best way is to retire, and associate only with those, that may be the better for Us, and we for Them. These Respects are Mutual, for while we Teach, we Learn. To deal freely; I dare not trust my self in the hands of much Company: I never go Abroad, that I come Home again the same Man I went Out. Some thing or other that I had put in Order is discompos'd: Some Passion that I had subdu'd, gets head again. and it is just with our Minds, as it is after a long Indisposition with our Bodies; we are grown so Tender, that the least Breath of Air exposes us to a Relapse. And it is no wonder, if a Numerous Conversation be Dangerous, when there is scarce any single Man, but by his Discourse, Example, or Behaviour, does either Recommend to us, or Imprint in us, or by a kind of Contagion, insensibly infect us with one Vice or other; and the more People, the greater is the Peril. Especially let us have a Care of Publick Spectacles where wicked-

Wickedneſs inſinuates it ſelf with Pleaſure; and above all Others, let us avoid Spectacles of Cruelty, and Blood; and have nothing to do with thoſe that are perpetually Whining and Complaining; there may be Faith, and Kindneſs there, but no Peace. People that are either Sad, or Fearful, we do commonly, for their Own Sakes, ſet a Guard upon them, for fear they ſhould make an Ill Uſe of being alone: eſpecially the Imprudent, who are ſtill contriving of Miſchief, either for Others, or for Themſelves; in Cheriſhing their Luſts, or Forming their Deſigns. So much for the Choice of a *Companion*, we ſhall now proceed to that of a *Friend*.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Bleſſings of Friendſhip.

OF all Felicities, the moſt Charming is that of a *Firm* and *Gentle Friendſhip.* It ſweetens all our Cares; Diſpels our Sorrows, and Counſels us in all Extremities. Nay, if there were no other Comfort in't, then the bare Exerciſe of ſo Generous a Vertue, even for that ſingle Reaſon, a Man would not be without it. Beſide, That it is a Sovereign Antidote againſt all Calamities; even againſt the Fear of Death it ſelf.

BUT, we are not yet to number our * *Friends*, by the *Viſits* that are made us; and to confound the Decencies of *Ceremony*, and *Commerce*, with the Offices of *United Affections*. *Caius Graccus*, and after him, *Livius Druſus*, were the Men that introduced among the *Romans* the Faſhion of ſeparating their Viſitants: Some were taken into their *Cloſet*, others were only admitted into the *Anti-Chamber*; and ſome again were fain to wait in the *Hall* perhaps, or in the *Court*. So that they had their *Firſt*, their *Second*, and their *Third-rate* Friends; but none of them True: Only they are called ſo in Courſe, as we Salute Strangers with ſome Title or other of Reſpect at a Venture. There's no depending upon thoſe

* *Every man is not a Friend that makes us a Viſit.*

those Men that only take their Complement in their Turn, and rather slip through the Door, then enter at it: He will find himself in a great Mistake, that either seeks for a Friend in a Palace, or tries him at a Feast.

THE great Difficulty rests in the *Choice of him; that is to say, in the First Place, let him be Virtuous; for Vice is Contagious, and there's no trusting of the Sound, and the Sick together: And he ought to be a Wise Man too, if a Body knew where to find him: But, in this Case, he that is least Ill, is Best; and the highest Degree of Humane Prudence is, only the most Venial Folly. That Friendship, where Men's Affections are Cimented by an Equal, and by a Common Love of Goodness; it is not either Hope, or Fear, or any Private Interest, that can ever dissolve it; but we carry it with us to our Graves, and lay down our Lives for it with Satisfaction. *Paulina*'s Good, and Mine (says our Author) were so wrapt up together, that in Consulting her Comfort, I provided for my Own: and when I could not prevail upon her to take less Care for Me, she prevail'd upon Me to take more Care for my Self. Some People make it a Question, Whether is the greater Delight, the Enjoying of an Old Friendship; or, the Acquiring of a New one: but, it is in Preparing of a Friendship, and in the Possession of it, as it is with a Husbandman, in Sowing, and Reaping. His Delight is the Hope of his

* *The Choice of a Friend.*

Labour in the One Case, and the Fruit of it in the Other. My Conversation lies among my Books, but yet in the Letters of a Friend, methinks I have his Company; and when I answer them, I do not only Write, but Speak: And in effect, a Friend is an Eye, a Heart, a Tongue, a Hand, at all Distances. When Friends see one another personally, they do not see one another as they do when they are Divided, where the Meditation dignifies the Prospect: But they are effectually in a great measure Absent, even when they are present. Consider their Nights apart; their private Studies; their separate Employments, and Necessary Visits, and they are almost as much together, Divided, as present. True Friends are the whole World to one another; and he that is a Friend to himself, is also a Friend to Mankind. Even in my very Studies, the greatest Delight I take in what I Learn, is the Teaching of it to Others: For, there's no Relish, methinks, in the Possessing of any thing without a Partner: Nay, if Wisdom it self were offer'd me, upon Condition only of keeping it to my self, I should undoubtedly refuse it.

LUCILIUS tells me, that he was Written to by a * Friend, but cautions me withal, not to say any thing to him of the Affair in Question; for he himself stands upon the same Guard. What is this, but to Affirm, and to deny the same thing, in the same Breath; in calling a man a Friend, whom we dare not trust as our own Soul?

* *There must be no Reserves in Friendship.*

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For, there muſt be no Reſerves in Friendſhip: As much Deliberation as you pleaſe, before the League is ſtruck; but no Doubtings, or Jealouſies after. 'Tis a prepoſterous Weakneſs to Love a man before we Know him, and not to Care for him after. It requires Time to conſider of a Friendſhip; but, the Reſolution once taken, Entides him to my very Heart; I look upon my Thoughts to be as ſafe in his Breaſt, as in my Own; I ſhall, without any Scruple, make him the Confident of my moſt Secret Cares, and Counſels. It goes a great way toward the making of a man Faithful, to let him underſtand, that you Think him ſo; and he that does but ſo much as Suſpect that I will Deceive him, gives me a kind of Right to Cozen him. When I am with my Friend, methinks I am alone, and as much as Liberty to Speak any thing, as to Think it; And as our Hearts are One, ſo muſt be our Intereſts, and Convenience: For Friendſhip lays all things in Common, and nothing can be Good to the One, that is Ill to the Other. I do not ſpeak of ſuch a Community as to deſtroy one anothers Propriety; but, as the Father, and the Mother have two Children, not one a-piece, but each of them Two.

BUT, let us have a Care above all things, that our Kindneſs * be rightfully founded; for, where there is any other Invitation to Friendſhip then the Friendſhip it ſelf, that Friendſhip will be Bought, and Sold. He de-

* *A Generous Friendſhip.*

derogates from the Majeſty of it, that makes it only dependent upon Good Fortune. It is a Narrow Conſideration for a Man to pleaſe himſelf in the Thought of a Friend, becauſe, ſays he, *I ſhall have one to help me, when I am Sick, in Priſon, or in Want.* A Brave Man ſhould rather take delight in the Contemplation of Doing the ſame Offices for another. He that loves a Man for his own Sake, is in an Error. A Friendſhip of Intereſt cannot laſt any longer then the Intereſt it ſelf; and this is the Reaſon that Men in Proſperity are ſo much follow'd; and when a Man goes down the Wind, no Body comes near him. Temporary Friends will never ſtand the Teſt. One Man is forſaken for Fear or Profit; Another is Betray'd: 'Tis a Negotiation, not a Friendſhip, that has an Eye to Advantages: only through the Corruption of Times, that which was formerly a Friendſhip, is now become a Deſign upon a Booty; Alter your Teſtament, and you loſe your Friend. But, my End of Friendſhip, is to have one dearer to me then my ſelf; and for the ſaving of whoſe Life, I would chearfully lay down my Own: taking this along with me; that only Wiſe Men can be Friends; Others are but Companions; and that there's a great Difference alſo betwixt Love and Friendſhip; The One may ſometime do us Hurt; the Other always does us Good; for one Friend is Helpful to another in all Caſes, as well in Proſperity, as Affliction. We re-

receive Comfort even at a Diſtance, from thoſe we Love, but then it is Light and Faint: whereas Preſence, and Converſation touches us to the Quick; eſpecially if we find the Man we Love to be ſuch a Perſon as we wiſh.

The Loſs of a Friend it hardly to be Repair-ed.

IT is uſual with Princes to Reproch the Living, by Commending the Dead; and to Praiſe thoſe People for ſpeaking Truth, from whom there is no longer any Danger of Hearing it. This is *Auguſtus* his Caſe. He was forc'd to Baniſh his Daughter *Julia*, for her Common, and Proſtituted Impudence; and ſtill, upon Freſh Informations, he was often heard to ſay; *If* Agrippa, *or* Mecænas, *had been now alive, this would never have been.* But yet where the Fault lay, may be a Queſtion; for perchance it was his Own, that had rather complain for the Want of them, then ſeek for others as Good. The *Roman* Loſſes by War, and by Fire, *Auguſtus* could quickly Supply, and Repair; but for the Loſs of *Two Friends*, he lamented his whole Life after. *Xerxes*, (a Vain, and a Fooliſh Prince) when he made War upon *Greece*, One told him, *'Twould never come to a Battel* Another, *That he would find only empty Cities, and Countries, for they would not ſo much as ſtand the very Fame of his coming.* Others ſooth'd him in the Opinion of his *Prodigious Numbers*; and they all concurr'd to puff him up to his deſtruction. Only *Demaratus* adviſed him, not to depend too much upon his Numbers, for he

he would rather find them a Burthen to him, then an Advantage: And that 300 men in the Straits of the Mountains would be sufficient to give a Check to his whole Army: and that such an Accident would undoubtedly turn his Vast Numbers to his Confusion. It fell out afterward as he foretold, and he had Thanks for his Fidelity. A miserable Prince, that among so many Thousand Subjects, had but one Servant to tell him Truth!

CHAP. XIX.

He that would be Happy, muſt take an Account of his Time.

IN the Diſtribution of Human Life, we find, that a great part of it paſſed away in *Evil-doing*; A greater yet, in doing juſt *Nothing at all*; and effectually, the whole, in doing Things *beſide our Buſineſs.* Some hours we beſtow upon Ceremony, and Servile Attendances; Some upon our Pleaſures, and the Remainder runs at Waſte. What a deal of Time is it that we ſpend in Hopes, and Fears; Love, and Revenge; in Balls, Treats, making of Intereſts; Suing for Offices, Soliciting of Cauſes, and Slaviſh Flatteries! The ſhortneſs of Life, I know, is the Common Complaint both of Fools, and Philoſophers; as if the Time we have, were not ſufficient for our Duties. But 'tis with our Lives, as with our Eſtates, a good Husband makes a Little go a great way; whereas let the Revenue of a Prince fall into the Hands of a Prodigal, 'tis gone in a moment. So that the Time allotted us, if it were well imployed, were abundantly enough to anſwer all the Ends, and Purpoſes of Mankind. But, we ſquander it away in Avarice, Drink, Sleep, Luxury, Am-

Ambition; fawning Addreſſes, Envy, Rambling Voyages; Impertinent Studies, Change of Councels, and the like; and when our Portion is ſpent, we find the want of it, though we gave no heed to it in the Paſſage: Inſomuch, that we have rather *made* our Life Short, then *found* it ſo. You ſhall have ſome People perpetually playing with their Fingers, Whiſtling, Humming, and Talking to themſelves; and Others conſume their Days in the Compoſing, Hearing, or Reciting of Songs, and Lampoons. How many precious Mornings do we ſpend in Conſultation with Barbers, Taylors, and Tire-Women, Patching, and Painting, betwixt the Comb, and the Glaſs? A Counſel muſt be called upon every Hair we cut, and one Curl amiſs, is as much as a Bodies Life is worth. The truth is, we are more ſolicitous about our Dreſs, then our Manners, and about the Order of our Periwigs, then that of the Government. At this rate, let us but diſcount, out of a Life of a Hundred Years, that Time which has been ſpent upon Popular Negotiations, Frivolous Amours, Domeſtick Brawls, Sauntrings up and down to no purpoſe; Diſeaſes that we have brought upon our ſelves; and this large Extent of Life will not amount perhaps to the Minority of another Man. It is a *Long Being*, but perchance a *Short Life*. And what's the Reaſon of all this? We Live as if we ſhould never Die, and without

out any thought of Humane Frailty; when yet the very Moment we beſtow upon this Man, or Thing, may peradventure be our laſt. But the greateſt Loſs of Time, is Delay, and Expectation, which depends upon the Future. We let go the Preſent, which we have in our own Power, we look forward to that which depends upon Fortune, and ſo quit a Certainty for an Uncertainty. We ſhould do by Time, as we do by a Torrent, make uſe of it while we may have it, for it will not laſt always.

THE Calamities of Humane Nature, may be Divided into* the *Fear* of *Death*, and the *Miſeries*, and *Errors* of *Life*. And it is the great Work of Mankind, to Maſter the One, and to Rectifie the Other: And ſo to Live, as neither to make Life Irkſome to us, nor Death Terrible. It ſhould be our Care, before we are Old, to Live Well, and when we are ſo, to Die Well; that we may expect our End without Sadneſs: For it is the Duty of Life to prepare our Selves for Death; and there is not an Hour we Live, that does not Mind us of our Mortality: Time Runs on, and all Things have their Fate, though it lies in the Dark: The Period is Certain to Nature, but, What am I the better for it, if it be not ſo to me? We propound Travels, Arms, Adventures, without ever conſidering that Death lies in the Way; Our Term is ſet, and none of us Know how

* *No Man can be Happy to whom Life is Irkſome, or Death Terrible.*

Near

Near it is; but we are all of us Agreed, that the Decree is Unchangeable. Why ſhould we wonder to have That befall us to Day, which might have happen'd to us any Minute ſince we were Born? Let us therefore Live, as if every Moment were to be our Laſt; and ſet our Accompts Right, every Day that paſſes over our Heads. We are not Ready for Death, and therefore we fear it, becauſe we do not know what will become of us when we are gone; and that Conſideration ſtrikes us with an Inexplicable Terror. The way to avoid this Diſtraction, is to contract our Buſineſs, and our Thoughts: when the Mind is once ſetled; a Day, or an Age, is all One to us, and the Series of Time, which is now our Trouble, will be then our Delight: For he that is Steadily reſolv'd againſt all Uncertainties, ſhall never be diſturb'd with the Variety of them. Let us make haſte therefore to Live, ſince every Day to a Wiſe Man is a New Life: For, he has done his Buſineſs the Day before, and ſo prepar'd himſelf for the next, that if it be not his Laſt, he knows yet that it might have been ſo. No Man enjoys the true Taſte of Life, but he that is Willing, and Ready to Quit it.

THE Wit of Man is not able to Expreſs the * Blindneſs of Humane Folly, in taking ſo much more Care of our Fortunes, our Houſes, and our Money, then we do of our Lives; Every Body breaks in upon the One,

* *We take more Care of our Fortunes, then of our Lives.*

One, *Gratis*, but we betake our ſelves to Fire, and Sword, if any Man Invades the Other. There's no dividing in the Caſe of Patrimony, but People ſhare our Time with us at Pleaſure: So profuſe are we of that only thing, whereof we may be Honeſtly covetous. 'Tis a Common Practice to ask an Hour or two of a Friend, for ſuch, or ſuch a Buſineſs, and it is as eaſily granted; both Parties only conſidering the Occaſion, and not the thing it ſelf. They never put Time to Accompt, which is the moſt valuable of all precious Things; but becauſe they do not ſee it, they reckon upon it as Nothing; and yet theſe Eaſie Men, when they come to Dye, would give the whole World for thoſe Hours again, which they ſo Inconſiderately caſt away before; but there's no recovering of them. If they could number their Days that are yet to Come, as they can thoſe that are already Paſt, How would thoſe very People tremble at the Apprehenſion of Death, though a hundred year hence, that never ſo much as think of it at preſent, though they know not but it may take them away the next immediate Minute? 'Tis an uſual ſaying, *I would give my Life for ſuch or Such a Friend*, when at the ſame time we Do give it, without ſo much as thinking of it: Nay, when that Friend is never the better for it, and we our ſelves the worſe. Our Time is ſet; and Day and Night we Travel On; there's no Baiting

by the way, and 'tis not in the Power of either Prince, or People to prolong it. Such is the Love of Life, that even those Decrepit Dotards that have loſt the Uſe of it, will yet beg the Continuance of it, and make themſelves Younger then they are, as if they could couzen even Fate it ſelf. When they fall ſick, what promiſes of Amendment if they eſcape that Bout? What Exclamations againſt the Folly of their Miſ-ſpent Time? And yet, if they Recover, they Relapſe. No Man takes Care to Live Well, but Long, when yet it is in every Bodies Power to do the Former, and in no Man's to do the Latter. We conſume our Lives, in providing the very Inſtruments of Life, and Govern our ſelves ſtill with a Regard to the Future; So that we do not properly Live, but we are about to Live. How great a ſhame is it, to be laying new Foundations of Life, at our laſt Gaſp; and for an Old Man, (that can only prove his Age by his Beard,) with one Foot in the Grave, to go to School again? While we are Young, we may Learn: Our Minds are Tractable, and our Bodies fit for Labour, and Study; but when Age comes On, we are ſeiz'd with Languor, and Sloth, afflicted with Diſeaſes, and at laſt we leave the World as Ignorant as we come into't; Only we *Dy* worſe then we were *Born*; which is none of Nature's Fault, but Ours; for our Fears, Suſpicions, Perfidy, &c. are from our ſelves.

I wiſh

I wiſh with all my Soul, that I had thought of my End ſooner, but I muſt make the more Haſte now, and ſpur on, like thoſe that ſet out Late upon a Journey; It will be better to Learn Late then not at all, though it be but only to Inſtruct me, how I may leave the Stage with Honour.

IN the Diviſion of Life, there is * Time *Preſent, Paſt*, and *to Come*. What we *Do*, is *Short*; what we *Shall do*, is *Doubtful*, but, what we *Have done*, is *Certain*, and out of the Power of Fortune. The Paſſage of Time is wonderfully quick, and a Man muſt look Backward to ſee it: And in that Retro-ſpect, he has all paſt Ages at a View, but the preſent gives us the ſlip Unperceiv'd. 'Tis but a Moment that we Live, and yet we are Dividing it into *Childhood*, *Youth*, *Mans Eſtate*, and *Old Age*, all which Degrees we bring into that narrow compaſs. If we do not watch, we loſe our Opportunities; if we do not make Haſte, we are left behind; our Beſt hours 'ſcape us, the worſt are to come. The Pureſt part of our Life runs Firſt, and leaves only the Dregs at the Bottom: And *That Time, which is good for nothing elſe, we dedicate to Virtue*; and only propound to Begin to Live, at an Age that very few People arrive at. What greater Folly can there be in the World, then this Loſs of Time, the Future being ſo Uncertain, and the Damages ſo irreparable? If Death be Neceſſary, why ſhould any Man Fear it?

*Time Preſent, Paſt, & to come.

And if the Time of it be Uncertain, Why ſhould we not always Expect it? We ſhould therefore firſt prepare our ſelves by a Virtuous Life, againſt the dread of an Inevitable Death: And it is not for us to put off being Good, till ſuch, or ſuch a Buſineſs is over; for One Buſineſs draws on Another, and we do as good as Sow it; one Grain produces more. 'Tis not enough to Philoſophize when we have nothing elſe to do; but we muſt attend Wiſdom, even to the neglect of all things elſe, for we are ſo far from having time to ſpare, that the Age of the World would be yet too narrow for our Buſineſs; nor is it ſufficient not to Omit it, but we muſt not ſo much as Intermit it.

*We can call nothing our Own, but our Time.

THERE is nothing that we can* properly call our Own, but our Time, and yet every Body fools us out of it, that has a mind to't. If a Man borrows a Paltry Sum of Money, there muſt be Bonds, and Securities, and every Common Civility is preſently charg'd upon Accompt: But, he that has my Time, thinks he owes me nothing for't, though it be a Debt, that Gratitude it ſelf can never repay. I cannot call any Man Poor that has enough ſtill left, be it never ſo Little: 'Tis good Advice yet to thoſe that have the World before them, to play the Good Husbands betimes, for 'tis too late to ſpare at the Bottom, when all is drawn out to the Lees. He that takes away a Day from me, takes away

away what he can never reſtore me. But our Time is either *Forc'd away* from us, or *Stolen* from us, or *Loſt*: Of which, the laſt is the fouleſt Miſcarriage. It is in Life, as in a Journey: a Book, or a Companion, brings us to our Lodging before we thought we were half way. Upon the whole Matter, we conſume our ſelves one upon another, without any Regard at all to our own Particular. I do not ſpeak of ſuch as live in Notorious Scandal, but even thoſe Men themſelves, whom the World pronounces Happy, are ſmothered in their Felicities; Servants to their Profeſſions, and Clients, and drown'd in their Luſts. We are apt to complain of the Haughtineſs of *Great Men*, when yet there is hardly any of them all ſo proud, but that at ſome time or other a Man may yet have Acceſs to him, and perhaps a good word, or Look into the Bargain. Why do we not rather Complain of *Our ſelves*, for being of all others, even to our ſelves, the moſt Deaf, and Inacceſſible.

COMPANY, and Buſineſs, are great *Devourers of Time, and our Vices deſtroy our Lives, as well as our Fortunes. The Preſent is but a Moment, and perpetually in Flux; the time paſt we call to mind when we pleaſe, and it will abide the Examination and Inſpection. But the Buſie Man has not Leiſure to look Back; or if he has, 'tis an Unpleaſant thing to reflect upon a Life to be repented of: Where-

* *Company and Buſineſs, are great Devourers of Time.*

as the Conſcience of a good Life puts a Man into a ſecure and perpetual Poſſeſſion of a Felicity never to be diſturb'd, or taken away: But he that has led a wicked Life, is afraid of his own Memory, and in the Review of himſelf he finds only Appetite, Avarice, or Ambition, inſtead of Virtue. But ſtill he that is not at leiſure many times to live, muſt, when his Fate comes, whether he will or no, be at leiſure to dye. Alaſs! What is Time to Eternity? The Age of a Man, to the Age of the World? And how much of this little do we ſpend in Fears, Anxieties, Tears, Childhood! Nay, we ſleep away the one half. How great a Part of it runs away in Luxury, and Exceſs: the Ranging of our Gueſts, our Servants, and our Diſhes? As if we were to Eat, and Drink, not for Satiety, but Ambition. The Nights may well ſeem ſhort that are ſo dear bought, and beſtow'd upon Wine, and Women: The Day is loſt in Expectation of the Night, and the Night in the Apprehenſion of the Morning. There is a Terrour in our very Pleaſures; and This vexatious Thought in the very height of them, that *They will not Laſt always*: Which is a Canker in the Delights, even of the Greateſt, and the moſt Fortunate of Men.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Happy is the Man that may chuſe his own Buſineſs.

OH! The Bleſſings of Privacy, and Leiſure! The Wiſh of the Powerful, and Eminent, but the Privilege only of Inferiors: Who are the only People that live to themſelves: Nay, the very Thought, and Hope of it, is a Conſolation, even in the middle of all the Tumults and Hazards, that attend Greatneſs. It was *Auguſtus* his Prayer that he might live to Retire, and deliver himſelf from Publick Buſineſs: His Diſcourſes were ſtill pointing that way, and the higheſt Felicity which this Mighty Prince had in Proſpect, was the diveſting himſelf of that Illuſtrious State, which, how Glorious ſoever in ſhew, had, at the Bottom of it only Anxiety and Care. But, it is One Thing to Retire for Pleaſure, and Another Thing for Virtue: Which muſt be Active, even in that Retreat, and give Proof of what it has learn'd: For a Good, and a Wiſe Man does in Privacy conſult the well-being of Poſterity. *Zeno*, and *Chryſippus* did greater Things in their Studies, than if they had led Armies, born Offices, or given Laws: Which in Truth they did,

not to one City alone, but to all Mankind: Their Quiet contributed more to the Common Benefit, then the *Sweat* and *Labour* of other People. That Retreat is not worth the wile, which does not afford a Man, Greater, and Nobler Work then Buſineſs. There's no ſlaviſh Attendance upon great Officers; no Canvaſſing for Places, no making of parties; no diſappointments in my Pretenſion to This Charge, to that Regiment; or to ſuch, or ſuch a Title; no envy of any Man's Favour, or Fortune: but a Calm Enjoyment of the General Bounties of Providence, in Company with a Good Conſcience. A wiſe Man is never ſo buſie, as in the Solitary Contemplation of God, and the Works of Nature. He withdraws himſelf to attend the Service of future Ages. And thoſe Counſels which he finds ſalutary to himſelf, he commits to Writing, for the Good of After-times, as we do the Receipts of Sovereign Antidotes, or Balſams. He that is well employ'd in his ſtudy, though he may ſeem to do nothing at all, does the greateſt things yet of all others, in Affairs both humane and Divine. To ſupply a Friend with a Sum of Money, or give my Voice for an Office, theſe are only Private, and Particular Obligations; but he that lays downs Precepts for the Governing of our Lives, and the Moderating of our Paſſions, obliges Humane Nature, not only in the preſent, but in all ſucceeding Generations.

HE

HE that would be at quiet, let him repair to his * Philoſophy, a Study, that has Credit with all ſorts of Men. The Eloquence of the Bar, or whatſoever elſe addreſſes to the People, is never without Enemies: But Philoſophy minds its own Buſineſs, and even the worſt have an Eſteem for't. There can never be ſuch a Conſpiracy againſt Virtue; the World can never be ſo wicked, but the very Name of a *Philoſopher* ſhall ſtill continue Venerable, and Sacred. And yet Philoſophy it ſelf muſt be handled Modeſtly, and with Caution. But what ſhall we ſay of *Cato* then, for his medling in the Broyl of a Civil War, and interpoſing himſelf in the Quarrel betwixt two enrag'd Princes? He, that when *Rome* was Split into *Two Factions*, betwixt *Pompey* and *Caſar*, declar'd himſelf againſt *Both*. I ſpeak this of *Cato*'s laſt Part, for in his Former time the Common-wealth was made unfit for a Wiſe Man's Adminiſtration. All he could do then, was but Bawling; and Beating of the Ayre; One while he was Lugg'd, and Tumbled by the Rabble, Spit upon, and Drag'd out of the *Forum*, and then again hurry'd out of the Senate-houſe to Priſon. There are ſome things which we propound Originally, and others that fall in as Acceſſary to another Propoſition. If a Wiſe Man Retire, 'tis no matter whether he does it, becauſe the Common-wealth was wanting to Him, or becauſe He was wanting to it. But, to what Repub-

* *Philoſophy is a quiet Study.*

Republick ſhall a Man betake himſelf? Not to *Athens*, where *Socrates* was condemn'd, and whence *Ariſtotle* fled for fear he ſhould have been condemn'd too; and where Vertue was oppreſs'd by Envy. Not to *Carthage*, where there was nothing but Tyranny, Injuſtice, Cruelty, and Ingratitude. There is ſcarce any Government to be found, that will either endure a Wiſe Man, or which a Wiſe Man will endure: So that Privacy is made neceſſary, becauſe the only thing which is Better, is no where to be had. A Man may commend Navigation, and yet Caution us againſt thoſe Seas That are Troubleſome, and Dangerous: So that he does as good as command me not to weigh Anchor, that commends Sailing only upon theſe Terms. He that is a ſlave to Buſineſs, is the moſt wretched of Slaves.

But how ſhall I get my ſelf at Liberty?

* *Liberty is to be Purchas'd at any Rate.*

* We can run any hazards for Money; take any pains for Honour; And why do we not venture ſomething alſo for Leiſure, and Freedom? without which we muſt expect to live and dye in a Tumult: For, ſo long as we live in Publick, Buſineſs breaks in upon us, as one Billow drives on another; and there's no avoiding it with either Modeſty or Quiet. It is a kind of Whirlpool, that ſucks a Man In, and he can never diſengage himſelf. A Man of Buſineſs cannot in truth be ſaid to Live, and not one of a Thouſand underſtands how to do it: for

how

how to Live, and how to Dye, is the Leſſon of every moment of our Lives; All other Arts have their Maſters. As a buſie Life is always a Miſerable Life, ſo is it the greateſt of all Miſeries, to be perpetually employ'd upon *Other peoples Buſineſs*; For to Sleep, to Eat, to Drink at their hours; to walk their Pace, and to Love, and Hate, as they do, is the vileſt of Servitudes. Now though Buſineſs muſt be quitted, let it not be done Unſeaſonably; the longer we defer it, the more we endanger our Liberty; and yet we muſt no more Fly before the Time; then linger when the Time comes; Or however, we muſt not love Buſineſs for Buſineſs ſake; nor indeed do we, but for the Profit that goes along with it: For we Love the Reward of Miſery, though we Hate the Miſery it ſelf. Many People, I know, ſeek Buſineſs without Chuſing it, and they are e'en weary of their Lives without it, for want of Entertainment in their own Thoughts: The Hours are Long, and Hateful to them when they are Alone, and they ſeem as ſhort in the other ſide in their Debauches. When they are no longer *Candidates*, they are *Suffragants*: When they give over Other peoples Buſineſs, they do their Own; and pretend Buſineſs, but they make it, and value themſelves upon being thought Men of Employment. Liberty is the thing which they are perpetually a wiſhing, and never come to Obtain: A thing neither to be Bought, nor Sold; but a Man muſt

muſt Ask it of Himſelf, and give it to Himſelf. He that has given proof of his Virtue in Publick, ſhould do well to make tryal of it in Private alſo. It is not that Solitude, or a Country Life teaches Innocence, or Frugality; but Vice falls of it ſelf, without Witneſſes, and Spectators; for the thing it Deſigns is to be taken notice of. Did ever any Man put on Rich Cloaths, not to be ſeen? Or ſpread the Pomp of his Luxury where no body was to take Notice of it; If it were not for Admirers, and Spectators, there would be no Temptations to Exceſs; the very Keeping of us from Expoſing them, Cures us of Deſiring them, for Vanity and Intemperance are fed with Oſtentation.

*Several People withdraw for ſeveral Ends.

He that has lived at Sea in a Storm, let him * Retire, and Dye in the Haven: But let his Retreat be without Oſtentation, and where in he may enjoy himſelf with a good Conſcience, without the Want, the Fear, the Hatred, or the Deſire of any thing: Not out of a Malevolent Deteſtation of Mankind, but for Satisfaction, and Repoſe. He that ſhuns both Buſineſs, and Men, either out of Envy, or any other Diſcontent, his Retreat is but to the Life of a Mole: Nor does he Live to himſelf, as a Wiſe Man does, but to his Bed, his Belly, and his Luſts. Many People ſeem to Retire out of a Wearineſs of Publick Affairs, and the Trouble of Diſappointments; and yet Ambition finds them out

even

even in that Receſs, into which, Fear, and Wearineſs had caſt them; and ſo does Luxury, Pride, and moſt of the Deſtempers of a publick Life. There are many that Lye Cloſe, not that they may Live Securely, but that they may Tranſgreſs more privately; It is their Conſcience, not their State, that makes them keep a Porter, for they live at ſuch a Rate, that to be ſeen before they be aware, is to be detected. *Crates* ſaw a young Man Walking by himſelf; *Have a Care*, ſays he, *of Lewd Company.* Some Men are buſie in Idleneſs, and make Peace more Laborious and Troubleſome then War: Nay, and more Wicked too, when they beſtow it upon ſuch Luſts, and other Vices, which even the Licence of a Military Life would not endure. We cannot call theſe People men of Leiſure, that are wholly taken up with their Pleaſures. A Troubleſome Life is much to be prefer'd before a ſlothful one, and it is a Strange thing Methinks, that any Man ſhould fear Death, that has bury'd himſelf alive; as Privacy, without Letters, is but the Burying of a Man Quick.

THERE are ſome that make a Boaſt of their * Retreat, which is but a kind of Lazy Ambition: They retire, to make People talk of Them, whereas I would rather withdraw to ſpeak with my Self. And what ſhall that be, but that which we are apt to ſpeak of one-another? I will ſpeak ill of my Self; I will Examine, Accuſe, and Puniſh

**Some Men retire to be talk'd of.*

niſh my Infirmities. I have no deſign to be cry'd up for a Great Man, that has renounc'd the World in a Contempt of the Vanity, and Madneſs of Humane Life; I blame no body but my Self, and I addreſs only to my Self. He that comes to me for help, is Miſtaken, for I am not a Phyſician but a Patient: And I ſhall be well enough content to have it ſaid, when any Man leaves me, *I took him for a Happy, and a Learned Man, and truly I find no ſuch matter.* I had rather have my retreat Pardon'd, then Envy'd. There are ſome Creatures that Confound their Footing about their Dens, that they may not be found out, and ſo ſhould a Wiſe Man in the Caſe of his Retirement. When the Door is open, the Thief paſſes it by, as not worth his while; but, when 'tis Bolted, and Seal'd, 'tis a Temptation for People to be prying. To have it ſaid, That *ſuch a one is never out of his Study; and ſees no Body*, &c. this Furniſhes Matter for Diſcourſe. He that makes his Retirement too Strict, and Severe, does as good as Call Company to take Notice of it.

EVERY Man knows his own Conſtitution. One * Eaſes his Stomach by Vomit, Another ſupports it with good Nouriſhment: He that has the Gout forbears Wine, and Bathing, and every Man applies to the Part that is moſt Infirm. He that ſhews a Gouty Foot, A Lame Hand, or Contracted Nerves, ſhall be permitted to lie ſtill, and attend

* *Philoſophy requires Privacy, and Freedom.*

attend his Cure. And why not ſo in the Vices of his Mind? We muſt diſcharge all Impediments, and make way for Philoſophy, as a Study inconſiſtent with Common Buſineſs. To all other things we muſt deny our ſelves openly, and frankly: When we are Sick, we refuſe Viſits, keep our ſelves cloſe, and lay aſide all Publick Cares; and ſhall we not do as much when we Philoſophize? Buſineſs is the Drudgery of the World, and only fit for Slaves, but Contemplation is the Work of wiſe Men. Not but that Solitude, and Company may be allow'd to take their Turns: The One Creates in us the Love of Mankind, the Other That of our ſelves: Solitude Relieves us when we are Sick of Company; and Converſation, when we are weary of being Alone; ſo that the One Cures the Other. *There is no Man*, in fine, *ſo miſerable, as he that is at a loſs how to ſpend his Time.* He is Reſtleſs in his thoughts; unſteady in his Counſels; Diſſatisfy'd with the Preſent; Solicitous for the Future; whereas he that prudently computes his Hours and his Buſineſs, does not only fortifie himſelf againſt the Common Accidents of Life, but improves the moſt Rigorous Diſpenſations of Providence to his Comfort; and ſtands Firm under all the Tryals of Humane weakneſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

The Contempt of Death makes all the Miseries of Life Easie to us.

IT is a hard Task to Master the Natural Desire of Life, by a Philosophical Contempt of Death; and to convince the World, that there is no hurt in't, and crush an Opinion that was brought up with us from our Cradles. What Help? What Encouragement? What shall we say to Humane Frailty, to carry it Fearless through the Fury of Flames, and upon the Points of Swords? What Rhetorick shall we use, to bear down the Universal Consent of People to so dangerous an Error? The Captious, and Superfine Subtilties of the Schools will never do the Work: They speak many Things sharp, but utterly unnecessary, and void of effect. The Truth of it is, there is but one Chain that holds all the World in Bondage, and that's the Love of Life. It is not that I propound the making of Death so indifferent to us, as it is whether a Man's Hairs be Even, or Odd: For what with Self-Love, and an Implanted Desire in every thing of Preserving it self, and a long Acquaintance betwixt the Soul, and Body; Friends may be loth to part, and Death may carry an Appearance of Evil, though

though in truth it is it ſelf no Evil at all. Beſide that, we are to go to a ſtrange Place, in the Dark, and under great Uncertainties of our Future State: So that People Die in Terror, becauſe they do not know whether they are to go, and they are apt to Fanſie the worſt of what they do not underſtand: Theſe Thoughts are indeed ſufficient to ſtartle a man of great Reſolution, without a wonderful Support from Above. And moreover, our Natural Scruples, and Infirmities are aſſiſted by the Wits, and Fancies of all Ages, in their Infamous, and Horrid Deſcriptions of another World: Nay, taking it for granted, that there will be a Reward and Puniſhment, they are yet more afraid of an Annihilation, then of Hell it ſelf.

BUT, What is it we fear? *Oh! 'Tis a terrible thing to die.* Well! and is it not better Once to ſuffer it, * then always to Fear it? the Earth it ſelf ſuffers both *With* me, and *Before* me. How many Iſlands are ſwallowed up in the Sea? How many Towns do we Sail over? Nay, How many Nations are wholly Loſt, either by Inundations, or Earthquakes? And ſhall I be afraid of my little Body? Why ſhould I, that am ſure to Die, and that all other things are Mortal, be fearful of comming to my laſt Gaſp my Self? It is the Fear of Death that makes us Baſe, and troubles, and deſtroys the Life that we would preſerve: That Aggravates all Circumſtances,

* 'Tis a Folly to fear Death.

and makes them Formidable. We depend but upon a flying Moment. Die we muſt; but When? What's that to us; It is the Law of Nature; the Tribute of Mortals, and the Remedy of all Evils. 'Tis only the Diſguiſe that Affrights us; as Children that are Terrify'd with a Vizor. Take away the Inſtruments of Death, the Fire, the Ax, the Guards, the Executioners, the Whips, and the Racks: take away the Pomp, I ſay, and the Circumſtances that accompany it, and Death is no more than what my Slave yeſterday Contemn'd: The Pain is nothing to a Fit of the Stone; if it be Tolerable, it is not Great; and if Intolerable, it cannot laſt long. There is nothing that Nature has made Neceſſary, which is more Eaſie then Death: We are longer a-coming into the World, then going out of it; and there is not any Minute of our Lives, wherein we may not Reaſonably Expect it. Nay, 'Tis but a Moments Work, the parting of the Soul and Body. What a ſhame is it then to ſtand in Fear of any thing ſo long, that's over ſo ſoon?

*The Fear of Death is Eaſily overcome.

NOR is it any great matter to * overcome this Fear: For we have Examples as well of the *meaneſt* of Men, as of the *greateſt* that have done it. There was a Fellow to be expoſed upon the Theatre, who, in diſdain, thruſt a Stick down his Own Throat, and Choak'd himſelf: And another on the ſame Occaſion, pretending to nod upon the Chariot, as if he were aſleep,

caſt

caſt his Head betwixt the Spokes of the Wheel, and kept his Seat till his Neck was broken. *Caligula*, upon a Diſpute with *Canius Julius*; *Do not flatter your ſelf*, ſays he, *for I have given Order to put you to Death.* *I thank your moſt Gracious Majeſty for it*, ſays *Canius*, giving to underſtand perhaps, that under his Government, Death was a Mercy: For he knew, that *Caligula* ſeldom fail'd of being as good as his Word in that Caſe. He was at Play when the Officer carried him away to his Execution, and beckoning to the Centurion, *Pray*, ſays he, *will you bear me witneſs, when I am dead, and gone, that I had the better of the Game.* He was a Man exceedingly beloved, and lamented: And for a Farewel, after he had Preach'd Moderation to his Friends: *You*, ſays he, *are here diſputing about the Immortality of the Soul, and I am now a going to learn the Truth of it*; *If I diſcover any thing upon that Point, you ſhall hear on't.* Nay, the moſt Timorous of Creatures, when they ſee there's no eſcaping, they oppoſe themſelves to all Dangers; the Deſpair gives them Courage, and the Neceſſity overcomes the Fear. *Socrates* was Thirty days in Priſon after his Sentence, and had time enough to have Starv'd himſelf, and ſo to have prevented the Poyſon; but he gave the World the Bleſſing of his Life as long as he could, and took that Fatal Draught, in the Meditation, and Contempt of Death. *Marcellinus*, in

a Deliberation upon Death, call'd ſeveral of his Friends about him: One was fearful, and Advis'd what he himſelf would have done in the Caſe: Another gave the Counſel which he thought *Marcellinus* would like beſt; but a Friend of his, that was a *Stoick*, and a ſtout Man, reaſon'd the Matter to him after this manner: *Marcellinus*, do not trouble your ſelf, as if it were ſuch a mighty Buſineſs that you have now in hand; 'tis Nothing to *Live*; all your Servants do it, nay, your very Beaſts too; but, to *Die* Honeſtly, and Reſolutely, that's a great Point. Conſider with your ſelf, there's nothing pleaſant in Life, but what you have taſted already, and that which is to come is but the ſame over again; And how many Men are there in the World, that rather chuſe to Die, then to ſuffer the Nauſeous Tediouſneſs of the Repetition? Upon which Diſcourſe he faſted himſelf to Death. It was the Cuſtom of *Pacuvius* to Solemnize in a kind of Pageantry, every day, his own Funerals. When he had Swill'd, and Gormandiz'd, to a Luxurious, and Beaſtly Exceſs, he was carry'd away from Supper to Bed, with this Song and Acclamation, *He has Liv'd, He has Liv'd.* That which he did in Lewdneſs, would become us to do in Sobriety, and Prudence. If it ſhall pleaſe God to add another day to our Lives, let us thankfully receive it, but however, it is our Happieſt, and Secureſt Courſe, ſo to compoſe our ſelves

ſelves to Night, that we may have no Anxious dependence upon to Morrow. *He that can ſay, I have Liv'd this Day, makes the next clear again.*

DEATH is the worſt that either the * Severity of Laws, or the Cruel of Tyrants can impoſe upon us; and it is the Utmoſt extent of the Dominion of Fortune. He that is fortified againſt That, muſt conſequently be Superiour to all other difficulties that are but in the Way to't. Nay, and in ſome Occaſions, it requires more Courage to Live, then to Die. He that is not prepared for Death, ſhall be perpetually troubled, as well with vain Apprehenſions, as with real Dangers. It is not Death it ſelf that is dreadful, but the Fear of it that goes before it. When the Mind is under a Conſternation, there is no State of Life that can pleaſe us, for we do not ſo much endeavour to avoid Miſchiefs, as to Run away from them: and the greateſt Slauter is upon a flying Enemy. Had not a Man better breath out his Laſt once for all, then lie Agonizing in Pains, Conſuming by Inches, looſing of his Blood by Drops, and yet how many are there that are ready to betray there Country, and their Friends, and to proſtitute their very Wives, and Daughters, to preſerve a Miſerable Carkaſs? Madmen, and Children have no apprehenſion of Death, and it were a Shame that our Reaſon ſhould not do as much towards our Security as their

* *He that Deſpiſes Death Fears nothing.*

Folly. But, the great Matter is to Die Conſiderately, and Chearfully, upon the Foundation of Virtue; for Life, in it ſelf, is Irkſome; and only Eating, and Drinking, in a Circle.

* *All Men muſt Die.*

HOW many are there, that betwixt the * Apprehenſions of Death, and the Miſeries of Life, are at their Wits End what to do with themſelves? Wherefore, let us fortifie our ſelves againſt thoſe Calamities, from which the Prince is no more exempt then the Beggar. *Pompey* the Great had his Head taken off by a Boy, and an Eunuch (young *Ptolomy*, and *Photinus*.) *Caligula* commanded the Tribune *Decimus* to kill *Lepidus*; and another Tribune (*Chereas*) did as much for *Caligula*. Never was any Man ſo Great, but he was as Liable to ſuffer Miſchief, as he was able to do it. Has not a Thief, or an Enemy your Throat at his Mercy? Nay, and the meaneſt of Servants has the Power of Life, and Death over his Maſter, for whoſoever contemns his own Life, may be the Maſter of Another Bodies. You will find in Story, that the Diſpleaſure of Servants has been as Fatal, as that of Tyrants: And what matters it, the Power of him we Fear, when the thing we fear is in every Bodies Power? Suppoſe I fall into the Hands of an Enemy, and the Conqueror Condemns me to be led in Triumph: It is but carrying me thither whither I ſhould have gone without him; that is to ſay, toward Death, whither I

have

have been marching ever ſince I was born. It is the Fear of our Laſt Hour that diſquiets all the Reſt. By the Juſtice of all Conſtitutions, Mankind is Condemn'd to a Capital Puniſhment: Now how deſpicable would that Man appear, who being Sentenc'd to Death in Common with the whole World, ſhould only Petition, that he might be the laſt Man brought to the Block? Some men are particularly afraid of Thunder, and yet extreamly careleſs of Other, and of greater Dangers: as if that were all they have to Fear. Will not a Sword, a Stone, a Fever, do the work as well? Suppoſe the Bolt ſhould hit us, it were yet braver to die with a Stroke, then with the Bare Apprehenſion of it: Beſide the Vanity of Imagining, that Heaven and Earth ſhould be put into ſuch a Diſorder only for the Death of one Man. A Good, and a Brave Man is not mov'd with Lightning, Tempeſts, or Earthquakes: but perhaps he would voluntarily plunge himſelf into that Gulph, where Otherwiſe he ſhould only fall: the cutting of a Corn, or the ſwallowing of a Fly, is enough to diſpatch a Man; and 'tis no matter how great That is, that brings me to my Death, ſo long as Death it ſelf is but Little. Life is a ſmall matter; but 'tis a matter of importance to Contemn it. Nature that Begot us, expells us, and a better, and a ſafer Place is provided for us. And what is Death, but a Ceaſing to be what we were before; we

are kindled, and put out; to Ceaſe to Be, and not to Begin to Be, is the ſame thing? We die daily; and while we are growing, our Life decreaſes: every moment that paſſes, takes away part of it: All that's paſt is Loſt: Nay, we divide with Death the very Inſtant that we Live. As the laſt Sand in the Glaſs does not Meaſure the Hour, but finiſhes it; ſo the Laſt Moment that we Live does not make up Death, but concludes. There are ſome that Pray more earneſtly for Death, than we do for Life; but it is better to receive it chearfully when it Comes, then to haſten it before the time.

To what end ſhould we Covet Life.

BUT, What is it that we would live any longer for? * Not for our Pleaſures; for thoſe we have taſted over and over, even to Satiety: ſo that there's no Point of Luxury that's New to us; *But a Man would be loth to leave his Country, and his Friends behind him.* That is to ſay, he would have them go Firſt; for that's the leaſt part of his Care. *Well! But I would fain live to do more Good, and diſcharge my ſelf in the Offices of Life:* As if to die were not the Duty of every Man that Lives. We are loth to leave our Poſſeſſions; and no Man Swims well with his Luggage. We are all of us equally Fearful of Death, and Ignorant of Life: But, what can be more ſhameful, then to be Solicitous upon the Brink of Security? If Death be at any time to be Fear'd, it is Always to be Fear'd; but

the

the way never to Fear it, is to be often thinking of it. To what end is it to put off, for a little while, that which we cannot avoid? He that dies, does but follow him that is dead. *Why are we then ſo long afraid of that which is ſo little a while a doing?* How miſerable are thoſe People that ſpend their Lives in the diſmal Apprehenſions of Death! For, they are beſet on all hands, and every Minute in dread of a Surprize. We muſt therefore look about us, as if we were in an Enemies Country; and Conſider our Laſt Hour, not as a Puniſhment, but as the Law of Nature: The Fear of it is a Continual Palpitation of the Heart, and he that overcomes That Terror, ſhall never be troubled with any Other. Life is a Navigation; we are Perpetually wallowing, and daſhing one againſt another; Sometimes we ſuffer Shipwrack, but we are always in danger, and in Expectation of it. And, what is it when it comes, but either the end of a Journey, or a Paſſage? It is as great a Folly to Fear *Death*, as to Fear *Old Age*. Nay, as to Fear *Life* it ſelf; For he that would not die, ought not to live, ſince Death is the Condition of Life. Beſide, that it is a Madneſs to fear a thing that is Certain; for where there is no doubt, there is no Place for Fear.

We are ſtill chiding of * Fate, and even thoſe that exact the moſt rigorous Juſtice betwixt Man and Man, are yet themſelves Unjuſt to Providence. *Why was ſuch a One*

taken

**To Die, is to obey Nature.*

taken away in the Prime of his Years? As if it were the Number of Years that makes Death eaſie to us, aud not the Temper of the Mind. He that would live a little Longer to day, would be as loath to Die a Hundred Years hence. But, which is more Reaſonable, for us to obey Nature, or for Nature to obey Us? Go we muſt at Laſt, and no matter how ſoon: 'Tis the Work of Fate to make us Live Long, but 'tis the Buſineſs of Virtue to make a ſhort Life ſufficient. Life is to be meaſur'd by Action, not by Time; a Man may Die Old at Thirty, and Young at Fourſcore. Nay, the One Lives after Death, and the Other Periſh'd before he Dy'd. I look upon Age among the Effects of Chance. How long I ſhall live is in the Power of Others, but it is in my Own, how Well. The largeſt ſpace of time, is to Live till a Man is Wiſe. He that Dies of Old Age, does no more then go to Bed when he is weary. Death is the Teſt of Life, and it is that only which diſcovers what we are, and diſtinguiſhes betwixt Obſtentation, and Virtue. A man may Diſpute, Cite great Authorities, Talk Learnedly, Huff it out, and yet be rotten at Heart. But let us Soberly attend our Buſineſs, and ſince it is Uncertain, *When*, or *Where* we ſhall Die, let us look for Death in all Places, and at all Times: We can never Study that Point too much, which we can never come to Experiment, whether we know it or no.

It

It is a bleſſed thing to diſpatch the Buſineſs of Life before we Die; and then to Expect Death in the Poſſeſſion of a Happy Life. He's the Great Man, that is willing to Die, when his Life is pleaſant to him. An Honeſt Life is not a Greater Good then on Honeſt Death. How many Brave young men, by an Inſtinct of Nature, are carry'd on to Great Actions, and even to the Contempt of all Hazards?

'TIS Childiſh to go out of the World Groaning, and Wailing, as we came into't. Our Bodies muſt be thrown away, as the Secundine that wraps up the Infant, the other being only the Covering of the Soul: We ſhall then diſcover the Secrets of Nature; the Darkneſs ſhall be diſcuſs'd, and our Souls Irradiated with Light, and Glory: A Glory without a Shadow; a Glory that ſhall ſurround us, and from whence we ſhall look down, and ſee Day, and Night beneath us. If we cannot lift up our Eyes toward the Lamp of Heaven without dazling, What ſhall we do when we come to behold the Divine Light in its Illuſtrious Original? That death which we ſo much dread, and decline, is not a Determination, but the Intermiſſion of a Life, which will return again. All thoſe things that are the very Cauſe of Life, are the way to Death: We Fear it, as we do Fame, but it is a great Folly to Fear Words. Some People are ſo impatient of Life, that they are ſtill wiſhing for Death; but he that wiſhes

*'Tis Childiſh to Die Lamenting.

wiſhes to Die, does not deſire it; Let us rather wait God's Pleaſure, and Pray for Health, and Life. If we have a Mind to Live, Why do we wiſh to Die? If we have a mind to Die, we may do it without talking of it. Men are a great deal more Reſolute in the Article of *Death* it ſelf, then they are about the Circumſtances of it. For it gives a Man Courage to Conſider, that his Fate is inevitable; the ſlow Approches of Death are the moſt troubleſome to us; as we ſee many a Gladiator, who, upon his Wounds, will direct his Adverſary's Weapon to his very Heart; though but Timorous perhaps in the Combat. There are ſome that have not the Heart either to Live, or Die, and that's a Sad Caſe. But this we are ſure of, *The Fear of Death is a Continual Slavery, as the Contempt of it is Certain Liberty.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Conſolations againſt Death *from the* Providence, *and the* Neceſſity *of it.*

THIS Life is only a Prelude to Eternity, where we are to expect Another Original, and Another State of Things: We have no Proſpect of Heaven Here, but at a Diſtance; Let us therefore expect our Laſt, and Decretory Hour, with Courage. The Laſt (I ſay) to our Bodies, but not to our Minds: Our Luggage we muſt leave behind us, and return as Naked out of the World, as we came into't. The day which we Fear as our Laſt, is but the Birth-day of our Eternity; and it is the only way to't: So that what we Fear as a Rock, proves to be but a Port; In many Caſes to be Deſir'd, never to be Refus'd; and he that Dies Young, has only made a Quick Voyage on't. Some are Becalm'd; Others cut it away before the Wind; and we Live juſt as we Sail: Firſt, we run our Childhood out of ſight; our Youth next; and then our Middle Age: After That, follows Old Age, and brings us to the Common End of Mankind. It is a great Providence that we have more ways Out of the World, then we have Into't. Our Security ſtands upon a Point,

a Point, the very Article of Death. It draws a great many Bleſſings into a very Narrow Compaſs: And although the Fruit of it does not ſeem to extend to the Defunct, yet the difficulty of it is more then balanc'd by the Contemplation of the Future. Nay, ſuppoſe that all the Buſineſs of This World ſhould be forgotten; or my Memory traduc'd, What's all this to me? *I Have done my Duty.* Undoubtedly That which puts an End to all other Evils cannot be a very great Evil it Self; and yet it is no eaſy thing for fleſh and Blood to deſpiſe Life. What if Death comes? If it does not ſtay with us, why ſhould we Fear it? One Hangs himſelf for a Miſtreſs; Another Leaps the Garret Window to avoid a Cholerick Maſter; a Third runs away, and Stabs Himſelf, rather then he will be brought back again. We ſee the Force, even of our Infirmities, and ſhall we not then do greater things for the Love of Virtue? To ſuffer Death, is but the Law of Nature; and it is a great Comfort that it can be done but Once; in the very Convulſions of it, we have this Conſolation, that our Pain is near an end, and that it frees us from all the Miſeries of Life. What it is, we Know not; and it were Raſh to Condemn, what we do not Underſtand: But this we Preſume, either that we ſhall paſs out of This into a Better Life, where we ſhall live with Tranquility and Splendor in Diviner Manſions, or elſe re-

turn

turn to our firſt Principles, free from the Senſe of any Inconvenience. There's Nothing Immortal, Nor Many things Laſting; but by Divers ways every thing comes to an End. What an Arrogance is it then, when the World it ſelf ſtands Condemn'd to a Diſſolution, that Man alone ſhould expect to live for Ever? It is Unjuſt not to allow unto the Giver, the Power of diſpoſing of his Own bounty; and a Folly, only to value the Preſent. Death is as much a Debt, as Money; and Life is but a Journey towards it. Some diſpatch it Sooner, others Later; but we muſt All have the ſame Period. The Thunder-bolt is undoubtedly juſt, that draws, even from thoſe that are ſtruck with it, a Veneration. A Great Soul takes no Delight in ſtaying with the Body, it conſiders whence it Came, and Knows whither it is to Go. The day will come, that ſhall ſeparate this Mixture of Soul, and Body; of Divine, and Humane: My Body I will leave where I found It; My Soul I will Reſtore to Heaven, which would have been There already, but for the Clog that keeps it down: And beſide; How many men have been the worſe for longer Living, that might have dy'd with Reputation, if they had been ſooner taken away? How many Diſappointments of Hopeful Youths, that have proved diſſolute men? Over and above the Ruines, Shipwracks, Torments, Priſons, that attend Long Life: A Bleſſing ſo deceitful, that

that if a Child were in condition to Judge of it, and at Liberty to Refuse it, he would not take it.

*What God has made Necessary Man should comply with Cheerfully.

* WHAT Providence has made Necessary, Humane Prudence should comply with Cheerfully: As there is a Necessity of Death, so that Necessity is Equal, and Invincible. No man has cause of Complaint for that which Every Man must suffer as well as himself. When we *should* die, we *Will not*, and when we *would not*, we *must*: But, our Fate is Fixt, and Unavoidable is the Decree. Why do we then stand Trembling when the Time comes? Why do we not as well lament that we did not Live a Thousand years ago, as that we shall not be alive a Thousand years hence? 'Tis but traveling the Great Road, and to the Place whither we must All go at Last: 'Tis but submitting to the Law of Nature, and to that Lot which the whole World has suffered, that is gone Before us; and so must They too, that are to Come After us. Nay, how many Thousands, when our Time comes, will Expire in the same Moment with us? He that will not Follow, shall be drawn by Force: And, Is it not much better now to do That willingly, which we shall otherwise be made to do in spight of our Hearts? The Sons of Mortal Parents must expect a Mortal Posterity; Death is the End of Great and Small. We are Born Helpless, and expos'd to the Injuries of all Creatures, and of all Weathers.

The

The very Neceſſaries of Life are deadly to us. We meet with our Fate in our Diſhes, in our Cups, and in the very Air we Breath; Nay, our very Birth is Inauſpicious, for we come into the World Weeping; and in the Middle of our Deſigns, while we are meditating great Matters, and ſtretching of our Thoughts to After Ages, Death cuts us off, and our longeſt Date is only the Revolution of a few years. One Man Dies at the Table; Another goes away in his Sleep; A Third in his Miſtreſs's Arms; a Forth is Stabb'd; Another is Stung with an Adder, or Cruſh'd with the Fall of a Houſe. We have ſeveral ways to our End, but the End it ſelf, which is Death, is ſtill the ſame. Whether we die by a Sword, by a Halter, by a Potion, or by a Diſeaſe, 'tis all but *Death.* A Child dies in the Swadling Clouts, and an Old Man at a Hundred; they are both Mortal alike, though the One goes ſooner then the Other. All that lies betwixt the Cradle and the Grave, is uncertain. If we compute the *Troubles*, the Life even of a Child is Long; if the *Swiftneſs* of the *Paſſage*, That of an Old Man is ſhort; The whole is ſlippery, and Deceitful, and only Death Certain; and yet all People Complain of That which never Deceiv'd any Man. *Senecio* rais'd himſelf from a Small Beginning, to a Vaſt fortune, being very well skill'd in the Faculties both of Getting, and of Keeping; and either of them was ſufficient

for the doing of his Buſineſs. He was a Man Infinitely Careful, both of his Patrimony, and of his Body. He gave me a Mornings Viſit (ſays our Author) and after that Viſit, he went away, and ſpent the reſt of the day with a Friend of his that was deſperately Sick. At Night he was Merry at Supper, and ſeized immediately after with a Squinſy, which diſpatch'd him in a few hours. This Man that had Money at uſe in all Places, and in the very Courſe and height of his Proſperity, was thus Cut off. How Fooliſh a thing is it then for a Man to flatter himſelf with long Hopes and to pretend to Diſpoſe of the Future? Nay, the very Preſent ſlips through our Fingers, and there is not that moment which we can call our Own. How vain a thing is it for us to enter upon Projects? and to ſay to our ſelves, *Well! I'll go Build, Purchaſe, Diſcharge ſuch Offices, Settle my Affairs, and then retire.* We are all of us Born to the ſame Cauſualties; All equally Frail, and Uncertain of To morrow. At the very Altar, where we pray for Life we Learn to Die, by ſeeing the Sacrifices Kill'd before us. But there's no Need of a Wound, or ſearching the Heart for't, when the Nooſe of a Cord, or the Smothering of a Pillow will do the Work. All things have their Seaſons; they Begin, they Encreaſe, and they Die. The Heavens and the Earth grow Old, and are appointed their Periods. That which we call Death,

is but a Pauſe, or Suſpenſion; and in truth a Progreſs to Life; only our Thoughts look downward upon the Body, and not Forward upon things to Come. All things under the Sun are Mortal; Cities, Empires: And the time will come, when it ſhall be a Queſtion Where they Were, and perchance whether ever they had a Being, or no. Some will be deſtroy'd by War; Others by Luxury, Fire, Inundations, Earthquakes: Why ſhould it trouble me then to Die, as a Fore-runner of an Univerſal Diſſolution? A Great Mind Submits it ſelf to God, and ſuffers willingly what the Law of the Univerſe will otherwiſe bring to paſs upon Neceſſity. That good Old Man *Baſſus* (though with one foot in the Grave) how Cheerful a Mind does he bear? He lives in the View of Death, and Contemplates his Own End with leſs Concern of Thought, or Countenance, then he would do Another Man's. It is a hard Leſſon, and we are a long time a Learning of it, to receive our Death without Trouble, eſpecially in the Caſe of *Baſſus*. In other Deaths there's a Mixture of Hope; A Diſeaſe may be Cur'd, a Fire Quench'd, A falling Houſe either Prop'd or Avoided; the Sea may Swallow a Man, and throw him up again. A pardon may enterpoſe betwixt the Axe and the Body; but in the Caſe of Old Age there's no Place for either Hope, or Interceſſion. Let us live in our Bodies therefore, as if we were only to Lodge in

them This Night, and to leave them To morrow. It is the frequent Thought of Death that muſt fortifie us againſt the Neceſſity of it. He that has Arm'd himſelf againſt Poverty, may perhaps come to Live in Plenty. A Man may ſtrengthen himſelf againſt Pain, and yet live in a State of Health; Againſt the Loſs of Friends, and never loſe any: But he that fortifies himſelf againſt the Fear of Death, ſhall moſt certainly have Occaſion to employ that Virtue. It is the Care of a Wiſe and a good Man to look to his Manners, and Actions; and rather how well he Lives, then how Long: For to Die Sooner, or Later, is not the Buſineſs, but to Die Well, or Ill: For *Death brings us to Immortality.*

CHAP. XXIII.

Against Immoderate Sorrow for the Death of Friends.

NEXT to the Encounter of Death in our own Bodies, the moſt ſenſible Calamity to an Honeſt Man is the Death of a Friend; and we are not in truth without ſome Generous Inſtances of thoſe that havs prefer'd a Friend's Life before their Own; And yet this Affliction, which by Nature is ſo Grievious to us, is, by Virtue, and Providence, made Familiar, and Eaſie.

TO Lament the Death of a Friend, is both * Natural, and Juſt: A Sigh, or a Tear I would allow to his Memory; but no Profuſe, or obſtinate Sorrow; Clamorous, and Publick Lamentations are not ſo much the Effects of Grief, as of Vain-Glory. He that is Sadder in Company then Alone, ſhews rather the Ambition of his Sorrow, then the Piety of it. Nay, and in the violence of his Paſſion, there fall out Twenty things that ſet him a Laughing. At the long Run, Time Cures All, but it were better done by Moderation, and Wiſdom. Some People do as good as ſet a watch upon themſelves, as if they were afraid that

* *Sorrow within Bounds is allowable.*

their Grief would make an eſcape. The Oſtentation of Grief is many times more then the Grief it ſelf. When any Body is within Hearing, what Groans, and Outcries; when they are Alone, and Private, all is Huſh, and Quiet: ſo ſoon as any body comes in, they are at it again; and down they throw themſelves upon the Bed; fall to wringing of their Hands, and wiſhing of themſelves dead; which they might have Executed by themſelves; but their Sorrow goes off with the Company. We forſake Nature, and run over to the Practices of the People, that never were the Authors of any thing that is Good. If Deſtiny were to be wrought upon by Tears, I would allow you to ſpend your days, and nights in Sadneſs, and Mourning; Tearing of your Hair, and beating of your Breaſt; but if Fate be Inexorable, and Death will Keep what he has Taken, Grief is to no purpoſe. And yet I would not adviſe Inſenſibility, and Hardneſs; It were Inhumanity, and not Virtue, not to be mov'd at the ſeperation of Familiar Friends, and Relations: Now, in ſuch Caſes, we cannot Command our ſelves; we cannot forbear weeping, and we Ought not to Forbear: But, let us not paſs the Bounds of Affection, and run into Imitation; within Theſe Limits it is ſome eaſe to the Mind.

A Wiſe

A Wiſe Man gives Way to Tears in * Some Caſes, and cannot Avoid them in Others. When one is ſtruck with the Surprize of ill News, as the Death of a Friend, or the like; or upon the Laſt Embrace of An Acquaintance under the Hand of an Executioner, he lies under a Natural Neceſſity of Weeping, and Trembling. In another Caſe we may indulge our Sorrows, as upon the Memory of a Dead Friends Converſation, or Kindneſs, one may let fall Tears of Generoſity, and Joy. We Favour the One, and we are overcome with the Other; and this is well: but we are not upon any Terms to force them; They may flow of their Own accord, without derogating from the Dignity of a Wiſe Man; who at the ſame time both preſerves his Gravity, and Obeys Nature. Nay, there is a Certain *Decorum* even in Weeping; for Exceſs of Sorrow is as Fooliſh as profuſe Laughter. Why do we not as well Cry, when our Trees that we took Pleaſure in, ſhed their Leaves, as at the Loſs of other Satisfactions; When the next Seaſon repairs them, either with the ſame again, or others in their Places. We may *accuſe* Fate, but we cannot *alter* it, for it is Hard, and Inexorable, and not to be remov'd, either with Reproches, or Tears. They may carry *us* to the *Dead*, but never bring *them* back again to Us. If Reaſon does not put an End to our Sorrows, Fortune never will: One is pinch'd

* *Sorrow is in ſome Caſes Allowable, and Inevitable in others.*

with Poverty; Another Solicited with Ambition, and Fears the very Wealth that he Coveted. One is troubled for the Loſs of Children; Another for the Want of them: So that we ſhall ſooner want Tears then Matter for them; let us therefore ſpare that for which we have ſo much Occaſion. I do confeſs, that in the very Parting of Friends there is ſomething of an Uneaſineſs, and Trouble; but it is rather Voluntary, than Natural; and it is Cuſtom more then Senſe, that affects us: We do rather Impoſe a Sorrow upon our ſelves, then ſubmit to it: As People Cry when they have Company, and when no body looks on, all's well again. To mourn without Meaſure, is Folly; and not to Mourn at all, is inſenſibility. The beſt temper is betwixt Piety and Reaſon; to be ſenſible, but neither Tranſported, nor Caſt down. He that can put a ſtop to his Tears and Pleaſures, when he will is ſafe. It is an Equal Infelicity to be either too Soft, or too Hard. We are overcome by the One, and we are put to ſtruggle with the Other. There is a certain Intemperance in That Sorrow that Paſſes the Rules of Modeſty; and yet great Piety is in many Caſes a Diſpenſation to Good Manners. The Loſs of a Son, or of a Friend, cuts a Man to the Heart, and there's no oppoſing the firſt Violence of this Paſſion; but when a Man comes once to diliver himſelf wholly up to Lamentations, he is to underſtand, that

that though ſome Tears Deſerve Compaſſion, Others are yet Ridiculous. A Grief that's Freſh, finds Pity, and Comfort; but when 'tis inveterate 'tis Laugh'd at, for 'tis either Counterfeit, or Fooliſh. Beſide that to Weep exceſſively for the Dead, is an Affront to the Living. The moſt Juſtifiable Cauſe of Mourning is to ſee Good Men come to Ill Ends, and Virtue Oppreſt by the Iniquity of Fortune. But in This Caſe too they either ſuffer Reſolutely, and yield us Delight in their Courage, and Example; or Meanly, and ſo give us the leſs Trouble for the Loſs. He that dies Cheerfully Dries up my Tears, and he that Dies Whiningly does not deſerve them. I would bare the Death of Friends and Children, with the ſame Conſtancy that I would expect my Own; and no more Lament the One, then Fear the Other. He that bethinks himſelf, how often Friends have been Parted, will find more time loſt among the Living, then upon the Dead; and the moſt Deſperate Mourners are they that care'd leaſt for their Friends when they were Living; for they think to Redeem their Credits for want of Kindneſs to the Living, by Extravagant Ravings after the Dead. Some, (I know) will have Grief to be only the Perverſe delight of a Reſtleſs Mind; and Sorrows, and Pleaſures to be near Akin: and there are, I'm Confident, that find Joy even in their Tears. But which is more babarous, to be Inſenſible

ſible of Grief for the Death of a Friend, or to Fiſh for Pleaſure in Grief, when a Son perhaps is burning, or a Friend expiring? To forget ones Friend, to bury the Memory with the Body; to Lament out of Meaſure, is all Inhumane. He that is gone, either would not have his Friend Tormented, or does not know that he is ſo: If he does not feel it, 'tis Superfluous; If he does, 'tis unacceptable to him. If Reaſon cannot prevail, Reputation may; for Immoderate Mourning leſſens a Man's Character: 'Tis a ſhameful thing for a Wiſe Man to make the *Wearineſs* of Grieving the *Remedy* of it. In Time, the moſt ſtubborn Grief will leave us, if in Prudence we do not leave That Firſt.

*We Grieve more for Our own Sakes then for Our Friends.

BUT, Do I Grieve for my Friends ſake, or for my *Own? Why ſhould I afflict my ſelf for the Loſs of him that is either Happy, or not at all in Being? In the One Caſe, 'tis Envy; and in the Other, 'tis Madneſs. We are apt to ſay, *What would I give to ſee him again, and to enjoy his Converſation! I was never ſad in his Company; My Heart leap'd when ever I met him; I want him where ever I go:* All that's to be ſaid is, *The Greater the Loſs, the Greater is the Virtue to Overcome it.* If Grieving will do no Good, 'tis an Idle thing to Grieve; And if That which has befallen One Man remains to All, it is as Unjuſt to Complain. The whole World is upon the March toward the ſame Point; Why do we

we not Cry for our ſelves that are to follow, as well as for him that's gone Firſt? Why do we not as well lament before hand, for That which we know will be, and cannot poſſibly but be? He is not *Gone*, but *Sent before*. As there are many things that he has Loſt, ſo there are many things that he does not Fear: As Anger, Jealouſie, Envy, *&c.* Is he not more Happy in Deſiring Nothing, than Miſerable in what he has loſt? We do not Mourn for the Abſent, why then for the Dead; who are effectually no Other? We have loſt one Bleſſing, But we have many Left; And ſhall not all theſe Satisfactions Support us againſt One Sorrow?

THE Comfort of having a Friend * may be taken away, but not that of having had one. As there is a ſharpneſs in ſome Fruits and a Bitterneſs in ſome Wines that pleaſe us, ſo there is a mixture in the Remembrance of Friends, where the loſs of their Company is ſweetn'd again by the Contemplation of their Virtues. In ſome Reſpects I have loſt what I had; and in Others, I retain ſtill what I have Loſt. 'Tis an ill Conſtruction of Providence to reflect only upon my Friends being taken away, without any Regard to the Benefit of his being once given me. Let us therefore make the Beſt of our Friends, while we have them; for how long we ſhall keep them, is Uncertain. I have loſt a Hopeful Son, but, How many Fathers have been deceiv'd

* *There's no Dealing with the firſt Tranſports of Sorrow.*

deceived in their Expectations? And how many Noble Families have been destroy'd by Luxury, and Riot? He that Grieves for the Loss of a Son, What if he had lost a Friend? And yet he that has lost a Friend, has more Cause of Joy that he once had him, than of Grief that he is taken away. Shall a Man bury his Friendship with his Friend? We are ungrateful for that which is past, in hope of what's to come; as if that which is to come would not quickly be past too. That which is past we are sure of. We may receive Satisfaction, 'tis true both from the Future, and what's already Past; the One by Expectation, and the Other by Memory: only the one may possibly not come to pass, and it is Impossible to make the Other not to have Been.

* *There's no Dealing with the first Transports of Sorrow.*

BUT * there's no applying of Consolation to fresh, and Bleeding Sorrows; the very Discourse Irritates the Grief, and Inflames it. 'Tis like an Unseasonable Medicine in a Disease, when the first Violence is Over, it will be more Tractable and endure the Handling. Those People whose Minds ere weaken'd by long Felicity, may be allow'd to Groan and Complain, but it is otherwise with those that have led their days in Misfortunes. A long Course of Adversity has this Good in't that though it vexes a Body a great while, it comes to harden us at last: As a Raw Soldier shrinks at every Wound, and dreads the

the Surgoen more than an Enemy; whereas a *Veteran* ſees his own Body cut, and lam'd with as little Concern as if it were Anothers. With the ſame Reſolution ſhould we ſtand the Shock, and Cure of all Misfortunes; we are never the better for our Experience, if we have not yet learn'd to be Miſerable. And there's no thought of Curing us by the Diverſion of Sports, and Entertainments; we are apt to fall into Relapſes; wherefore we had better Overcome our Sorrow, than Delude it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Conſolations againſt Baniſhment, and Bodily Pain.

IT is a Maſter-piece to draw Good out of Evil; and by the Help of Virtue to improve Misfortunes into Bleſſings. *'Tis a ſad Condition, you'l ſay, for a Man to be barr'd the Freedom of his own Country.* And is not This the Caſe of Thouſands that we meet every day in the Streets; Some, for Ambition; Others, to Negotiate, or for Curioſity, Delight, Friendſhip, Study, Experience, Luxury, Vanity, Diſcontent: Some, to Exerciſe their Vertues, Others, their Vices; and not a few to Proſtitute either their Bodies, or their Eloquence? To paſs now from pleaſant Countries into the worſt of Iſlands; Let them be never ſo Barren, or Rocky, the People never ſo Barbarous, or the Clime never ſo Intemperate; he that is Baniſhed thither, ſhall find many Strangers to live there for their Pleaſure. The Mind of Man is Naturally Curious, and Reſtleſs; which

which is no wonder, conſidering their Divine Original; for Heavenly things are always in Motion • Witneſs the Stars, and the Orbs, which are perpetually Moving, Rowling, and Changing of Place, according to the Law, and Appointment of Nature. But here are no Woods, you'll ſay, no Rivers; no Gold, nor Pearl; no Commodity for Traffick, or Commerce; nay, hardly Proviſion enough to keep the Inhabitants from ſtarving. 'Tis very Right; here are no Palaces, no Artificial Grotto's, or Materials for Luxury, and Exceſs; but we lie under the Protection of Heaven, and a Poor Cottage; for a Retreat is more worth, then the moſt Magnificent Temple, when that Cottage is Conſecrated by an Honeſt Man under the Guard of his Virtue. Shall any Man think Baniſhment Grievous, when he may take ſuch Company along with him? Nor is there any Baniſhment, but yields enough for our Neceſſities, and no Kingdom is ſufficient, for ſuperfluities. It is the Mind that makes us Rich in a Deſart; and if the Body be but kept Alive, the Soul Enjoys all Spiritual Felicities in Abundance. What ſignifies the being Baniſh'd from one Spot of Ground to Another, to a Man that has his Thoughts Above and can look Forward, and Backward, and where-ever he pleaſes; and that where-ever he is, has the ſame Matter to work upon? The

The Body is but the Priſon, or the Clog of the Mind; ſubjected to Puniſhments, Robberies, Diſeaſes; but the Mind is Sacred, and Spiritual, and Liable to no Violence. Is it that a Man ſhall want Garments, or Covering in Baniſhment? The Body is as eaſily Cloath'd, as Fed? and Nature has made nothing Hard that is Neceſſary. But if nothing will ſerve us, but Rich Embroideries, and Scarlet, 'tis none of Fortune's Fault that we are Poor, but our Own. Nay, ſuppoſe a Man ſhould have All reſtor'd him back again that he has Loſt; it will come to nothing, for he will want more after That, to ſatisfie his Deſires, then he did before, to ſupply his Neceſſities. Inſatiable Appetites are not ſo much a Thirſt, as a Diſeaſe.

* *Baniſhment is but Change of Place, in which ſenſe, All People, and Nations have been Baniſh'd.*

TO come Lower now; Where's * That People, or Nation, that have not Chang'd their Place of Abode? Some by the Fate of War; Others have been caſt by Tempeſts, Shipwrecks, or Want of Proviſions upon unknown Coaſts. Some have been forced Abroad by peſtilence, Sedition, Earthquakes, Surcharge of People at Home. Some Travel to ſee the World; Others for Commerce; But, in fine, it is clear, that upon ſome Reaſon or other, the whole Race of Mankind have ſhifted their Quarters; Chang'd their very Names, as well as their Habitations;

ons; Insomuch, that we have lost the very Memorials of what they were. All these Transportations of People, what are they, but Publick Banishments? The very *Founder* of the *Roman Empire* was an *Exile:* Briefly; The whole World has been Transplanted, and one Muration treads upon the Heel of another. That which one Man Desires, turns another Man's Stomach; and he that Proscribes me To-day, shall himself be cast out To-morrow. We have however this Comfort in our Misfortune; we have the same Nature, the same Providence, and we carry our Vertues along with us. And This Blessing we owe to that Almighty Power, call it what you will; either a *God*, or an *Incorporeal Reason*, a *Divine Spirit*, or *Fate*, and the *Unchangeable Course* of *Causes*, and *Effects:* It is however so order'd; that nothing can be taken from us, but what we can well spare; and that which is most Magnificent, and Valuable, continues with us. Where ever we go, we have the Heaven over our Heads, and no further from us, then they were before; and so long as we can entertain our Eyes, and Thoughts with those Glories, what matter is it what Ground we tread upon?

IN the Case of Pain, or Sickness, 'tis only the Body that is affected: It may take off the Speed of a Footman, or

Pain only affects the Body, not the Mind.

Bind the Hands of a Cobler, but the Mind is ſtill at liberty to Hear, Learn, Teach, Adviſe, and to do other Good Offices. 'Tis an Example of Publick Benefit, a Man that is in Pain and Patient. Virtue may ſhew it ſelf, as well in the Bed, as in the Field; and he that cheerfully encounters the Terrors of Death, and Corporal Anguiſh, is as great a Man, as he that moſt Generouſly hazards himſelf in a Battle. A Diſeaſe, 'tis true, bars us of ſome Pleaſures, but procures us others. Drink is never ſo grateful to us, as in a Burning Fever, nor Meat, as when we have faſted our ſelves ſharp, and hungry. The Patient may be forbidden ſome Senſual Satisfaction, but no Phyſician will forbid us the Delight of the Mind. Shall we call any Sick man Miſerable, becauſe he muſt give over his Intemperance of Wine and Gluttony, and betake himſelf to a Diet of more Sobriety, and leſs Expence; and abandon his Luxury, which is the Diſtemper of the Mind, as well as of the Body? 'Tis Troubleſome, I know, at firſt, to abſtain from the Pleaſures we have been us'd to, and to endure Hunger and Thirſt; but in a Little Time we loſe the very Appetite, and 'tis no trouble then, to be without That which we do not deſire. In Diſeaſes, there are great Pains; but if they be Long, they Remit, and give us ſome Inter-

Intervals of Eaſe; if ſhort and violent, either they Diſpatch *Us*, or Conſume *Themſelves*; So that either their Reſpites make them Tolerable, or the Extremity makes them Short. So merciful is Almighty God to us, That our Torments cannot be very Sharp, and Laſting. The Acuteſt Pains are thoſe that Affect the Nerves, but there's this comfort in them too, that they will quickly make us Stupid, and Inſenſible. In Caſes of Extremity, let us call to mind the moſt Eminent Inſtances of Patience, and Courage, and turn our Thoughts from our Afflictions to the Contemplation of Virtue. Suppoſe it be the Stone, the Gout, nay, the Rack it ſelf; how many have endur'd it without ſo much as a Groan, or a Word ſpeaking, without ſo much as Asking for Relief, or giving an Anſwer to a Queſtion. Nay, they have Laugh'd at the Tormenters upon the very Torture, and provok'd them to New Experiments of their Cruelty, which they have had ſtill in Deriſion. The *Aſthma* I look upon, as of all Diſeaſes, the moſt Importune; the Phyſicians call it *The Meditation of Death*, as being rather an Agony, then a Sickneſs: The Fit holds one not above an Hour, as no body is long in Expiring. There are Three Things Grievous in Sickneſs, the Fear of Death, Bodily Pain, and the Intermiſſion of our

Pleasures: The first is to be imputed to Nature, not to the Disease, for we do not Die because we are Sick, but because we Live. Nay, Sickness it self has preserv'd many a Man from Dying.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Poverty, to a Wiſe Man, is rather a Bleſſing, then a Misfortune.

NO Man ſhall ever be Poor, that goes to himſelf for what he wants: and that's the readieſt way to Riches: Nature indeed will have her Due, but yet whatſoever is beyond Neceſſity, is Precarious, and not Neceſſary. It is not her Buſineſs to gratifie the Palate, but to ſatisfie a Craving Stomach: Bread, when a Man is Hungry, does his Work, let it be never ſo coarſe; and Water when he is a Dry; Let his Thirſt be Quenched, and Nature is ſatisfy'd; no matter whence it comes, or whether he Drinks in Gold, Silver, or in the Hollow of his Hand. To Promiſe a Man Riches, and to Teach him Poverty, is to Deceive him: But ſhall I call him Poor, that wants nothing; though he may be beholden for it to his Patience, rather than to his Fortune? Or ſhall any Man deny him to be Rich, whoſe Riches can never be taken away? Whether is it better to have Much, or Enough? He that has Much deſires More, which ſhews, that he has not yet Enough; but he that has Enough, is at Reſt. Shall a Man be reputed the leſs

Rich, for not having That, for which he ſhall be Baniſh'd; for which his very Wife, or Son, ſhall Poiſon him: That which gives him Security in War, and Quiet in Peace; which he poſſeſſes without Danger, and diſpoſes of without Trouble? No Man can be Poor that has enough; nor Rich, that Covets more then he has. *Alexander*, after all his Conqueſts, complain'd that he wanted more Worlds; he deſir'd Something More, even when he had Gotten All: And That which was ſufficient for Humane Nature, was not enough for One Man. Money never made any Man Rich; for the more he had, the more he ſtill Coveted. The Richeſt man that ever liv'd is Poor, in my Opinion, and in any man's may be ſo: but he that keeps himſelf to the ſtint of Nature; does neither feel Poverty, nor fear it, nay, even in Poverty it ſelf, there are ſome things ſuperfluous. Thoſe which the World calls Happy, their Felicity is a falſe Splendor, that dazles the Eyes of the Vulgar; but our Rich Man is Glorious, and Happy within. There's no Ambition in Hunger, or Thirſt: Let there be Food, and no matter for the Table, the Diſh, and the Servants; nor with what Meats Nature is ſatisfy'd. Thoſe are the Torments of Luxury, that rather ſtuff the Stomach then fill it: It ſtudies rather to cauſe an Appetite, then to allay it. 'Tis not for us to ſay, *This is not Handſome; That's Common; T'other offends my Eye.*

Nature

Nature provides for Health, not Delicacy. When the Trumpet Sounds a Charge, the Poor man knows that he's not aim'd at; When they cry out *Fire*, his Body is all he has to look after; If he be to take a Journey, there's no blocking up of Streets, and Thronging of Passages for a Parting Compliment: A small matter fills his Belly, and contents his Mind; he lives from Hand to Mouth, without Carking or Fearing for to-morrow. The Temperate Rich man is but his Counterfeit; his Wit is quicker, and his Appetite calmer.

NO Man finds Poverty a Trouble to him, but he that thinks it so; and he that thinks it so, makes it so; Does not a Rich Man Travel more at Ease, with less Luggage, and fewer Servants? Does he not Eat, many times, as Little, and as Course in the Field, as a Poor man? Does he not, for his Own Pleasure, sometimes, and for Variety, Feed upon the Ground, and use only Earthen Vessels? Is not he a Mad-man then, that always fears what he often desires, and dreads the Thing that he takes delight to imitate? He that would know the worst of Poverty, let him but compare the Looks of the Rich, and of the Poor, and he shall find the poor man to have a smoother Brow, and to be more merry at Heart; or if any Trouble befalls him, it passes over like a Cloud: Whereas the other, either his Good Humor is Counterfeit, or his Melan-

* *Poverty is only Troublesome in Opinion.*

choly Deep, and Ulcerated, and the Worſe, becauſe he dares not publickly own his Misfortune; but he is Forc'd to play the Part of a Happy Man, even with a Cancer in his Heart. His Felicity is but Perſonated, and if he were but ſtripp'd of his Ornaments, he would be Contemptible In buying of a Horſe, we take off his Cloths and his Trappings, and examine his Shape and Body, for fear of being Cozen'd: And ſhall we put an Eſtimate upon a Man for being ſet off by his Fortune, and Quality? Nay, if we ſee any thing of Ornament about him, we are to ſuſpect him the more for ſome Infirmity under it. He that is not Content in Poverty, would not be ſo neither in Plenty; for the Fault is not in the Thing, but in the Mind. If That be Sickly, remove him from a Kennel to a Palace, he is at the ſame Paſs; for he carries his Diſeaſe along with him. What can be Happier than That Condition, both of Mind, and of Fortune, from which we cannot Fall? What can be a greater Felicity, then in a Covetous Deſigning Age, for a Man to live ſafe among Informers, and Thieves? It puts a Poor Man into the very Condition of Providence, that Gives All, without Reſerving Any thing to it Self. How Happy is he that Owes nothing, but to himſelf, and only that, which he can Eaſily Refuſe, or Eaſily Pay. I do not reckon Him Poor, that has but a Little, but he is ſo, that Covets more; It is a Fair

Degree

Degree of Plenty, to have what's Neceſſary. Whether had a Man better find Satiety in Want, or Hunger in Plenty? It is not the Augmenting of our Fortunes, but the Abating of our Appetites, that makes us Rich. Why may not a Man as well Contemn Riches in his Own Coffers, as in Another Man's? And rather Hear that they are His, than feel them to be ſo? Though it is a great matter not to be Corrupted, even by having them under the ſame Roof. He is the Greater Man that's Honeſtly Poor in the middle of Plenty, but he is the more ſecure, that is Free from the Temptation of that Plenty; and has the leaſt Matter for another to Deſign Upon. It is no great buſineſs for a Poor Man to Preach the Contempt of Riches, or for a Rich Man to extol the Benefits of Poverty becauſe we do not know how either the One, or the Other would behave himſelf in the Contrary Condition. The beſt Proof is, the doing of it by Choice, and not by Neceſſity, for the Practice of Poverty in Jeſt, is a Preparation toward the Bearing of it in Earneſt. But it is yet a Generous Diſpoſition ſo to provide for the worſt of Fortunes, as what may be eaſily born: the Premeditation makes them not only Tolerable, but Delightful to us; for there's That in them, without which nothing can be Comfortable, that is to ſay, Security. If there were nothing elſe in Poverty, but the Certain Knowledge of our Friends, it

were

were yet a moſt deſirable Bleſſing, when every man leaves us but thoſe that love us. It is a ſhame to place the Happineſs of Life in Gold and Silver, for which, Bread and Water is ſufficient; Or, at the Worſt, Hunger puts an end to Hunger. For the Honor of *Poverty*, it was both the *Foundation* and the *Cauſe of the Roman Empire*; and no man was ever yet ſo poor, but he had enough to carry him to his Journeys end.

**Mediocrity is the Beſt State of Fortune.*

ALL I deſire is, that my Poverty * may not be a burthen to my ſelf, or make me ſo to others, and That is the beſt State of Fortune, that is neither directly neceſſitous, nor far from it. A Mediocrity of Fortune, with a Gentleneſs of Mind, will preſerve us from Fear, or Envy; which is a Deſirable Condition, for no Man wants power to do miſchief. We never conſider the Bleſſing of coveting nothing, and the Glory of being full in our ſelves, without Depending upon Fortune. With Parcimony, a Little is ſufficient, and without it, Nothing; whereas Frugality makes a poor Man Rich. If we loſe an Eſtate, we had better never have had it: He that has Leaſt to Loſe, has Leaſt to Fear; and thoſe are better ſatisfied whom Fortune never favoured, then thoſe whom ſhe has forſaken. The State is moſt Commodious, that lies betwixt Poverty and Plenty. *Diogenes* underſtood this very well, when he put himſelf into an Incapacity of loſing any thing. That Courſe of Life is moſt

moſt Commodious, which is both ſafe and wholſome; the Body is to be indulg'd no further then for Health, and rather Mortify'd, then not kept in Subjection to the Mind. It is neceſſary to provide againſt Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold; and ſomewhat for a Covering to ſhelter us againſt other Inconveniences; but not a Pin matter whether it be of Turf, or of Marble. A Man may lie as Warm, and as Dry, under a Thatch'd, as under a Gilded Roof. Let the Mind be Great and Glorious, and all other things are Deſpicable in Compariſon. *The Future is Uncertain; and I had rather beg of my ſelf not to deſire any thing, then of Fortune to beſtow it.*

THE END.

SENECA
OF
ANGER
AND
Clemency.

SENECA
OF
ANGER
AND
Clemency.

SENECA OF Anger.

CHAP. I.

Anger *describ'd*; *It is against Nature, and only to be found in Men.*

WE are here to Encounter the most Outragious, Brutal, Dangerous, and Intractable of all Passions; the most Loathsome, and Unmannerly; nay, the most Ridiculous too; and the subduing of this Monster will do a great deal toward the Establishment of Humane Peace. It is the Method of *Physicians*, to begin with a Description of the Disease, before they meddle with the Cure: And I know not why this may not do as well in the Distempers of the Mind, as in those of the Body.

THE

* *Anger described. What it is.*

THE *Stoicks* will have *Anger* to be, *A desire of Punishing another for some Injury done.* Against which it is Objected, That we are many times Angry with those, that never did hurt us, but possibly may, though the Harm be not as yet done. But, I say, that they hurt us already in Conceit: and the very Purpose of it is an Injury in Thought, before it breaks out into Act. It is opposed again, That if Anger were a *Desire of Punishing*, Mean People would not be angry with Great Ones, that are out of their Reach: For, no Man can be said to Desire any thing, which he Judges impossible to Compass. But, I answer, to this; That *Anger* is the *Desire*, not the *Power*, and *Faculty* of *Revenge*: Neither is any Man so low, but that the greatest Man alive, may peradventure, lie at his Mercy.

ARISTOTLE takes *Anger* to be, *A Desire of paying Sorrow for Sorrow*; and of Plaguing those that have Plagued us. It is argu'd against both, that Beasts are Angry; though neither provok'd by any Injury, nor mov'd with a Desire of any bodies Grief, or Punishment. Nay, though they cause it, they do not, design or seek it. Neither is *Anger*, (how unreasonable soever in it self) found any where but in Reasonable Creatures. It is true, that Beasts have an Impulse of Rage, and Fierceness; as they are more affected also than Men, with some Pleasures: But we may as well call them Luxurious, and Ambitious, as Angry. And yet they are not without certain Images of Humane Affections. They have their Likings, and their

their Loathings; but neither the Paſſions of Reaſonable Nature, nor their Virtues, nor their Vices. They are mov'd to Fury by ſome Objects; they are quieted by others; they have their Terrors and their Diſappointments; but, without Reflection: And let them be never ſo much Irritated, or Affrighted, ſo ſoon as ever the Occaſion is remov'd, they fall to their Meat again, and lie down, and take their Reſt. Wiſdom, and Thought are the Goods of the Mind; whereof Bruits are wholly Incapable; and, we are as unlike them within, as we are without: They have an odd Kind of Phancy, and they have a Voice too; but Inarticulate, and Confus'd, and Incapable of thoſe Variations which are Familier to us.

ANGER is not only a Vice, but a Vice point blank againſt Nature, for it divides, in ſtead of Joyning; and, in ſome meaſure fruſtrates the End of Providence in Humane Society. One Man was born to help another: Anger makes us deſtroy one another; the one Unites; the other Seperates; the one is Beneficial to us; the other Miſchievous: The one Succours even ſtrangers: the other Deſtroys even the moſt intimate Friends: The one Ventures all to Save another, the other Ruines himſelf to Undo another. Nature is Bountiful; but Anger is Pernicious: For it is not Fear, but Mutual Love, that binds up Mankind. *It is againſt Nature.*

THERE are ſome Motions that look like Anger, which cannot properly be call'd ſo; as the Paſſion of the people againſt the *Gladi-*

ators, when they hang off, and will not make so quick a Diſpatch as the Spectators would have them: There is ſomething in it of the Humor of Children, that if they get a Fall, will never leave Bawling, till the naughty Ground is beaten, and then all is well again. They are Angry without any Cauſe, or Injury; they are deluded by an Imitation of Strokes, and pacify'd with Counterfeit Tears. A Falſe, and a Childiſh Sorrow is appeas'd with as falſe and as Childiſh a Revenge. They take it for a Contempt, if the *Gladiators* do not Immediately caſt themſelves upon the Swords Point. They look preſently about them from one to another, as who ſhould ſay; *Do but ſee, my Maſters, how theſe Rogues abuſe us.*

Several Sorts of Anger.

To deſcend to the particular Branches, and Varieties, would be unneceſſary, and endleſs. There is a Stubborn, a Vindictive, a Quarrelſome, a Violent, a Froward, a Sullen, a Moroſe kind of Anger; And then we have this Variety in Complication too. One goes no further then Words, Another proceeds immediately to Blows, without a word ſpeaking; a Third ſort breaks out into Curſing and Reproachful Language: And there are, that content themſelves with Chiding and Complaining. There's a Conciliable Anger, and there is an Implacable; but in what Form, or Degree ſoever it appears, all Anger without Exception, is vicious.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The Riſe of Anger.

The Queſtion will be here, Whether *Anger* takes its Riſe from Impulſe, or Judgment? That is, Whether it be mov'd of its one accord, or as many other things are from within us, that ariſe we know not how? The Clearing of this Point will lead us to greater Matters.

THE *firſt* Motion of *Anger*, is, in truth, Involuntary; and only a kind of Menacing preparation towards it. The *ſecond* deliberates, as who ſhould ſay, *This Injury ſhould not paſs without a Revenge*; and there it ſtops. The *Third* is Impotent; and, Right or Wrong, reſolves upon Vengeance. The *Firſt Motion* is not to be avoided, nor Indeed the *Second*, any more then Yawning for Company: Cuſtom, and Care may leſſen it, but Reaſon it ſelf cannot overcome it. The *Third*, as it riſes upon Conſideration, it muſt fall ſo too; for, that Motion which proceeds with Judgment, may be taken away with Judgment. A Man thinks himſelf Injur'd, and hath a Mind to be reveng'd, but, for ſome Reaſon, lets it reſt. This is not properly *Anger*, but an *Affection over rul'd by Reaſon*: A kind of Propoſal diſapprov'd. And, What are Reaſon, and Affection; but only Changes of the Mind for

The firſt Motion of Anger.

the better, or for the worse? Reason Deliberates before it Judges; but Anger passes Sentence without Deliberation: Reason only attends the Matter in hand; but, Anger is startled at every Accident: It passes the Bounds of Reason; and carries it away with it. In short; *Anger is an Agitation of the Mind that proceeds to the Resolution of a Revenge, the Mind assenting to it.* There is no doubt but Anger is mov'd by the Species of an Injury, but whether that Motion be Voluntary, or Involuntary, is the Point in debate; though it seems manifest to me, that *Anger* does nothing, but where the Mind goes along with it. For, first to take an Offence, and then to meditate a Revenge; and, after that, to lay both Propositions together, and say to my self, *This Injury ought not to have been done; but as the Case stands, I must do my self Right.* This Discourse can never proceed without the Concurrence of the Will. The first Motion indeed is single; but, all the Rest is Deliberation, and Superstructure: There is something understood, & condemn'd; an Indignation conceiv'd, and a Revenge propounded. This can never be without the Agreement of the Mind to the Matter in Deliberation. The End of this Question is, to know the Nature, and Quality of *Anger*. If it be bred in us it will never yield to Reason, for all involuntary Motions are Inevitable, and Invincible; as a kind of Horror, and Shrugging upon the Sprinkling of cold Water; the Hair standing on end at ill News: Giddiness at the sight of a Precipice;

Blushing

Blushing at lewd Discourse. In these Cases, Reason can do no good; but *Anger* may undoubtedly be overcome by Caution, and good Counsel; for it is *a voluntary Vice*, and not of the Condition of those Accidents that befal us as Frailties of our Humanity: Amongst which must be reckon'd the first Motions of the Mind, after the Opinion of an Injury receiv'd, which it is not in the Power of Humane Nature to avoid: And this is it that affects us upon the Stage, or in a Story. Can any Man read the Death of *Pompey*, and not be touch'd with an Indignation? The sound of a Trumpet rouses the Spirits, and provokes Courage. It makes a Man sad to see the Shipwreck even of an Enemy; and we are much surpriz'd by fear in other cases: All these Motions are not so much Affections, as Preludes to them. The Clashing of Arms; or, the Beating of a Drum, excites a War-Horse. Nay, a Song from *Xenophantes* would make *Alexander* take his Sword in his Hand. In all these Cases, the Mind rather suffers than Acts; and therefore it is not an Affection, *to be Mov'd*, but *to give way* to that Motion, and to follow willingly what was started by Chance. These are not Affections, but Impulses of the Body. The bravest Man in the World may look pale when he puts on his Armour; his Knees knock, and his Heart work before the Battel is joyn'd, but, these are only *Motions*: whereas *Anger* is an *Excursion*, and proposes Revenge or Punishment which cannot be without the Mind. As Fear flies, so Anger Assaults; and,

it is not poſſible to reſolve either upon Violence, or Caution, without the Concurrence of the Will.

CHAP. III.

Anger *may be Suppreſs'd.*

IT is an idle thing to pretend, that we cannot Govern our *Anger*; for, ſome things that we do, are much harder then others that we ought to do; the wildeſt Affections may be tam'd by Diſcipline, and there is hardly any thing which the Mind will do, but it may do. There needs no more Argument in this Caſe, then the Inſtances of ſeveral Perſons, both Powerful and Impatient, that have gotten the Abſolute Maſtery of themſelves in this Point.

Piſiſtratus *Maſter'd his Anger.*

THRASIPPUS in his Drink fell foul upon the Cruelties of *Piſiſtratus*; who, when he was urged by ſeveral about him to make an Example of him, return'd this Anſwer, *Why ſhould I be Angry with a Man that ſtumbles upon me blindfold?* In effect, moſt of our Quarrels are of our own making, either by Miſtake, or by Aggravation. Anger comes ſometimes upon us, but we go oftner to it; and inſtead of Rejecting it, we Call it.

The Gentleneſs of Auguſtus.

AUGUSTUS was a great Maſter of his Paſſion: for *Timagenes* an Hiſtorian, wrot ſeveral bitter things againſt his Perſon, and his Family;

Family; which pass'd among the People plausibly enough, as Pieces of rash Wit commonly do. *Cæsar* advis'd him several times to forbear, and when that would not do, forbad him his Roof. After this, *Asinius Pollio* gave him entertainment; and, he was so well belov'd in the City, that every Mans House was open to him. Those things that he had writ ten in the honour of *Augustus*, he recited, and burnt; and publickly profess'd himself *Cæsar's* Enemy: *Augustus*, for all this, never fell out with any Man that receiv'd him; only once he told *Pollio*, that he had taken a *Snake* into his Bosom: And, as *Pollio* was about to excuse himself. No (says *Cæsar*, interrupting him) *make your best of him*; and, offering to cast him off at that very moment, if *Cæsar* pleas'd: *Do you think* (says *Cæsar*) *that I will ever contribute to the Parting of you, that made you Friends?* for *Pollio* was angry with him before, and only entertain'd him now, because *Cæsar* had discarded him.

The Moderation of Antigonus.

THE Moderation of *Antigonus* was remarkable; some of his Soldiers were railing at him one night, where there was but a Hanging betwixt them: *Antigonus* over-heard them, and putting it gently aside; *Soldiers*, says he, *stand a little further off, for fear the King should hear you.* And we are to consider, not only violent Examples, but moderate, where there wanted neither Cause of displeasure, nor power of Revenge: As in the Case of *Antigonus*, who the same night hearing his Soldiers Cursing him for bringing them into so foul a way

he went to them, and, without telling them who he was, help'd them out of it. *Now*, says he, *you may be allow'd to Curse him that brought you into the Mire, provided you Bleſs him that took you out of it.*

A predominant Fear Maſters Anger.

IT was a notable Story, that of *Vedius Pallio*, upon his Inviting of *Auguſtus* to Supper. One of his Boys happen'd to break a Glaſs; and his Maſter, in a Rage, commanded him to be thrown into a Pond to feed his Lampreys. This Action of his might be taken for *Luxury*, though, in truth, it was Cruelty. The Boy was ſeiz'd, but brake looſe, and threw himſelf at *Auguſtus* his Feet, only deſiring that he might not die that Death! *Ceſar*, in abhorrence of the Barbarity, preſently order'd all the reſt of the Glaſſes to be broken; the Boy to be releas'd, and the Pond to be fill'd up, that there might be no farther Occaſion for an Inhumanity of that Nature. This was an Authority well employ'd. Shall the breaking of a glaſs coſt a man his Life? Nothing but a predominant Fear could ever have maſter'd this Cholerick, and Sanguinary Diſpoſition. This Man deſerv'd to die a Thouſand Deaths, either for eating Humane Fleſh at Second hand, in his *Lampreys*, or for keeping of his Fiſh to be ſo fed.

IT is written of *Praxaſpes* (a Favourite of *Cambyſes*'s) who was ſo much given to Wine, that he took the Freedom to tell his Prince of his hard Drinking, and to lay before him the Scandal, and the Inconvenience of his Exceſſes; and how that in thoſe Diſtempers, he had

had not the Command of himſelf. *Now* (ſays *Cambyſes*) *to ſhew you your miſtake; you ſhall ſee me drink deeper then ever I did, and yet keep the uſe of my Eyes, and of my Hands, as well as if I were ſober.* Upon this, he drank to a higher pitch than ordinary, & order'd *Praxaſpes* his Son to go out, and ſtand on the other ſide of the Threſhold, with his Left-arm over his Head; *And* (ſays he) *If I have a good aim, have at the heart of him.* He ſhot, and upon cutting up the Young Man, they found indeed that the Arrow had ſtruck him through the middle of the Heart. *What do you think now* (ſays *Cambyſes*) *Is my hand ſteady, or no?* Apollo *himſelf*, (ſays *Praxaſpes*) *could not have out-done it.* It may be a Queſtion now, which was the greater Impiety, the Murther it ſelf, or the Commendation of it: for him to take the heart of his Son, while it was yet reaking, and panting under the Wound, for an Occaſion of Flattery; Why was there not another Experiment made upon the Father, to try if *Cambyſes* could not have yet mended his ſhot? This was a moſt unmanly Violation of Hoſpitality, but the Approbation of the Fact was ſtill worſe than the Crime it ſelf. This Example of *Praxaſpes* proves ſufficiently that a Man may repreſs his Anger; for he return'd not one ill word; no not ſo much as a Complaint; but he paid dear for his good Counſel. He had been wiſer perhaps, if he had let the King alone in his Cups, for he had better have drunk Wine then Blood. 'Tis a dangerous Office to give good Advice to Intemperate Princes.

ANO-

An Instance of Anger suppress'd in Harpagus.

ANOTHER Instance of Anger suppress'd we have in *Harpagus*, who was commanded to expose *Cyrus* upon a Mountain, but the Child was preserv'd; which when *Astyages* came afterward to understand, he invited *Harpagus* to a Dish of Meat; and when he had eaten his fill, he told him it was a piece of his Son, and asked him how he lik'd the seasoning. *What ever pleases your Majesty*, says *Harpagus must please me*; and he made no more words on't. It is most certain that we might govern our Anger if we would; for the same thing that Galls us at home, gives us no offence at all abroad, and what's the Reason of it, but that we are Patient in one Place, and Froward in another?

The Moderation of Philip *of* Macedon.

IT was a strong provocation, that which was given to *Philip* of *Macedon*, the Father of *Alexander*: The *Athenians* sent their Ambassadors to him, and they were receiv'd with this Compliment. *Tell me Gentleman*, says *Philip*, *What is there that I can do to oblige the* Athenians. *Democharas*, one of the Ambassadors, told him, That they would take it for a great Obligation if he would be pleas'd to hang himself. This Insolence gave an Indignation to the By standers, but *Philip* bad them not to meddle with him, but e'en to let that foul mouth'd Fellow go as he came. And, *for you, the rest of the Ambassadors*, says he, *pray'e tell the* Athenians, *that it is worst to speak such things, then to hear, and forgive them.* This wonderful Patience under Contumelies was a great means of *Philip*'s Security.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

It is a ſhort Madneſs, and a deformed Vice.

HE was much in the right whoever it was that firſt call'd *Anger*, *a ſhort Madneſs*; for they have both of them the ſame Symptoms; and there is ſo wonderful a Reſemblance betwixt the tranſports of *Choler*, and thoſe of *Phrenſie*, that 'tis a hard matter to know the One from the Other. A Bold, Fierce, and Threatning Countenance, as Pale as Aſhes, and in the ſame moment as red as Blood; a Glaring Eye; a Wrinkled Brow, Violent Motions, the Hands Reſtleſs, and perpetually in Action, Wringing, and Menacing, Snapping of the Joynts, Stamping with the Feet, the Hair Staring, Trembling Lips, a Forc'd, and Squeaking Voice; the Speech Falſe, and Broken, Deep, and frequent Sighs, and Ghaſtly Looks; the Veins ſwell, the Heart pants, the Knees knock, with a hundred diſmal Accidents that are common to both Diſtempers. Neither is *Anger* a bare Reſemblance only of Madneſs, but many times an irrevocable Tranſition in the thing it ſelf. How many Perſons have we known, read, and heard of, that have loſt their Wits in a Paſſion, and never came to themſelves again? It is therefore to be avoided, not only for Moderation

ration ſake, but alſo for Health. Now if the outward appearance of Anger be ſo foul, and hideous, How deformed muſt that miſerable Mind be that is haraſs'd with it? for it leaves no place either for Counſel, or Friendſhip, Honeſty, or Good Manners; No place either for the Exerciſe of Reaſon, or for the Offices of Life. If I were to deſcribe it, I would draw a Tiger bath'd in Blood; ſharp ſet, and ready to take a leap at his Prey: or dreſs it up as the Poets repreſent the Furies, with Whips, Snakes, and Flames: It ſhould be Sour, Livid, full of Scars, and wallowing in Gore, Raging Up, and Down, Deſtroying, Grinning, Bellowing, and Purſuing; Sick of all other things, and moſt of all of it ſelf. It turns Beauty into Deformity, and the Calmeſt Councels into Fierceneſs: It diſorders our very Garments, and fills the Mind with Horror. How abominable is it in the Soul then, when it appears ſo hideous even through the Bones, the Skin, and ſo many Impediments? Is not he a Mad-man that has loſt the Government of himſelf, and is toſt hither and thither by his Fury, as by a Tempeſt? The Executioner of his own Revenge, both with his heart and hand; and the Murtherer of his neareſt Friends? The ſmalleſt matter moves it, and makes us Inſociable, and Inacceſſible. It does all things by Violence, as well upon it ſelf, as others, and it is, in ſhort, the Maſter of all Paſſions.

THERE

THERE is not any Creature so * Terrible, and Dangerous by Nature, but it becomes fiercer by Anger. Not that Beasts have humane Affections, but certain Impulses they have which come very near them. The Boar foams, champs, and whets his Tusks; the Bull tosses his horns in the Air, Bounds, and Tears up the Ground with his Feet. The Lyon Roars, and Swinges himself with his Tail; the Serpent Swells, and there is a Ghastly kind of Fellness in the Aspect of a Mad Dog. How Great a Wickedness is it now to indulge a Violence, that does not only turn a Man into a Beast, but makes even the most outragious of Beasts themselves to be more Dreadful, and Mischievous! A Vice that carries along with it neither Pleasure, nor Profit, neither Honor, nor Security, but on the Contrary, destroys us to all the Comfortable, and Glorious Purposes of our Reasonable being. Some there are, that will have the Root of it to be Greatness of Mind. And why may we not as well entitle *Impudence* to *Courage*, whereas the One is Proud, the Other Brave; the One is Gracious, and Gentle, the Other Rude, and Furious? at the same rate, we may ascribe Magnanimity to Avarice, Luxury, and Ambition, which are all but Splended Impotencys, without Measure, and without Foundation. There is nothing Great, but what is Vertuous, nor indeed truly Great, but what is also Compos'd, and Quiet. Anger, alas! is but a Wild, Impe-

* *All Creatures are made more Terrible by Anger.*

Impetuous Blaſt, an Empty Tumour, the very Infirmity of Women, and Children; a Brawling, Clamorous Evil: And the more Noiſe, the leſs Courage, as we find it commonly, that the Boldeſt Tongues have the Fainteſt Hearts.

CHAP. V.

Anger is neither Warrantable, nor Uſeful.

IN the firſt place, Anger is *Unwarrantable*, as it is *Unjuſt*: For it falls many times upon the wrong Perſon, and diſcharges it ſelf upon the the Innocent, inſtead of the Guilty: beſide the Diſproportion of making the moſt trivial Offences to be Capital, and puniſhing an Inconſiderate Word perhaps with Torments, Fetters, Infamy, or Death. It allows a Man neither Time, nor Means for Defence, but judges a Cauſe without Hearing it, and admits of no Mediation. It flies into the Face of Truth it ſelf, if it be of the Adverſe Party; and turns Obſtinacy in an Error, into an Argument of Juſtice. It does Every thing with Agitation, and Tumult: Whereas Reaſon, and Equity, can deſtroy whole Families, if there be Occaſion for't, even to the Extinguiſhing of their Names, and Memories, without any Indecency, either of Countenance, or Action.

SE-

SECONDLY, It is Inſociable to the *higheſt Point; for it ſpares neither Friend, nor Foe; but tears all to pieces, and caſts Humane Nature into a perpetual State of War. It diſſolves the Bond of Mutual Society, inſomuch that our very Companions, and Relations, dare not come near us; it renders us unfit for the Ordinary Offices of Life, for we can neither govern our Tongues, our Hands, nor any part of our Body. It tramples upon the Laws of Hoſpitality, and of Nations, leaves every Man to be his own Carver, and all things Publick, and Private, Sacred, and Profane, ſuffer Violence. * *Anger is Inſociable.*

THIRDLY, It is to no purpoſe, * *'Tis a ſad thing*, we cry, *to put up theſe Injuries, and we are not able to bear them*; as if any Man that can bear *Anger*, could not bear an *Injury*, which is much more ſupportable. You'll ſay, that Anger does ſome good yet, for it keeps People in Awe, and ſecures a Man from Contempt; never conſidering, that it is more dangerous to be fear'd, then deſpis'd. Suppoſe that an Angry Man could do as much as he threatens; the more Terrible, he is ſtill the more odious: and on the other ſide, if he wants Power, he is the more deſpicable for his Anger; for there is nothing more wretched than a Cholerick Huff, that makes a Noiſe, and no body cares for't. If Anger ſhould be Valuable becauſe Men are afraid of it; Why not an Adder, a Toad, or a Scorpion as well; * *it is Unprofitable.*

well? It makes us lead the Life of Gladiators; we Live, and we Fight together. We hate the Happy, despise the Miserable, envy our Superiors, insult upon our Inferiors, and there is nothing in the World which we will not do, either for Pleasure, or profit. To be Angry at Offenders, is to make our selves the Common Enemies of Mankind, which is both weak, and wicked; and we may as well be Angry that our Thistles do not bring forth Apples; or that every Pebble in our Ground is not an Oriental Pearl. If we are Angry both with Young Men, and with Old, because they *do* offend? why not with Infants too, because they *will* offend? It is Laudable to rejoyce for any thing that is Well done; but, to be transported for another Man's doing Ill, is narrow, and sordid. Nor is it for the Dignity of Vertue to be either Angry, or Sad. It is with a Tainted Mind as with an Ulcer, not only the Touch, but the very Offer at it makes us Shrink, and Complain; when we come once to be carry'd off from our Poize, we are lost. In the Choice of a Sword, we take care that it be wieldy, and well mounted; and it concerns us as much to be wary of engaging in the Excesses of Ungovernable Passions. It is not the Speed of a Horse altogether that pleases us, unless we find that he can Stop, and turn at Pleasure. 'Tis a sign of Weakness, and a kind of Stumbling, for a Man to Run, when he intends only to Walk;

Walk; and it behoves us to have the ſame Command of our Minds that we have of our Bodies. Beſides that, the greateſt puniſhment of an Injury is the Conſcience of having done it; and no man ſuffers more, then he that is turned over to the pain of a Repentance. How much better is it to Compoſe Injuries, then to Revenge them? For it does not only ſpend time, but the Revenge of one Injury expoſes us to more. In fine, as it is unreaſonable to be Angry at a Crime, it is as fooliſh to be Angry without one.

BUT,* *May not an honeſt Man then be allow'd to be Angry at the Murther of his Father, or the Raviſhing of his Siſter, or Daughter, before his Face?* No, not at all; I will defend my Parents, and I will repay the Injuries that are done them; but it is my Piety, and not my Anger that moves me to it. I will do my duty without Fear, or confuſion; I will not Rage, I will not Weep; but diſcharge the Office of a good Man, with out forfeiting the Dignity of a Man. if my Father be aſſaulted, I'll endeavour to reſcue him; If he be kill'd, Ill do right to his Memory; and all This, not in any Tranſport of paſſion; but in Honour, and Conſcience. Neither is there any need of Anger where Reaſon does the ſame thing. A Man may be Temperate, and yet Vigorous and raiſe his Mind according to the Occaſion, more or leſs, as a ſtone is thrown according to the Diſcretion, and Intent of

* *Anger in no Caſe Allowable.*

the Caſter. How outragious have I ſeen ſome People for the Loſs of a Monkey, or a Spaniel; and were it not a ſhame to have the ſame Sence for a Friend that we have for a Puppy; and to cry like Children, as much for a Bauble, as for the Ruine of our Country? This is not an Effect of Reaſon, but of Infirmity. For a Man indeed to expoſe his Perſon for his Prince, his Parents, or his Friends, out of a Senſe of Honeſty, and a Judgment of Duty, it is without Diſpute, a Worthy, and a Glorious Action; but it muſt be done then with Sobriety, Calmneſs, and Reſolution. It is high time to convince the World of the Indignity, and uſeleſneſs of this Paſſion, when it has the Authority, and Recommendation of no leſs then *Ariſtotle* himſelf, as an Affection very much conducing to all Heroick Actions that require Heat, and Vigour: Now, to ſhew on the other ſide, that it is not in any Caſe Profitable, we ſhall lay open the Obſtinate, and Unbridled Madneſs of it: A Wickedneſs, neither ſenſible of Infamy, nor of Glory; without either Modeſty, or Fear; and if it paſſes once from Anger into a harden'd Hatred, it is Incurable. It is either ſtronger then Reaſon, or it is weaker. If ſtronger, there is no contending with it; if weaker, Reaſon will do the Buſineſs without it. Some will have it that an Angry Man is Good Natur'd, and Sincere, whereas in truth, he only lays himſelf open out of Heedleſneſs, and want of Caution.

Caution. If it were in it ſelf Good, the more of it the better; but in this Caſe, the more, the worſe; and a wiſe Man does his Duty without the Aid of any thing that is ill. 'Tis objected by ſome, that thoſe are the moſt Generous Creatures, which are the moſt prone to Anger. But firſt *Reaſon* in *Man*, is *Impetuous* in *Beaſts*. Secondly, without Diſcipline, it runs into Audaſiouſneſs, and Temerity; over and above that the ſame thing does not help all. If Anger helps the Lyon, 'Tis Fear that ſaves the Stag, Swiftneſs the Hawk, and Flight the Pigeon; but Man has *God* for his Example (who is never Angry) and not the *Creatures*. And yet it is not amiſs ſometimes to counterfeit Anger; as upon the Stage: Nay, upon the Bench, and in the Pulpit, where the Imitation of it is more effectual, then the thing it ſelf. But it is a great Error, to take this Paſſion either for a Companion, or for an Aſſiſtant to Virtue; that makes a man incapable of all thoſe Neceſſary Counſels, by which Virtue is to govern her ſelf. Thoſe are falſe, and Inauſpicious Powers, and Deſtructive of themſelves, which ariſes only from the Acceſſion, and Fervor of a Diſeaſe. Reaſon Judges according to Right; Anger will have every thing ſeem right whatever it does; and when it has once pitcht upon a Miſtake, it is never to be convinc'd; but prefers a Pertinacy even in the greateſt Evil, before the moſt neceſſary Repentance.

SOME People are of Opinion, that Anger * Enflames, and Animates the Soldier; that it is a Spur to bold, and arduous Undertakings, and that it were better to Moderate, then wholy to ſuppreſs it, for fear of diſſolving the Spirit, and force of the Mind. To this I anſwer, That Virtue does not need the help of Vice, but where there is any Ardor of Mind Neceſſary, we may rouze our ſelves, and be more or leſs brisk, and vigorous, as their is occaſion: But all without Anger ſtill. 'Tis a miſtake to ſay, that we may make uſe of Anger as a Common Soldier, but not as a Commander; for if it hears Reaſon, and follows Orders, it is not properly Anger, and if it does Not, it is Contumacious, and Mutinous. By this Argument a Man muſt be Angry to be Valiant; Covetous to be Induſtrious; Timorous to be ſafe, which makes our Reaſon confederate with our Affections. And 'tis all one whether Paſſion be Inconſiderate without Reaſon, or Reaſon Ineffectual without Paſſion; Since the one cannot be without the other. 'Tis true, the leſs the Paſſion, the leſs is the Miſchief; for a little Paſſion is the ſmaller Evil. Nay, ſo far is it from being of Uſe, or Advantage in the Field, that 'tis the place of all others where 'tis the moſt dangerous: for the Actions of War are to be managed with Order, and Caution, not Precipitation and Phanſy: Whereas Anger is heedleſs, and heady, and the Vertue only of *Barbarous Nations*,

* *It is more miſchievous in War, then in Peace.*

Nations, which, though their Bodies were much ſtronger, and more harden'd, were ſtill worſted by the Moderation, and Diſcipline of the *Romans*. There is not upon the Face of the Earth, a Bolder, or a more Indefatigable Nation then the *Germans*; not a Braver upon a Charge, nor a Hardier againſt Colds, and Heats; their only Delight, and Exerciſe, is in Arms, to the Utter Neglect of all things elſe: and yet upon the Encounter, they are broken and deſtroyed through their own Undiſciplin'd Temerity, even by the moſt effeminate of Men. The Huntſman is not Angry with the wild Boar, when he either purſues, or receives him; a good Sword-man watches his Opportunity, and keeps himſelf upon his Guard, whereas Paſſion lays a Man open: nay, it is one of the Prime Leſſons in a Fencing School, to learn not to be Angry. If *Fabius* had been *Cholerick*, *Rome* had been *loſt*: and before he conquered *Hannibal*, he overcame *Himſelf*. If *Scipio* had been *Angry*, he would never have left *Hannibal*, and his Army (who were the proper Objects of his Diſpleaſure) to carry the War into *Africk*, and ſo compaſs his End by a more temperate way. Nay, he was ſo ſlow, that it was charged upon him for want of Mettle, and Reſolution. And what did the *Other Scipio*? (*Africanus* I mean) how much time did he ſpend before *Numantia*, to the Common Grief both of his Country, and himſelf, though he reduc'd it at

laſt, by ſo miſerable a Famine, that the Inhabitants laid violent Hands upon themſelves, and left neither Man, Woman, nor Child, to ſurvive the Ruines of it. If Anger makes a Man fight better; ſo does Wine, Phrenſy, nay, and Fear it ſelf; For the greateſt Coward in deſpair does the greateſt Wonders. No man is Couragious in his Anger, that was not ſo without it. But put the Caſe that Anger, by Accident, may have done ſome good, and ſo have Fevers remov'd ſome Diſtempers; but it is an Odious kind of Remedy, that makes us indebted to a Diſeaſe for a Cure. How many Men have been preſerv'd by Poyſon; by a Fall from a Precipice; by a Shipwrack; by a Tempeſt? Does it therefore follow, that we are to recommend the practice of theſe Experiments?

* *He that's Angry at Publick Wickedneſs, ſhall never be at Peace.*

BUT, in Caſe of an Exemplary, and * *Proſtitute Diſſolution of Manners, when* Clodius *ſhall be preferr'd, and* Cicero *rejected; when Loyalty ſhall be broken upon the Wheel, and Treaſon ſit Triumphant upon the Bench; Is not this a Subject to move the Choler of any Vertuous Man?* No, by no means, Vertue will never allow of the Correcting of one Vice by another; or that Anger, which is the Greater Crime of the two, ſhould preſume to puniſh the leſs. It is the Natural Property of Vertue to make a Man Serene, and Cheerful; and it is not for the Dignity of a Philoſopher, to be Tranſported either with Grief, or Anger: And then the

the End of Anger is Sorrow, the conſtant Effect of Diſappointment, and Repentance. But, to my purpoſe. If a Man ſhould be Angry at Wickedneſs, the Greater the Wickedneſs is, the Greater muſt be his Anger: And ſo long as there is Wickedneſs in the World, he muſt never be pleas'd. Which makes his Quiet dependent upon the Humor, or Manners of Others. There paſſes not a day over our Heads, but he that is Cholerick, ſhall have ſome Cauſe, or other of Diſpleaſure, either from Men, Accidents, or Buſineſs. He ſhall never ſtir out of his Houſe, but he ſhall meet with Criminals of all ſorts; prodigal, Impudent, Covetous, perfidious, Contentious; Children perſecuting their Parents; Parents curſing their Children; the Innocent accuſed, the Delinquent acquitted, and the Judg practiſing that in his Chamber, which he condemns upon the Bench: In fine, where-ever there are Men, there are Faults, and upon theſe Terms, *Socrates* himſelf ſhould never bring the ſame Countenance home again, that he carry'd out with him.

IF Anger where Sufferable in any Caſe, it might be allow'd againſt an Incorrigible Criminal, under the hand of * Juſtice: But Puniſhment is not matter of Anger, but of Caution. The Law is without Paſſion, and ſtrikes Malefactors as we do Serpents, and Venemous Creatures, for fear of greater Miſchief. It is not for the Dignity of a

* *Juſtice is Calm and Temperate.*

Judge, when he comes to pronounce the fatal Sentence, to expreſs any Motions of Anger in his Looks, Words, or Geſtures: For he condemns the Vice, not the man; and looks upon the Wickedneſs without Anger, as he does upon the Proſperity of Wicked men without Envy. But though he be not Angry, I would have him a little mov'd, in point of Humanity; but yet without any Offence either to his Place, or Wiſdom. Our Paſſions vary, but Reaſon is equal; and it were a great Folly for that which is Stable, Faithful, and ſound, to repair for Succour to that which is Uncertain, Falſe, and Diſtemper'd. If the Offender be Incurable, take him out of the World, that if he will not be good, he may ceaſe to be Evil; but this muſt be without Anger too. does any man hate an Arm, or a Leg, when he cuts it off; or reckon *That* a Paſſion, which is only a miſerable Cure? We knock mad Dogs on the head, and remove Scabbed Sheep out of the Fold: and this is not Anger ſtill, but Reaſon; to ſeparate the Sick from the Sound. Juſtice cannot be Angry; nor is there any need of an Angry Magiſtrate, for the Puniſhment of Fooliſh, and Wicked men. The Power of Life and Death, muſt not be managed with Paſſion. We give a Horſe the Spur, that is reſtiff, or jadiſh, and tries to caſt his Rider. But, this is without Anger too, and only to take down his Stomach, and bring him, by Correction, to Obedience.

'TIS

'TIS true, that Correction is Neceſſary, * yet within Reaſon, and Bounds, for it does not Hurt, but Profit us under an Appearance of Harm. Ill Diſpoſitions in the Mind are to be dealt with as thoſe in the Body; The Phyſician firſt tries Purging, and Abſtinence; if This will not do, he proceeds to Bleeding, nay, to Diſmembring rather then fail; for there's no Opperation too ſevere that ends in Health. The Publick Magiſtrate begins with Perſwaſion, and his Buſineſs is, to beget a Deteſtation for Vice, and a Veneration for Virtue: From Thence, if need be, he advances to Admonition, and Reproch, and then to Puniſhments; but Moderate, and Revocable, unleſs the Wickedneſs be incurable, and then the Puniſhment muſt be ſo too. There's only This Difference, the Phyſitian, when he cannot ſave his Patients Life, endeavours to make his Death Eaſie; but the Magiſtrate Aggravates the Death of the Criminal, with Infamy, and Diſgrace: not as Delighting in the Severity of it (for no Good man can be ſo barbarous) but for Example, and to the end that they that will do no good Living, may do ſome Dead. The end of all Correction, is either the Amendment of Wicked Men, or to prevent the Influence of Ill Example: For men are Puniſh'd with a Reſpect to the Future, not to expiate Offences Committed, but for fear of worſe to come. Publick Offenders muſt be publickly Executed, that their Puniſhment

* *Correction is neceſſary, but within Bounds.*

niſhment may be a Terror to Others; but ſtill all this while, the power of Life and Death muſt not be manag'd with Paſſion. The Medicine, in the mean time muſt be ſuited to the Diſeaſe; Infamy cures One; Pain Another; Exile cures a Third; Beggary a Fourth; but there are ſome that are only to be Cur'd by the Gibbet. I would be no more Angry with a Thief, or a Traitor, then I am Angry with my Self when I open a Vein. All puniſhment is but a Moral, or Civil Remedy. I do not do any thing that is very ill; but yet I Tranſgreſs Often. Try me firſt with a Private Reprehenſion; and then with a Publick; If That will not ſerve, ſee what Baniſhment will do; If not that neither, load me with Chains, lay me in Priſon: But if I ſhould prove Wicked even for Wickedneſs ſake, and leave no hope of Reclaiming me, it would be a kind of Mercy to deſtroy me. Vice is Incorporated with me; and there's no Remedy, but the taking of both away together; but ſtill, without Anger.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Anger in General, with the Danger and Effects of it.

THERE is no ſurer Argument of a Great Mind, than not to be tranſported to Anger by any Accident; The Clouds, and the Tempeſts are form'd below, but all *Above* is Quiet, and Serene: which is the Emblem of a brave Man, that ſuppreſſes all Provocations, and lives within himſelf, Modeſt, Venerable, and Compos'd: Whereas Anger is a Turbulant Humor which at firſt daſh caſts off all Shame, without any regard to Order, Meaſure, or good Manners; tranſporting a Man into Misbecoming Violences, with his Tongue, his Hands, and every part of his Body. And whoever conſiders the Foulneſs, and the Brutality of this Vice, muſt acknowledge, that there is no ſuch Monſter in Nature, as one Man raging againſt another, and labouring to ſink that, which can never be drown'd, but with himſelf for Company. It renders us incapable, either of Diſcourſe, or of other common Duties. It is of all Paſſions the moſt Powerful: for it makes a Man that is in Love, to kill his Miſtreſs; The Ambitous Man to trample upon his Honors, and the Covetous to throw away his

his Fortune. There is not any Mortal that lives free from the Danger of it, for it makes even the Heavy, and the good Natur'd to be fierce and outragious; It invades us like a peſtilence, the Luſty as well as the Weak, and 'tis not either ſtrength of Body, or a good Diet, that can ſecure us againſt it; nay, the Learnedeſt, and Men otherwiſe of exemplary Sobriety, are infeſted with it. It is ſo potent a Paſſion, that *Socrates* durſt not truſt himſelf with it. *Sirrah* (ſays he, to his Man) *now would I beat you, if I were not Angry with you.* There is no Age, or Sect of Men that Scapes it. Other Vices take us one by one; but This like an *Epidemical Contagion*, ſweeps all: Men, Women, and Children; Princes, and Beggers are carry'd away with it in Sholes, and Troops, as one man. It was never ſeen that a whole Nation was in Love with one Woman, or Unanimouſly bent upon one Vice: But here and there, ſome particular men are tainted with ſome particular Crimes: whereas in Anger, a ſingle Word many times inflames the whole Multitude, and Men betake themſelves Preſently to Fire, and Sword npon it; the Rabble takes upon them to give Laws to their Governors; the Common Soldiers, to their Officers; to the Ruine, not only of private Families, but of Kingdoms; turning their Arms againſt their own Leaders, and chuſing their own Generals. There's no publick Council; no putting

ting of things to the Vote; but in a Rage the Mutineers divide from the Senate, name their Head, force the Nobility in their own Houſes, and put them to Death with their own Hands. The Laws of Nations are violated, the Perſons of publick Miniſters affronted, whole Cities infected with a General Madneſs, and no Reſpite allow'd for the Abatement, or diſcuſſing of this Publick Tumor. The Ships are crouded with tumultuary Soldiers. And in this rude, and Ill-boading Manner they march, and act under the Conduct only of their own Paſſions. Whatever comes next ſerves them for Arms, till at laſt they pay for their Licencious Raſhneſs, with the Slaughter of the whole Party: This is the Event of a heady, and inconſiderate War. When mens Minds are ſtruck with the Opinion of an Injury, they fall on immediately whereſoever their Paſſion leads them, without either Order, Fear, or Caution; provoking their own Miſchief; never at Reſt, till they come to Blows; and purſuing their Revenge, even with their Bodies upon the Points of their Enemies Weapons. So that the Anger it ſelf is much more hurtful to us, then the Injury that provokes it; for the one is bounded, but where the other will ſtop, no man living knows. There are no greater Slaves certainly, then thoſe that ſerve Anger, for they improve their Misfortunes by an Impatience more inſupportable then the Calamity that cauſes it.

NOR

Nor does it riſe by degrees, as other Paſſions, but flaſhes like Gun-powder, *blowing up all in a Moment. Neither does it only preſs to the Mark, but over-bears every thing in the way to't. Other Vices drive us, but This Hurries us headlong; other Paſſions ſtand firm Themſelves, though perhaps we cannot reſiſt them, but this conſumes, and deſtroys it ſelf: It falls like Thunder, or a Tempeſt; with an Irrevocable Violence, that gathers ſtrength in the Paſſage, and then evaporates in the Concluſion. Other Vices are *Unreaſonable*, but this is *Unhealthful* too; Other Diſtempers have their Intervals, and Degrees, but in this we are thrown down, as from a Precipice; There is not any thing ſo amazing to others, or ſo deſtructive to it ſelf: So Proud, and Inſolent, if it ſucceeds; or ſo Extravigant, if it be diſappointed. No repulſe diſcourages it, and for want of other Matter to work upon, it falls foul upon it ſelf; and let the Ground be never ſo Trivial, it is ſufficient for the Wildeſt Outrage imaginable. It ſpares neither Age, Sex, nor Quality. Some people would be Luxurious perchance, but that they are Poor; and others Lazy, if they were not perpetually kept at work. The Simplicity of a Country life keeps many men in Ignorance of the Frauds and Impieties of Courts, and Camps: But, no Nation, or Condition of men is exempt from the Impreſſions of Anger, and it is equally dangerous,

* *Anger blows up all in a Moment.*

rous, as well in War, as in Peace. We find that Elephants will be made Familiar; Bulls will ſuffer Children to ride upon their Backs, and play with their Horns; Bears, and Lyons, by good Uſage, will be brought to fawn upon their Maſters: How deſperate a madneſs is it then for men, after the reclaiming of the fierceſt of Beaſts, and the bringing of them to be tractable, and domeſtick, to become yet worſe then Beaſts one to another? *Alexander* had two Friends, *Clytus*, and *Lyſimacus*; the One he expoſed to a Lyon, the other to himſelf, and he that was turn'd looſe to the Beaſt eſcap'd. Why do we not rather make the beſt of a ſhort Life, and render our ſelves Amiable to all while we Live, and Deſirable when we Die?

LET us bethink our ſelves of our Mortality, and not ſquander away the little * time that we have, upon Animoſities, and Feuds, as if it were never to be at an end. Had we not better enjoy the Pleaſure of our own Life, then be ſtill contriving how to gall and torment another's? In all our Brawlings, and Contentions, never ſo much as dreaming of our Weakneſs. Do we not know that theſe Implacable Enmities of ours lie at the mercy of a Fever, or any petty Accident to diſappoint? Our Fate is at hand, and the very hour that we have ſet for another mans Death; may peradventure be prevented by our own. What is it that we make all this Buſtle for; and ſo need-

* *Anger is Loſs of Time, as well as of Peace.*

needleſly diſquiet our Minds, we are offended with our Servants, our Maſters, our Princes, our Clients: 'Tis but a little Patience, and we ſhall be all of us Equal; ſo that there's no need either of Ambuſhes, or of Combats. Our Wrath cannot go beyond Death; and Death will moſt undoubtedly come, whether we be peeviſh, or quiet. 'Tis time loſt to take pains to do that, which will infallibly be done without us. But, ſuppoſe that we would only have our Enemy Baniſh'd, Diſgrac'd, or Damag'd; let his Puniſhment be more or leſs, it is yet too long, either for him to be inhumanely tormented, or for us our ſelves to be moſt barbarouſly Pleas'd with it. It holds in Anger, as in Mourning, it muſt, and will at laſt fall of it ſelf: let us look to it then betimes, for when 'tis once come to an ill Habit, we ſhall never want matter to feed it; and 'tis much better to overcome our Paſſions, then to be overcome by them. Some way or other, either our Parents, Children, Servants, Acquaintance, or Strangers, will be continually vexing us. We are tos'd hither, and thither, by our Affections, like a Feather in a Storm, and by freſh Provocations the Madneſs becomes perpetual. Miſerable Creatures! That ever our precious Hours ſhould be ſo ill employ'd! How prone and eager are we in our Hatred, and how backward in our Love? were it not much better now to be making of Friendſhips; pacifying of Enemies; doing of good Offices

Offices both Publick and Private; then to be ſtill meditating of miſchief, and deſigning how to wound on Man in his Fame, another in his Fortune, a Third in his Perſon? the One being ſo Eaſie, Innocent, and Safe; and the other ſo Difficult, Impious, and Hazardous. Nay take a Man in Chains, and at the Foot of his Opreſſor; How many are there, who, even in this Caſe, have maim'd themſelves in the heat of their Violence upon others?

THIS Untractable Paſſion is much more *eaſily kept out, then Govern'd when it is once Admitted; for the ſtronger will give Laws to the weaker; and make Reaſon a ſlave to the Appetite. It carries us headlong, and in the courſe of our Fury, we have no more Command of our Minds, then we have of our Bodies down a Precipice; when they are once in Motion there's no ſtop till they come to the bottom. Not but that it is poſſible for a Man to be warm in Winter; and not to ſweat in Summer, either by the benefit of the Place, or the hardineſs of the Body. And, in like manner, we may provide againſt Anger. But certain it is, that Virtue and Vice can never agree in the ſame Subject; and one may be as well a Sick Man and a Sound at the ſame time, as a Good Man, and an Angry. Beſide, if we will needs be Quarrelſome, it muſt be either with our Superior, our Equal or Inferior. To contend with our Superior is Folly, and Madneſs; with our Equals it

* *Anger may be better kept out then Governed.*

is Doubtful, and Dangerous; and with our Inferiors 'tis Baſe. Nor does any Man know but that he that is now our Enemy, may come hereafter to be our Friend, over and above the Reputation of Clemency, and Good Nature. And what can be more Honorable, or Comfortable, than to exchange a Feud for a Friendſhip? The People of *Rome* never had more Faithful Allies, then thoſe that were at firſt the moſt obſtinate Enemies: Neither had the *Roman Empire* ever arrived at that height of Power, if Providence had not mingled the Vanquiſh'd with the Conquerors. There's an end of the Conteſt, when one ſide deſerts it; ſo that the paying of Anger with Benefits puts a period to the Controverſie. But however, if it be our fortune to Tranſgreſs, let not our Anger deſcend to the Children, Frinds, or Relations, even of our bitterest Enemies; the very Cruelty of *Sylla* was heightned by that Inſtance of Incapacitating the Iſſue of the Proſcrib'd. It is Inhuman to entail the hatred we have for the Father upon his Poſterity. A Good, and a Wiſe Man is not to be an *Enemy* of Wicked Men, but a *Reprover* of them, and he is to look upon all the Drunkards, the Luſtfull, the Thankleſs, Covetous, and Ambitious that he meets with, no otherwiſe then as a Phyſician looks upon his Patients; for he that will be Angry with *Any Man*, muſt be diſpleas'd with All; which were as ridiculous, as to quarrel with a Body for ſtumbling

bling in the Dark: with one that's deaf, for not doing as you bid him: Or with a School-boy for loving his Play better then his Book. *Democritus laugh'd*, and *Heraclitus wept* at the Folly, and Wickedneſs of the World, but we never read of an *Angry Philoſopher*.

* THIS is undoubtedly the moſt deteſtable of Vices, even compar'd with the worſt of them. Avarice Scrapes, and gathers together, that which ſome Body may be the better for: But Anger laſhes out, and no Man comes off *gratis*. An Angry Maſter makes one Servant run away, and another hang himſelf; and his Choler cauſes him a much greater loſs then he ſuffered in the Occaſion of it. 'Tis the cauſe of Mourning to the Father, and of Divorce to the Huſband: It makes the Magiſtrate Odious, and gives the Candidate a Repulſe. And it is worſe then Luxury too, which only aims at its proper pleaſure; whereas the other is bent upon another Bodies Pain. The Malevolent, and the Envious, content themſelves only to *wiſh* another Man Miſerable; but 'tis the Buſineſs of Anger to *make* him ſo: And to wreak the Miſchief it ſelf, not ſo much deſiring the hurt of another, as to inflict it. Among the Powerful, it breaks out into open War, and into a private one with the Common People, but without Force, or Arms. It engages us in Treacheries, perpetual Troubles, and Contentions: It alters the very Nature of a

* *Anger the moſt Deteſtable of all Vices.*

Man, and puniſhes it ſelf in the Perſecution of others, Humanity excites us to Love; This to Hatred: That to be beneficial to Others; This to hurt them: Beſide that though it proceeds from too high a Conceipt of our ſelves, it is yet in effect, but a Narrow, and Contemptible Affection: eſpecially when it meets with a Mind that is hard, and impenetrable; and returns the dart upon the head of him that caſts it.

TO take a further view now of * the miſerable Conſequences, and Sanguinary Effects of this hideous diſtemper; from hence come Slaughters, and Poiſons, Wars, and Deſolation, the Raſing, and Burning of Cities; the Unpeopling of Nations, and the turning of Populous Countries into Deſarts; Publick Maſſacres and Regicides; Princes led in Triumph; ſome Murther'd in their Bed-chambers; others ſtabb'd in the Senate, or cut off, in the Security of their Spectacles, and pleaſures. Some there are that take Anger for a Princely Quality; as *Darius*, who in his Expedition againſt the *Scythians*, being beſought by a Noble-Man, that had Three Sons, that he would vouchſafe to accept of two of them into his Service, and leave the third at home for a Comfort to his Father. *I will do more for you then that*, ſays *Darius*, *for you ſhall have them all three again:* So he order'd them to be ſlain before his Face, and left him their Bodies. But *Xerxes* dealt a little better with *Pythius*, who had five Sons, and deſir'd

* *The Miſerable Effects of Anger.*

deſir'd only one of them for himſelf. *Xerxes* bad him take his Choice, and he nam'd the *Eldeſt*, whom he immediately Commanded to be Cut in halves; and one half of the Body to be laid on each ſide of the way, when his Army was to paſs betwixt them: Undoubtedly a moſt Auſpicious Sacrifice; but he came afterward to the end that he deſerv'd; for he liv'd to ſee that Prodigious Power Scatter'd, and Broken, and, inſtead of Military; and victorious Troops, to be incompaſſed with Carcaſſes. But theſe you'l ſay, were only Barbarous Princes, that knew neither Civility, nor Letters: And theſe Salvage Cruelties will be imputed perchance to their rudeneſs of Manners, and wont of Diſcipline. But what will you ſay then of *Alexander the Great*, that was trained up under the Inſtitution of *Ariſtotle* himſelf; and kill'd *Clytus* his Favourite and School-fellow with his *own hand*, under his *own Roof*, and *over the Freedom of a Cup of Wine?* And what was his Crime? He was loath to degenerate from a *Macedonian Liberty* into a *Perſian Slavery*: that is to ſay, he could not *Flatter*. *Lyſimachus*, another of his Friends, he expos'd to a Lyon; and this very *Lyſimachus* after he had ſcap'd this danger, was never the more Merciful, when he came to Reign himſelf; for he cut of the Ears and Noſe of his Friend *Teleſphorus*, and when he had ſo disfigur'd him, that he had no longer the Face of a Man, he threw him into a Dun-

geon and there kept him to be ſhew'd for a Monſter, as a ſtrange ſight. The Place was ſo low, that he was fain to creep upon all four, and his ſides were gall'd too with the ſtraitneſs of it. In this Miſery he lay half famiſh'd in his own Filth: ſo Odious, ſo Terrible, and ſo Loathſom a Spectacle, that the horror his Condition had even extinguiſh'd all pity for him. *Nothing was ever ſo unlike a Man, as the poor wretch that ſuffer'd this, ſaving the Tyrant that Acted it.*

NOR did this Mercileſs Hardneſs only exerciſe it * ſelf among Foreigners, but the fierceneſs of their Outrages, and Puniſhments, as well as their Vices, brake in upon the *Romans*. *M. Marius*, that had his Statue ſet up every where, and was adored as a God; *L. Sylla* commanded his Bones to be broken, his Eyes to be pull'd out, his Hands to be cut off; and, as if every Wound had been a ſeveral Death; his Body to be torn to Pieces, and *Cataline* was the Executioner. A *Cruelty*, that was only fit for *Marius* to *Suffer*; *Sylla* to *Command*, and *Cataline* to *Act*; but moſt Diſhonourable and fatal to the Common wealth, to fall indifferently upon the Swords Points both of Citizens, and of Enemies.

* *The Cruelty of* Marius.

IT was a ſevere Inſtance that of *Piſo*, * too. A Soldier that had leave to go abroad with his Comrade, came back to the Camp at his time, but without his Companion; *Piſo* condemns him to Die, as if he had kill'd him, and appoints a Centurion

* *A Barbarous Severity of* Piſo

to

to see the Execution. Just as the Headsman was ready to do his Office, the other Soldier appear'd, to the great Joy of the whole Field, and the Centurion bad the Executioner hold his hand; Hereupon, *Piso* in a Rage mounts the *Tribunal*, and Sentences all Three to Death: The *One*, because he was *Condemn'd*; the *Other*, because it was for *his sake* that his Fellow Soldier was *Condemn'd*; the *Centurion*, for not obeying the *Order* of his *Superior*. An Ingenious Piece of Inhumanity, to contrive how to make Three Criminals, where effectually there were none. There was a *Persian* King that caus'd the Noses of a whole Nation to be cut off, and they were to thank him that he spar'd their Heads. And this perhaps would have been the Fate of the *Macrobii* (if Providence had not hinder'd it) for the Freedom they us'd to *Cambyses*'s Embassadors in not accepting the slavish terms that were offer'd them. This put *Cambyses* into such a Rage, that he presently Listed into his Service every Man that was able to bare Arms: and without either Provisions or Guides, march'd immediately through dry and barren Desarts, and where never any Man had pass'd before him, to take his Revenge. Before he was a third Part of the way, his provisions fail'd him; His Men, at first, made shift with the Buds of Trees, Boil'd Leather, and the like; but soon after there was not so much as a Root, or a Plant to be gotten, nor a living Creature

to be ſeen; and then, by Lot, every Tenth Man was to Die, for a nouriſhment to the reſt; Which was ſtill worſe then the Famine: But yet this Paſſionate King went on ſo far, till one part of his Army was loſt, and the other devoured, and till he fear'd that he himſelf might come to be ſerv'd with the ſame ſauce. So that at laſt he order'd a Retreat, wanting no delicates all this while for himſelf, while his Soldiers were taking their Chance who ſhould Dye miſerably, or Live worſe. Here was an Anger taken up againſt a whole Nation, that neither deſerv'd any ill from him, nor was ſo much as known to him.

CHAP. VII.

The Ordinary Grounds and Occaſions of Anger.

IN this wandring State of Life, we meet with many Occaſions of Trouble; and diſpleaſure, both Great and Trivial; and not a day paſſes, but from Men, or Things we have ſome Cauſe or other for Offence; as a Man muſt expect to be Juſtl'd, daſh'd and Crowded in a Populous City. One Man deceives our Expectation; Another delays it; and a Third Croſſes it: and if every thing does not ſucceed to our wiſh, we preſently fall out either with the Perſon, the Buſineſs,

Buſineſs, the place, our Fortune, or our Selves. Some Men value themſelves upon their Wit, and will never forgive any one that pretends to leſſen it: Others are Enflam'd by Wine; and ſome are diſtemper'd by Sickneſs, Wearineſs, Watchings, Love, Care, *&c.* Some are prone to it by Heat of Conſtitution; but Moiſt, Dry, and Cold Complexions are more liable to other Affections; as Suſpicion, Deſpair, Fear, Jealouſie, *&c.* but moſt of our Quarrels are of our own Contriving. One while we ſuſpect upon Miſtake; and another while we make a great matter of Trifles. To ſay the Truth, moſt of thoſe things that exaſperate us, are rather Subjects of Diſguſt, than of Miſchief; there's a large difference betwixt Oppoſing a Man's Satisfaction, and not Aſſiſting it; betwixt *Taking away*, and *not Giving*; but we reckon upon *Denying*, and *Deferring*, as the ſame thing, and interpret anothers being *for himſelf*, as if he were *againſt us*. Nay, we do many times entertain an ill Opinion of Well doing and a Good one of the Contrary: And we hate a Man for doing that very thing, which we ſhould hate him for on the other ſide, if he did not do it. We take it ill to be oppos'd when there's a Father perhaps, a Brother or a Friend in the Caſe againſt us; when we ſhould rather love a Man for it; and only wiſh that he could be honeſtly of our Party. We approve of the Fact, and deteſt the doer of it. It is a baſe thing to hate the Perſon

Perſon whom we cannot but Commend; but it is a great deal worſe yet, if we hate him for the very thing that deſerves Commendation. The things that we deſire, if they be ſuch as cannot be Given to One, without being taken away from another, muſt needs ſet thoſe People together by the Ears that deſire the ſame thing. One Man has a deſign upon my Miſtreſs; another upon mine Inheritance: And that which ſhould make Friends, makes Enemies; our being all of a Mind. The General Cauſe of Anger, is the Sence, or Opinion of an *Injury*; that is, the Opinion either of an Injury Simply done, or of an Injury done which we have not deſerv'd. Some are Naturally given to Anger; Others are provok'd to't by Occaſion; The Anger of Women, and Children, is commonly ſharp, but not laſting: Old Men are rather querelous, and peeviſh. Hard Labor, Diſeaſes, Anxiety of Thought, and whatſoever hurts the Body, or the Mind, diſpoſes a Man to be Froward, but we muſt not add fire to fire.

* *The Subject of our Anger is not worth the while.*

HE that duly conſiders the ſubject * Matter of all our Controverſies, and Quarrels, will find them Low, and Mean, and not worth the Thought of a Generous Mind; but the greateſt Noiſe of all is about *Money*. This is it, that ſets Fathers and Children together by the Ears; Husbands and Wives; and makes way for Sword and Poiſon: This is that tires out Courts of Juſtice; enrages Princes, and lays Cities in the Duſt, to

ſeek

ſeek for Gold, and Silver in the Ruins of them. This is it, that finds work for the Judge, to determine, which ſide is leaſt in the wrong; And whoſe is the more plauſible Avarice, the Plantiffs, or the Defendants: And what is it that we contend for all this while, but thoſe Baubles that make us Cry, when we ſhould Laugh? To ſee a Rich old Cuff, that has no body to leave his Eſtate to break his Heart for a handful of Dirt; And a Gouty Uſurer, that has no other Uſe of his Fingers left him, but to Count withal; to ſee him I ſay, in the Extremity of his Fit, wrangling for the odd Money in his Intereſt:—If all that's precious in Nature were gather'd into one Maſs, it were not worth the trouble of a Sober Mind. It were endleſs to run over all thoſe ridiculous Paſſions that are mov'd about Meats, and Drinks, and the matter of our Luxury; Nay, about Words, Looks, Actions, Jealouſies, Miſtakes, which are all of them as Contemptible Fooleries as thoſe very Baubles that Children Scratch, and Cry for. There is nothing Great, or Serious in all that which we keep ſuch a Clutter about; the Madneſs of it is, that we ſet to great a value upon Trifles. One Man flies out upon a Salute, a Letter, a Speech, a Queſtion, a Geſture, a Wink, a Look. An Action moves one Man; A Word affects another: One Man is tender of his Family; another of his Perſon; One ſets up for an Orator; Another for a Philoſopher; This

Man

Man will not bear Pride, nor that Man Oppoſition. He that Plays the Tyrant at Home, is as gentle as a Lamb Abroad. Some take Offence if a Man ask a Favour of them, and others, if he does not. Every Man has his weak ſide; let us learn which that is and take a care of it; for the ſame thing does not work upon all Men alike. We are mov'd like Beaſts, at the Idle appearances of things; and the fiercer the Creature, the more is it ſtartel'd. The ſight of a Red Cloth enrages a Bull. A Shadow provokes the Aſp; Nay, ſo unreaſonable are ſome Men, that they take Moderate Benefits for Injuries; and Squabble about it, with their neareſt Relations: *They have done this and that for others*, they cry; And *they might have dealt better with us if they had pleaſed.* Very Good! And if it be leſs than we look'd for, it may be yet more than we deſerve. Of all Unquiet humours, this is the worſt, that will never ſuffer any Man to be happy, ſo long as he ſees a happier Man than himſelf. I have known ſome Men ſo weak, as to think themſelves contemn'd, if a Horſe did but play the Jade with *Them*, that is yet obedient to *Another Rider.* A Brutal Folly, to be Offended at a Mute Animal; for no Injury can be done us without the Concurrence of Reaſon. A Beaſt may hurt us, as a Sword, or a Stone, and no otherwiſe. Nay, there are, that will Complain of *foul Weather*, *a raging Sea*, *a biting Winter*, as

if

if it were expreſly directed to them; and this they charge upon Providence, whoſe Operations are all of them ſo far from being Injurious, that they are Beneficial to us.

HOW Vain, and Idle are many of thoſe *things that make us ſtark Mad! A reſty Horſe, the overturning of a Glaſs; the falling of a Key, the Dragging of a Chair, a Jealouſie, a Miſconſtruction. How ſhall that Man endure the Extremities of Hunger, and Thirſt, that flies out into a rage only for the putting of a little too much Water in his Wine? What haſt is there to lay a Servant by the Heels, or break a Leg, or an Arm immediately for't, as if he were not to have the ſame power over him an hour after, that he has at that Inſtant? The Anſwer of a Servant, a Wife, a Tenant, puts ſome People out of all Patience; and yet they can quarrel with the Government for not allowing them the ſame Liberty in Publick, which they themſelves deny to their own Families. If they ſay nothing 'tis Contumacy: if they ſpeak, or Laugh, 'tis Inſolence. As if a Man had his Ears given him only for Muſick; Whereas we muſt ſuffer all ſorts of Noiſes, good and bad, both of Men and Beaſts. How Idle is it to ſtart at the tinkling of a Bell, or the Creaking of a Door, when for all this delicacy, we muſt endure Thunder? Neither are our Eyes leſs Curious, and Phantaſtical then our Ears. When we are abroad, we can

*We are Angry for Trifles.

can bear well enough with foul ways, nasty Streets, noisom Ditches; but a spot upon a Dish at home, or an unswept Hearth, absolutely distracts us. And what's the Reason, but that we are patient in the One place, and Phantastically Peevish in the other? Nothing makes us more Intemperate than Luxury, that shrinks at every stroke, and starts at every shadow. 'Tis Death to some to have another sit above them, as if a Body were ever the more, or the less honest for the Cushion. But they are only weak Creatures that think themselves wounded, if they be but touch'd. One of the *Sibarites*, that saw a Fellow hard at work a digging, desired him to give over, for it made him weary to see him: And, it was an ordinary complaint with him, That *he could take no rest, because the Rose-leaves lay double under him.* When we are once weakn'd with our Pleasures, every thing grows Intolerable. And we are Angry as well with those things that cannot hurt us, as with those that do. We tare a Book because 'tis blotted. and our Cloaths, because they are not well made: Things that neither deserve our Anger, nor feel it: The Taylor perchance did his best, or however, had no Intent to displease us: If so, first, Why should we be Angry at all? Secondly, Why should we be Angry with the thing for the Man's sake? Nay, our Anger extends even to Dogs, Horses, and other Beasts.

IT

* IT was a Blaſphemous, and a Sottiſh Extravagance that of *Caius Caſar*, who challeng'd *Jupiter* for Making ſuch a Noiſe with his *Thunder*, that he could not hear his *Mimiques*, and invented a Machine in Imitation of it, to oppoſe *Thunder* to *Thunder*; a brutal conceipt, to imagine, either that he could reach the Almighty, or that the Almighty could not reach him.

* *The Blaſphemous Extravagance of* Caius Caſar.

AND every jot as ridiculous, though not ſo Impious, was that of *Cyrus*; who, in his deſign upon *Babylon*, found a River in his way that put a ſtop to his March. The Current was ſtrong, and carry'd away one of the Horſes that belong'd to his own Chariot: upon this he ſwears, that ſince it had obſtructed *his* Paſſage, it ſhould never hinder any Bodies elſe: And preſently ſet his whole Army to work upon it, which diverted it into a hundred and fourſcore Channels, and laid it dry. In this Ignoble and unprofitable employment, he loſt his Time, and the Soldiers their Courage, and gave his Adverſaries an opportunity of providing themſelves, while he was waging War with a River, inſtead of an Enemy.

* *A Ridiculous Extravagance of* Cyrus.

CHAP. VIII.

Advice in the Cases of Contumely and Revenge.

OF Provocations to Anger there are two sorts; there is an *Injury*, and there is a *Contumely*. The former in its own Nature is the heavier; the other, slight in it self, and only troublesom to a wounded Imagination. And yet some there are that will bear Blows, and Death it self rather then Contumelious Words. A Contumely is an Indignity below the Consideration of the very Law; and not worthy either of a Revenge, or so much as a Complaint. It is only the Vexation, and Infirmity of a weak Mind, as well as the Practice of a Haughty and Insolent Nature, and signifies no more to a Wise and Sober Man then an Idle Dream, that is no sooner past then forgotten. 'Tis true, it implies Contempt; but what needs any Man care for being contemptible to others, if he be not so to himself? For a Child in the Arms to strike the Mother, tear her Hair, claw the Face of her, and call her Names; That goes for nothing with us, because the Child knows not what it does. Neither are we mov'd at the Impudence, and Bitterness of a *Buffoon*; though he fall upon his own Master,

ſter, as well as the Gueſts: But, on the contrary, we encourage and entertain the Freedom. Are we not Mad then to be delighted and diſpleas'd with the ſame thing, and to take that as an *Injury* from one Man, which paſſes only for a *Raillery* from another? He that is Wiſe, will behave himſelf toward all Men as we do to our Children: For they are but Children too; though they have Gray Hairs: They are indeed of a larger Size, and their Errors are Grown up with them; They live without Rule, they covet without Choice, they are Timorous and Unſteady, and if at any time they happen to be Quiet, 'tis more out of Fear, then Reaſon. 'Tis a wretched condition to ſtand in awe of every Bodies Tongue; and whoſoever is vext at a Reproche would be proud if he were Commended. We ſhould look upon Contumelies, Slanders, and ill Words, only as the Clamour of Enemies, or Arrows ſhot at a diſtance that make a Clattering upon our Arms, but do no Execution. A Man makes himſelf leſs then his Adverſary, by Phancying that he is Contemn'd. Things are only ill, that are ill taken; and 'tis not for a Man of Worth to think himſelf better or worſe for the Opinion of Others. He that thinks himſelf injur'd, let him ſay, *Either I have deſerv'd this, or I have not. If I have, 'tis a Judgment; If I have not, 'tis an Injuſtice; and the doer of it has more reaſon to be aſham'd than the ſufferers.* Na-

ture has assign'd every Man his Post, which he is bound in Honor to maintain, let him be never so much press'd. *Diogenes* was Disputing of *Anger*, and an Insolent young Fellow, to try if he could put him beside his Philosophy, spit in his Face; *young Man*, says *Diogenes*, *this does not make me Angry yet; but I am in some doubt whether I should be so or no.* Some are so impatient, that they cannot bear a Contumely, even from a Woman; whose very Beauty, Greatness, and Ornaments, are all of them little enough to vindicate her from many Indecencies, without much Modesty, and Discretion. Nay, they will lay it to heart even from the meaneſt of Servants. How wretched is that Man whose Peace lies at the Mercy of the People? A Physician is not Angry at the Intemperance of a Mad Patient; nor does he take it ill to be rail'd at by a Man in a Feaver: Just so should a Wise Man treat all Mankind, as a Physician does his Patient; and looking upon them only as sick, and extravigant; let their Words and Actions, whether Good, or Bad, go equally for nothing; attending still his Duty even in the courseſt Offices that may conduce to their Recovery. Men that are Proud, Froward, and Powerful he values their Scorn as little as their Quality, and looks upon them no otherwise, than as People in the Access of a Feaver. If a Beggar *worships* him, or if he takes *no Notice* of him, 'tis all one to him; and with a

Rich

Rich Man he makes it the ſame Caſe. Their Honors, and their Injuries he accounts much alike; without Rejoycing at the one, or Grieving at the other.

In theſe Caſes, the Rule is to pardon all * Offences, where there is any ſign of Repentance, or hope of Amendment. It does not hold in Injuries, as in Benefits, the Requiting of the one with the other: For it is a ſhame to overcome in the one, and in the other to be overcome. It is the Part of a great Mind to deſpiſe Injuries; and it is one kind of Revenge, to neglect a Man, as not worth it: For it makes the firſt Aggreſſor too conſiderable. Our Philoſophy methinks might carry us up to the Bravery of a Generous Maſtiff, that can hear the Barking of a thouſand Curs, without taking any notice of them. He that receives an Injury from his Superior, it is not enough for him to bear it with Patience and without any thought of Revenge, but he muſt receive it with a cheerful Countenance, and look as if he did not underſtand it too: for if he appear too ſenſible, he ſhall be ſure to have more on't. *'Tis a Damn'd Humor in great Men, that whom they wrong, they'll hate.* It is well anſwer'd of an old Courtier; that was ask'd, How he kept ſo long in favour? *Why*, ſays he, *By receiving Injuries, and crying Your Humble Servant for them.* Some Men take it for an Argument of Greatneſs, to have Revenge in their power; but ſo far is he that is under

* *Pardon all, where there's either ſign of Repentance, or hope of Amendment.*

the Dominion of Anger, from being Great, that he is not ſo much as Free. Not but that Anger is a kind of pleaſure to ſome in the Act of Revenge: But the very *Word* is *Inhumane*, though it may paſs for *Honeſt*. *Virtue*, in ſhort, *is impenetrable, and Revenge is only the Confeſſion of an Infirmity.*

* *The ſame Conceit makes us Merry in private, and angry in Publick.*

IT is a phantaſtical Humor, that the ſame * Jeſt in Private, ſhould make us Merry, and yet enrage us in Publick; nay, we will not allow the Liberty that we take. Some Railleries we account pleaſant, others bitter: A Conceit upon a *Squint-Eye*, a *Hunch Back*, or any Perſonal Defect paſſes for a Reproche. And why may we not as well hear it, as ſee it? Nay, if a Man Imitates our Gate, Speech, or any Natural Imperfection, it puts us out of all Patience, as if the Counterfeit were more Grievous, than the doing of the thing it ſelf. Some cannot endure to hear of their Age, nor others of their Poverty; and they make the thing the more taken notice of, the more they deſire to hide it. Some bitter Jeſt (for the purpoſe) was broken upon you at the Table; keep better Company then. In the Freedom of Cups a ſober Man will hardly contain himſelf within Bounds. It ſticks with us extremely ſometimes, that the Porter will not let us in to his Great Maſter. Will any but a Mad-Man quarrel with a Cur for Barking, when he may pacifie him with a Cruſt? What have we to do but to keep further off, and Laugh

at

at Him? *Fidus Cornelius* (a tall, ſlim Fellow) fell down-right a crying, in the Senate-houſe, at *Corbulo*'s ſaying, that *he looks like an Eſtriche*. He was a Man that made nothing of a Laſh upon his Life, and Manners, but it was worſe than Death to him, a reflexion upon his Perſon: No Man was ever ridiculous to others, that laught at himſelf firſt: It prevents miſchief, and 'tis a Spiteful diſappointment of thoſe that take pleaſure in ſuch abuſes. *Varinius* (a Man that was made up for Scorn, and Hatred, Scurrilous, and Impudent to the higheſt degree, but moſt abuſively Witty, and with all this he was diſeas'd, and deform'd to extremity) his way was always to begin to make ſport with himſelf, and ſo he prevented the Mockeries of other People. There are none more abuſive to others, then they that lye moſt open to it themſelves; but the Humor goes round, and he that Laughs at me to day, will have ſome Body to Laugh at him to morrow, and revenge my Quarrel. But however, there are ſome Liberties that will never go down with ſome Men.

ASIATICUS VALERIUS (one of *Caligula*'s particular Friends, and a Man of Stomach, that would not eaſily * digeſt an Affront) *Caligula* told him in Publick what kind of Bedfellow his Wife was. Good God! that ever any Man ſhould here this, or a Prince ſpeak it, eſpecially to a Man of Conſular Authority, a Friend, and a Husband; and in ſuch a Manner too, as at

* *Some Jeſts will never be forgiven.*

once to own his Disgust, and his Adultery. The Tribune *Chereas* had a weak broken Voice, like an *Hermaphrodite*; when he came to *Caligula* for the *Word* he would give him sometimes *Venus*, otherwhiles *Priapus*; as a Slur upon him both ways. *Valerius* was afterwards the principal Instrument in the Conspiracy against him; and *Chereas*, to convince him of his Manhood, at one blow cleft him down the Chine with his Sword. No Man was so forward as *Caligula* to *Break* a Jest, and no Man so unwilling to *Bear* it.

CHAP. IX.

Cautions against Anger in the matter of Education, Converse, and other General Means of preventing it, both in our selves and others.

ALL that we have to say in particular upon this Subject lies under these two Heads; First, that we do not fall into Anger, and Secondly, that we do not *Transgress* in't. As in the case of our Bodies, we have some Medicines to preserve us when we are Well, and others to recover us when we are sick; so it is one thing not to admit it, and another thing to Overcome it. We are in the first place, to avoid all provocations, and the begin-

nings

nings of Anger: for if we be once down, 'tis a hard Task to get up again: When our Paſſion has got the better of our Reaſon, and the Enemy is receiv'd into the Gate, we cannot expect that the Conqueror, ſhould take Conditions from the Priſoner. And, in truth our Reaſon, when it is thus maſter'd, turns effectually into Paſſion. A careful Education is a great Matter, for our Minds are eaſily form'd in our Youth, but 'tis a harder buſineſs to cure ill Habits: Beſide that, we are enflam'd by Climate, Conſtitution, Company, and a thouſand other Accidents, that we are not aware of.

THE Choice of a good Nurſe, and a Well-natur'd Tutor, goes a great way; for the ſweetneſs both of the Blood, and of the Manners will paſs into the Child. There is nothing breeds Anger, more than a ſoft and effeminate Education; and 'tis very ſeldom ſeen, that either the Mothers, or the School-maſters Darling ever comes to good. But, *my young Maſter*, when he comes into the World behaves himſelf like a cholerick Coxcomb; for Flattery, and a great Fortune nouriſh Teachineſs. But it is a nice point, ſo to check the Seeds of Anger in a Child, as not to take off his Edge, and quench his Spirits, whereof a principal Care muſt be taken, betwixt Licence and Severity, that he be neither too much Emboldn'd, or Depreſs'd. Commendation gives him Courage, and Confi-

dence; but then the danger is, of blowing him up into Insolence, and Wrath: So that when to use the Bitt, and when the Spur, is the main difficulty. Never put him to a necessity of Begging any thing basely, or if he does, let him go without it. Enure him to a Familiarity, where he has any Emulation; And in all his Exercises, let him understand, that 'tis generous to overcome his Competitor, but not to hurt him. Allow him to be pleas'd when he does well, but not Transported, for that will puff him up into too high a Conceit of himself. Give him nothing that he cries for, till the Dogged Fit is over, but then let him have it when he is quiet; to shew him that there is nothing to be gotten by being peevish. Chide him for whatever he does amiss, and make him betimes acquanted with the Fortune that he was Born to. Let his Diet be Cleanly, but Sparing; and Cloath him like the rest of his Fellows; For by placing him upon that Equality at first, he will be the less proud afterward: And consequently the less waspish and quarrelsome.

IN the next place let us have a care of Temptations, that we cannot Resist, and Provocations that we cannot Bear; and especially of Sour, and exceptious Company: For a Cross Humor is Contagious: Nor is it all, that a Man shall be the better for the example of a quiet Conversation; but an Angry Disposition is troublesome, because it has nothing else to work upon.

We

We ſhould therefore chuſe a ſincere, Eaſie, and Temperate Companion, that will neither Provoke Anger, nor Return it; nor give a Man any occaſion of exerciſing his Diſtempers. Nor is it enough to be Gentle, Submiſs, and Humane, without Integrity, and Plain dealing: For Flattery is as Offenſive on the other ſide. Some Men would take a Curſe from you better than a Compliment. *Celius*, a paſſionate Orator had a Friend of ſingular Patience that Supp'd with him; who had no way to avoid a quarrel, but by ſaying *Amen* to all that *Celius* ſaid. *Celius*, taking this ill; *Say ſomething againſt me*, ſays he, *that you and I may be Two*; and he was angry with him becauſe he would not; but the Diſpute fell, as it needs muſt, for want of an Opponent.

He that is naturally addicted to Anger, let him uſe a Moderate Diet, and Abſtain from Wine; for it is but adding Fire to Fire. Gentle Exerciſes, Recreations, and Sports, Temper and Sweeten the Mind. Let him have a care alſo of long and obſtinate Diſputes, for 'tis eaſier not to begin them, than to put an end to them. Severe Studies are not good for him neither: as *Law*, *Mathematicks*: too much Intention preys upon the Spirits, and makes him Eager. But *Poetry*, *Hiſtory*, and thoſe lighter Entertainments may ſerve him for Diverſion and Relief. He that would be quiet, muſt not venture at things out of his

his reach, or beyond his ſtrength; for he ſhall either ſtagger under the Burthen, or Diſcharge it upon the next Man he meets; which is the ſame Caſe in Civil and Domeſtick Affairs. Buſineſs that is ready, and practicable, goes off with eaſe; but when 'tis too heavy for the Bearer, they fall both together. Whatſoever we deſign, we ſhould firſt take a meaſure of our ſelves, and compare our Force with the Undertaking, for it vexes a Man not to go through with his Work: a Repulſe inflames a generous Nature, as it makes one that is *Phlegmatick*, *Sad*. I have known ſome that have adviſ'd looking in a Glaſs when a Man is in the Fit, and the very Spectacle of his own deformity has cur'd him. Many that are troubleſome in their Drink, and know their own Infirmity, give their Servants order before-hand, to take them away by force, for fear of Miſchief, and not to obey their Maſters themſelves when they are hot-headed. If the thing were duly conſider'd, we ſhould need no other Cure than the bare conſideration of it. We are not Angry at Mad-men, Children, and Fools, becauſe they do not know what they do: and why ſhould not Imprudence have an equal Priviledge in other Caſes? If a Horſe Kick, or a Dog Bite, ſhall a Man Kick or Bite again? The one 'tis true is wholly void of Reaſon, but it is alſo an equivalent Darkneſs of mind, that poſſeſſes the other. So long as we are among Men,

let

let us cheriſh Humanity; and ſo live, that no Man may be either in Fear, or in Danger of us. Loſſes, Injuries, Reproaches, Calumnies, they are but ſhort inconveniences and we ſhould bear them with Reſolution. Beſide that, ſome People are above our Anger, others below it. To contend with our Superiors were a Folly, and with our Inferiors an Indignity.

THERE is hardly a more effectual Remedy Againſt anger then * Patience, and Conſideration. Let but the firſt Fervor abate, and that Miſt which darkens the Mind, will be either Leſſen'd or Diſpell'd; a Day, nay, an Hour does much in the moſt violent Caſes, and perchance totally ſuppreſſes it: Time diſcovers the Truth of things, and turns that into Judgment which at firſt was Anger. *Plato* was about to ſtrike his Servant, and while his Hand was in the Air, he checkt himſelf, but ſtill held it in that Menacing Poſture. A Friend of his took notice of it, and askt him what he meant: *I am now*, ſays *Plato*, *punniſhing of an Angry Man*: So that he had left his Servant to chaſtiſe himſelf. Another time, his Servant having committed a great Fault; *Speuſippus*, ſays he, *Do you Beat that Fellow, for I am angry*: So that he forbore ſtriking him for the very Reaſon that would have made another Man have done it. *I am Angry*, ſays he, *and ſhall go further then becomes me.* Nor is it fit that a Servant ſhould be in his Power, that

* *Patience ſoftens Wrath.*

is

is not his own Maſter. Why ſhould any one venture now to truſt an *Angry* Man with a Revenge, when *Plato* durſt not truſt himſelf? Either he muſt Govern That, or That will undo him. Let us do our beſt to Overcome it? but let us however keep it cloſe, without giving it any Vent. An Angry Man, if he gives himſelf Liberty at all times, will go to far. If it comes once to ſhew it ſelf in the Eye, or Countenance, it has got the better of us. Nay, we ſhould ſo oppoſe it, as to put on the very contrary diſpoſitions: Calm Looks, Soft and Slow Speech; an eaſie, and deliberate March, and by little and little we may poſſibly bring our Thoughts into a ſober Conformity with our Actions. When *Socrates* was Angry, he would take himſelf in't, and *Speak Low*, in oppoſition to the Motions of his diſpleaſure. His Friends would take notice of it, and it was not to his diſadvantage neither, but rather to his Credit, that ſo many ſhould *know* that he was Angry, and no Body *feel* it; which could never have been, if he had not given his Friends the ſame Liberty of Admonition which he himſelf took. And this Courſe ſhould we take; we ſhould deſire our Friends not to flatter us in our Follies, but to treat us with all Liberties of Reprehenſion, even when we are leaſt willing to bear it, againſt ſo powerful, and ſo inſinuating an Evil, we ſhould call for help while we have our Eyes in our Head, and are yet

Maſters

Masters of our selves. Moderatien is profitable for Subjects, but more for Princes; who have the means of executing all that their Anger Prompts them to. When that Power comes once to be exercis'd to a Common mischief, it can never long continue, a Common Fear joyning in one Cause all their divided Complaints. In a Word now how we may prevent, Moderate, or Master this Impotent Passion in others.

IT is not enough to be sound our selves, unless we* endeavour to make others so, wherein we must accommodate the Remedy to the Temper of the patient. Some are to be dealt with by Artifice, and Address: As for Example, *Why will you gratifie your Enemies to shew your self so much concern'd? 'Tis not worth your Anger; 'tis below you; I am as much troubled at it my self, as you can be; but you had better say nothing, and take your time to be even with them.* Anger in some People, is to be openly oppos'd; in others, there must be a little yielding, according to the disposition of the Person. Some are won by Entreaties; others are gain'd by meer Shame, and Conviction; and some by Delay; A dull way of Cure for a violent Distemper: But this must be the last Experiment. Other Affections may be better dealt 'with at leisure: For they proceed gradually; but This commences, and perfects it self in the same Moment. It does not, like other Passions, Solicite, and Mislead us, but it runs away with us by force;

* *Several ways of diverting Anger.*

force; and hurries us on with an irresistable Temerity, as well to our own, as to anothers ruine: Not only flying in the Face of him that Provokes us, but like a Torrent, bearing down all before it. There's no encountring the first Heat and Fury of it; For it is Deaf, and Mad. The best way is (in the beginning) to give it Time, and Rest, and let it spend it self: while the Passion is too hot to handle, we may deceive it: but however, let all Instruments of Revenge be put out of the way. It is not amiss sometimes to pretend to be Angry too; and joyn with him, not only in the Opinion of the Injury, but in the seeming contrivance of a Revenge. But this must be a Person then that has some Authority over him. This is a way to get Time, and by advising upon some greater punishment to delay the Present. If the passion be outrageous, try what shame or fear can do. If weak, 'tis no hard matter to amuse it by strange Stories, grateful News, or pleasant Discourses. Deceit, in this Case, is Friendship, for Men must be Cozen'd to be Cur'd.

THE Injuries that press hardest upon us, are those which *either we have not deserv'd, or not expected, or at least not in so high a degree. This arises from the Love of our selves: For every Man takes upon him like a Prince in this Case, to Practise all Liberties, and to allow none. Which proceeds either from Ignorance, or Insolence.

*Those Injuries go nearest us, that we have neither Deserv'd, nor Expected.

Insolence. What News is it for People to do ill things? For an Enemy to hurt us; nay, for a Friend, or a Servant to Transgress, and to prove Treacherous, Ungrateful, Covetous, Impious? What we find in one Man, we may in another, and there is no more Security in Fortune, than in Men. Our Joys are mingled with Fears, and a Tempest may rise out of a Calm: but a Skilful Pilot is always provided for't.

CHAP. X.

Against Rash Judgment.

IT is good for every Man to fortifie himself on his weak side: and if he Loves his Peace, he must not be Inquisitive, and hearken to Tale-bearers; for the Man that is over-curious to hear, and see every thing, multiplies Troubles to Himself: For a Man does not feel, what he does not know. He that is Listning after private Discourse, and what People say of him, shall never be at Peace. How many things that are Innocent in themselves, are made injurious yet, by misconstruction? Wherefore some things we are to pause upon, others to laugh at, and others again to pardon. Or if we cannot avoid the Sense of Indignities, let us however shun the open pro-

profeſſion of it; which may be eaſily done as appears by many Examples of thoſe, that have ſuppreſs'd their Anger, under the Awe of a greater Fear. It Is a good Caution not to believe any thing till we are very certain of it, for many probable things prove falſe, and a ſhort time will make Evidence of the undoubted Truth. We are prone to believe many things which we are unwilling to hear, and ſo we conclude, and take up a preujdice before we can judge. Never condemn a Friend unheard; or without letting him know his Accuſer, or his Crime. 'Tis a common thing to ſay, *Do not you tell that you had it from me: for if you do, I'le deny it, and never tell you any thing again.* By which means, Friends are ſet together by the Ears, and the Informer ſlips his Neck out of the Collar. Admit no Stories upon theſe terms; for it is an unjuſt thing to Believe in private, and to be Angry openly. He that delivers himſelf up to Gueſs, and Conjecture, runs a great hazard; for there can be no Suſpicion without ſome probable Grounds; ſo that without much Candor, and Simplicity, and making the beſt of every thing, there is no living in Society with Mankind. Some things that offend us we have by report; others we ſee, or hear. In the firſt Caſe, let us not be too Credulous; ſome People frame Stories that they may deceive us: Others, only tell what they Hear, and are deceiv'd Themſelves. Some make

it

it their Sport to do ill Offices; others do them only to pick a Thank: There are ſome that would part the deareſt Friends in the World; Others love to do Miſchief and ſtand aloof off, to ſee what comes on't. If it be a ſmall matter, I would have witneſſes, but if it be a greater, I would have it upon Oath, and allow time to the Accuſed, and Counſel too, and hear it over and over again.

IN thoſe Caſes where we our ſelves are Witneſſes, we ſhould[a] take into Conſideration all the Circumſtances. If a *Child*, 'twas *Ignorance*: If a *Woman*, a *Miſtake*: If done by *Command*, a *Neceſſity*; If a *Man* be injur'd, 'tis but *Quid pro quo*. If a *Judge*, he *Knows* what he does: If a *Prince*, I muſt *Submit*; either, if *Guilty*, to *Juſtice*, or if *Innocent*, to *Fortune*: If a *Brute*, I make my ſelf one by *Imitating* it: if a *Calamity*, or *Diſeaſe*, my beſt Relief is *Patience*: If *Providence*, 'tis both *Impious* and *Vain* to be *Angry* at it: If a *Good* Man I'll make the *Beſt* on't; If a *Bad*, I'll never *Wonder* at it. Nor is it only by *Tales*, and *Stories*, that we are enflam'd, but *Suſpitions*, *Countenances*; nay, a *Look*, or a *Smile* is enough to blow us up. In theſe Caſes let us ſuſpend our Diſpleaſure, and plead the Cauſe of the Abſent. *Perhaps he is innocent*; or *if not*, *I have time to conſider on't*, *and may take my Revenge at Leiſure*: but when it is once *Executed*, 'tis not to be *Recall'd*. A Jealous Head is apt to take that to himſelf which was never meant him. Let us there-

[a] *Make the beſt of every thing.*

fore truſt to nothing, but what we ſee: And chide our ſelves where we are over-Credulous. By this Courſe we ſhall not be ſo eaſily impos'd upon; nor put to trouble our ſelves about things not worth the while; as the Loytring of a Servant upon an Errand, the Tumbling of a Bed; or the Spilling of a Glaſs of Drink. 'Tis a Madneſs to be diſorder'd at theſe Fooleries, We conſider the thing done, and not the Doer of it. *It may be he did it Unwillingly; or by Chance. It was a trick put upon him, or he was forc'd to it't. He did it for Reward perhaps, not Hatred; Nor of his own Accord; but he was egg'd on to't.* Nay ſome regard muſt be had to the Age of the Perſon, or to Fortune; and we muſt conſult Humanity, and Candor in the Caſe. One does me a *Great Miſchief*, at *Unawares*. Another does me a very *ſmall* one by *Deſign*: Or peradventure none at all, but intended me one. The Latter was more in Fault, but I'll be Angry with neither. We muſt diſtinguiſh betwixt what a Man *cannot* do, and what he *will* not. *'Tis true; he has once offended me, but, How often has he pleas'd me! He has offended me often, and in other kinds, And why ſhould not I Bear it as well now as I have done?* Is he my *Friend?* why then *'twas againſt his will. Is he my Enemy? 'Tis no more then I look'd for.* Let us give way to Wiſe Men, and not ſquabble with Fools; and ſay thus to our ſelves, *We have all of us our Errors*; No Man is ſo Circumſpect, ſo Conſi-

Conſiderate, or ſo fearful of offending, but he has much to anſwer for. A Generous Priſoner cannot immediately comlpy with all the ſordid, and Laborious Offices of a Slave. A Footman that is not breath'd, cannot keep pace with his Maſter's Horſe. He that is over-watch'd, may be allow'd to be Drowzy. All theſe things are to be weigh'd before we give any Ear to the firſt Impulſe. If it be my duty to love my Country, I muſt be kind alſo to my Countrymen: If a Veneration be due to the Whole, ſo is a Piety alſo to the Parts: And it is the Common Intereſt to preſerve them. We are all Members of one Body, and it is as Natural to help one another, as for the hands to help the feet, or the eyes the hands. Without the Love, and Care of the Parts, the Whole can never be preſerv'd, and we muſt ſpare one another, becauſe we are born for Society, which cannot be maintain'd, without a Regard to Particulars. Let this be a Rule to us, never to deny a Pardon that does no Hurt either to the Giver, or Receiver. That may be well enough in *One*, which is Ill in *Another*; and therefore we are not to condemn any thing that is Common to a Nation: for Cuſtom defends it. But much more Pardonable are thoſe things which are Common to Mankind.

IT is a kind of Spiteful Comfort, that [b] whoever does me an Injury, may receive one, and that there is a Power over him that

[b] *Whoever dos an Injury, is liable to ſuffer one.*

that is above me. A Man ſhould ſtand as firm againſt all Indignities, as a Rock does againſt the Waves. As it is ſome ſatisfaction to a Man in a Mean Condition, that there is no Security in a more proſperous; And as the Loſs of a Son in a Corner is born with more Patience, upon the ſight of a Funeral carry'd out of a Palace; So are Injuries, and Contempts, the more tolerable from a meaner Perſon, when we conſider, that the Greateſt Men, and Fortunes are not exempt. The wiſeſt alſo of Mortals have their failings, and no man living is without the ſame Excuſe. The difference is, that we do not all of us tranſgreſs the ſame way: but we are oblig'd in Humanity to bear one with another. We ſhould, every one of us bethink our ſelves how remiſs we have been in our Duties: How immodeſt in our Diſcourſes; how Intemperate in our Cups; and why not as well how Extravagant we have been in our Paſſions. Let us clear our ſelves of this Evil, purge our minds, and utterly root out all thoſe Vices, which, upon leaving the leaſt ſtring will grow again, and recover. We muſt Think of every thing, Expect every thing that we may not be Surpriz'd. It is a Shame, ſays *Fabius*, for a Commander to excuſe himſelf, by ſaying, *I was not aware of it.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Take nothing ill from Another Man, till you have made it your Own Caſe.

IT is not Prudent to deny a pardon to any Man without firſt examining, if we do not ſtand in need of it our ſelves; for it may be our Lot to ask it, even at his Feet, to whom we refuſe it. But we are willing enough to *Do*, what we are very unwilling to *Suffer*. It is unreaſonable to charge Publick Vices upon Particular Perſons: For we are all of us wicked, and that which we blame in others, we find in our ſelves. 'Tis not a Paleneſs in one, or a leanneſs in another; but a Peſtilence that has laid hold upon All. 'Tis a wicked World, and we make part of it; and the way to be quiet, is to bare one with another. *Such a Man* we cry, *has done me a ſhrewd turn, and I never did him any hurt*. Well; but it may be I have miſchiev'd other People, or at leaſt I may live to do as much to him as that comes to. *Such a one has ſpoken ill things of me*; but if I firſt ſpeak ill of him, as I do of many others, this is not an Injury, but a Repayment. What if he did over ſhoot himſelf? He was loth to loſe his Conceit perhaps, but there was no Malice in't; and if he had not done me a Miſchief, he muſt

have done himſelf one. How many Good Offices are there that look like Injuries? Nay, how many have been reconcil'd, and good Friends, after a profeſs'd hatred?

BEFORE we lay any thing to heart, let us ask our ſelves if we have not done [a] the ſame things to others. But, where ſhall we find an Equal Judge? He that loves another Man's Wife (only perhaps becauſe ſhe is another's) will not ſuffer his own to be ſo much as look'd upon. No Man ſo fierce againſt Calumny, as the Evil Speaker; None ſo ſtrict exacters of Modeſty in a Servant, as thoſe that are moſt Prodigal of their own. We carry our Neighbors Crimes in ſight, and we throw our own over our Shoulders. The Intemperance of a bad Son is chaſtis'd by a worſe Father; and the Luxury that we puniſh in others, we allow to our ſelves. The Tyrant Exclaims againſt Homicide; and Sacriledge againſt Theft. We are Angry with the Perſons, but not with the Faults.

[a] *Let no Man condemn another without making it his one Caſe.*

SOME things there are that cannot hurt us, and [b] others will not; as good Magiſtrates, Parents, Tutors, Judges; whoſe Reproof or Correction we are to take, as we do Abſtinence, bleeding, and other uneaſie things, which we are the better for. In which Caſes, we are not ſo much to reckon upon what we ſuffer, as upon what we have done. *I take it ill*, ſays one, *and I have done nothing*, ſays another: when at the ſame time we make it worſe, by adding Arro-

[b] *Some things cannot hurt us and others will not.*

Arrogance, and Contumacy to our first Error. We cry out presently, *What Law have we Transgress'd?* As if the Letter of the Law were the Sum of our Duty; and that Piety, Humanity, Liberality, Justice, and Faith, were things beside our Business. No, no, the Rule of Humane Duty is of a greater Latitude; and we have many Obligations upon us, that are not to be found in the *Statute-Books*. And yet we fall short of the Exactness, even of That *Legal Innocency*. We have intended one thing, and done another; wherein only the want of Success has Kept us from being Criminals. This very thing, methinks, should make us more favourable to Delinquents, and to forgive not only our selves, but the Gods too; of whom we seem to have harder thoughts in taking that to be a Particular Evil directed to us, that befals us only by the common Law of Mortality. In fine, no Man living can Absolve himself to his Conscience, though to the World Perhaps he may. 'Tis true, that we are also Condemn'd to Pains, and Diseases, and to Death too, which is no more then the quitting of the Souls house. But, Why should any Man complain of Bondage, that wheresoever he looks, has his way open to Liberty? That Precipice, that Sea, that River, that Well, there's Freedom in the bottom of it. [c] It hangs upon every Crooked Bow; and not only a Man's Throat, or his Heart but every vein in his Body opens a Passage to it.

c *A Stoical Error.*

TO Conclude, where my proper Virtue fails me, I will have recourſe to Examples, and ſay to my ſelf, Am I greater then *Philip*, or *Auguſtus*, who both of them put up greater Reproches? Many have pardon'd their Enemies, and ſhall not I forgive a neglect, a little Freedom of the Tongue? Nay the Patience but of a Second Thought does the buſineſs; for, though the firſt ſhock be violent, take it in parts and 'tis ſubdu'd. And, to wind up all in one word; The great Leſſon of Mankind, as well in this, as in all other Caſes, is, *to do as we would be done by.*

CHAP. XII.

Of Cruelty.

THERE is ſo near an Affinity betwixt *Anger*, and *Cruelty*, that many People confound them; as if *Cruelty* were only the *Execution* of *Anger* in the payment of a *Revenge*: which holds in ſome Caſes, but not in others. There are a ſort of Men that take delight in the Spilling of Humane Blood; and in the Death of thoſe that never did them any Injury, nor were ever ſo much as ſuſpected for it; As *Apollodorus*, *Phalaris*, *Sinis*, *Procruſtus*, and others, that burnt Men alive, whom we cannot ſo properly call *Angry*, as *Brutal*. For, *Anger* does

does neceſſarily preſuppoſe an *Injury*, either *Done*, or *Conceiv'd*, or *Fear'd*; but the other takes *Pleaſure* in *Tormenting*, without ſo much as pretending any *Provocation* to't, and *kills* meerly for *killing ſake*. The *Original* of this *Cruelty* perhaps, was *Anger*, which by frequent *Exerciſe*, and *Cuſtom*, has loſt all ſenſe of *Humanity*, and *Mercy*; and they that are thus affected, are ſo far from the Countenance, and Appearance of Men in *Anger*, that they will *Laugh*, *Rejoyce*, and *Entertain themſelves* with the moſt *horrid Spectacles*; as *Racks*, *Gaols*, *Gibbets*, ſeveral ſorts of *Chains*, and *Puniſhments*; *Dilaceration* of *Members*, *Stigmatizings*, and *Wild Beaſts*; with other exquiſite Inventions of Torture: And yet at laſt the Cruelty it ſelf is more Horrid, and Odious, then the means by which it works. It is a *Beſtial* madneſs to *Love* Miſchief; beſide, that 'tis *Womaniſh* to *Rage* and *Tare*; a Generous Beaſt will ſcorn to do't, when he has any thing at his Mercy. It is a Vice for *Wolves*, and *Tygers*; and no leſs *Abominable* to the *World*, then *Dangerous* to it ſelf.

THE *Romans* had their *Morning*, and their *Meredian* [a] *Spectacles*. In the *Former*, they had their Combats of *Men* with *Wild Beaſts*; and in the *Latter*, the *Men* fought *One with another*. *I went* (ſays our Author) *the other day to the* Meridian Spectacles, *in hope of Meeting ſomewhat of Mirth, and Diverſion, to ſweeten the humors of thoſe that had*

[a] *The Cruelty of the* Roman *Spectacles.*

had been entertaind with Blood in the Morning: *But, it prov'd otherwiſe; for compar'd with this Inhumanity, the former was a Mercy. The whole buſineſs was only Murther upon Murther; the Combatants fought Naked, and every Blow was a Wound. They do not contend for* Victory, *but for* Death; *and he that kills one Man, is to be kill'd by another. By Wounds they are forc'd upon Wounds, which they Take, and give upon their bare Breaſts.* Born that Rogue they cry; What? Is he afraid of his Fleſh? Do but ſee how ſneakingly that Raſcal dies? *Look to your ſelves my Maſters, and conſider on't: Who knows but this may come to be your own Caſe?* Wicked Examples ſeldom fail of Coming home at laſt to the Authors. To deſtroy a *Single* Man, may be *Dangerous*, but to Murther whole *Nations*, is only a more *Glorious Wickedneſs*. *Private Avarice*, and *Rigour* are Condemn'd: But *Oppreſſion*, when it comes to be *Authoriz'd*, by an Act of State; and to be publickly *Commanded*, though particularly forbidden, becomes a Point of *Dignity* and *Honor*. What a ſhame is it for Men to Enterworry one another, when yet the fierceſt even of Beaſts are at peace with thoſe of their own kind? This Brutal Fury puts Philoſophy it ſelf to a ſtand. The Drunkard, the Glutton, the Covetous, may be reduc'd. Nay, and the miſchief of it is, that no Vice keeps it ſelf within its proper Bounds. Luxury runs into Avarice, and when the Reverence of Virtue is extinguiſh'd,

guiſh'd, Men will ſtick at nothing that carries profit along with it. Man's Blood is ſhed in Wantonneſs; his Death is a Spectacle for Entertainment, and his Groans are Muſick. When *Alexander* deliver'd up *Lyſimachus* to a Lyon, how glad would he have been to have had Nails, and Teeth to have devour'd him himſelf? It would have too much derogated, he thought, from the dignity of his Wrath, to have appointed a *Man* for the Execution of his *Friend*. Private Cruelties, 'tis true, cannot do much Miſchief, but in *Princes*, they are a War againſt Mankind.

C. CÆSAR would commonly, for *Exerciſe*, [b] and *Pleaſure*, put *Senators*, and *Roman Knights* to the *Torture*, And *Whip* ſeveral of them, like *Slaves*, or put them to *Death* with the moſt accurate *Torments*, meerly for the Satisfaction of his *Cruelty*. That *Cæſar* that *wiſh'd the People of* Rome *had but one Neck, that he might cut it off at one Blow*. It was the Employment, the Study, and the Joy of his Life. He would not ſo much as give the Expiring leave to Groan, but caus'd their Mouths to be ſtopt with Sponges, or for want of them, with Rags of their own Cloaths, that they might not breath out ſo much as their laſt Agonies at Liberty; Or perhaps, leſt the Tormented ſhould ſpeak ſomething which the Tormenter had no mind to hear. Nay, he was ſo impatient of Delay, that he would frequently riſe from Supper to have Men kill'd

b *Barbarous Cruelties.*

kill'd by *Torch-Light*, as if his Life and Death had depended upon their diſpatch before the next morning. To ſay nothing how many *Fathers* were put to Death by him in the ſame night with their *Sons*, (which was a kind of Mercy, in the prevention of their Mourning.) And was not *Sylla*'s Cruelty prodigious too, which was only ſtopt for want of Enemies? He cauſed 7000 *Citizens* of *Rome* to be ſlaughter'd at once; and ſome of the Senators being ſtartled at their Cries that were heard in the *Senate-houſe*: *Let us mind our buſineſs*, ſays *Sylla*, *This is nothing but a few Mutineers that I have Order'd to be ſent out of the Way. A Glorious Spectacle!* ſays *Hannibal*, when he ſaw the Trenches flowing with Humane Blood; and if the Rivers had run Blood too he would have lik'd it ſo much the better.

AMONG the famous, and deteſtable Speeches that are comitted to Memory, I know none worſe then that *Impudent*, and *Tyrannical Maxime*; [c] *Let them Hate me ſo they Fear me*: not conſidering that thoſe that are kept in Obedience by Fear, are both Malicious, and Mercenary, and only wait for an opportunity to change their Maſter. Beſide that whoſoever is Terrible to others, is likewiſe afraid of Himſelf. What is more ordinary, then for a Tyrant to be deſtroy'd by his Own Guards, which is no more then the putting thoſe Crimes into Practice which they learned of their Maſters: How many Slaves have reveng'd them-

c *He that Threatens All, Fears All.*

themſelves of their Cruel Oppreſſors, though they were ſure to dye for't; but when it comes once to a *Popular Tyranny*, whole Nations conſpire againſt it. For *whoſoever threatens All, is in danger of All*; over and above, that the Cruelty of a Prince encreaſes the *number* of his Enemies, by deſtroying ſome of them; for it entails an hereditary hatred upon the Friends and Relations of thoſe that are taken away. And then it has this Misfortune, that a Man muſt be wicked upon Neceſſity; for there's no going back; So that he muſt betake himſelf to Arms, and yet he lives in fear. He can neither truſt to the Faith of his Friends, nor to the Piety of his Children; he both dreads Death and wiſhes it; and becomes a greater Terror to himſelf, than he is to his People. Nay, if there were nothing elſe to make Cruelty deteſtable, it were enough, that it paſſes all Bounds both of Cuſtom, and Humanity, and is followed upon the Heel, with Sword, or Poiſon. A Private Malice indeed does not move whole Cities; but that which extends to All, is every Bodies Mark. One Sick Perſon gives no great diſturbance in a Family; but when it comes to a Depopulating Plague, all People fly from't. And why ſhould a Prince expect any man to be good, whom he has taught to be wicked?

BUT, What if it were *Safe* to be *Cruel*? Were it not ſtill a ſad thing, the very State of ſuch a *Government*? [e] A *Government* that bears

[e] Tyrannical Government *is a Perpetual* State of War.

bears the Image of a *Taken City*, where there's nothing but *Sorrow*, *Trouble*, and *Confuſion*. Men dare not ſo much as truſt themſelves with their Friends, or with their Pleaſures. Their is not any Entertainment ſo Innocent, but it affords pretence of Crime, and Danger. People are betray'd at their *Tables*, and in their *Cups*, and drawn from the very *Theatre* to the *Priſon*. How horrid a Madneſs is it to be ſtill *Raging*, and *Killing*; to have the ratling of *Chains* always in our *Ears*; *Bloody Spectacles* before our *Eyes*; and to carry *Terror*, and *Diſmay*, where ever we go? If we had *Lyons*, and *Serpents* to rule over us, this would be the manner of *Their Government*; ſaving that they agree better among themſelves: It paſſes for a Mark of Greatneſs to burn Cities, and lay whole Kingdoms waſte; nor is it for the honour of a Prince, to appoint this or that ſingle Man to be kill'd, unleſs they have whole *Troops*, (or ſometimes) *Legions* to work upon. But, it is not the Spoils of *War*, and *Bloody Trophies*, that make a Prince *Glorious*; but, the *Divine Power* of preſerving *Unity*, and *Peace*. *Ruine* without *Diſtinction* is more properly the buſineſs of a General *Deluge*, or a *Conflagration*. Neither does a Fierce, and Inexorable *Anger* become the *Supreme Magiſtrate*: *Greatneſs of Mind is always Meek and Humble*; *but Cruelty is a Note, and an Effect of Weakneſs*; *and brings down a Governour to the Level of a Competitor.*

OF

OF

Clemency.

THE Humanity, and Excellence of this Virtue, is confeſs'd at all hands, as well by the Men of *Pleaſure*, and thoſe that think every Man was made for himſelf, as by the *Stoicks*, that make *Man a Sociable Creature, and born for the Common good of Mankind:* For it is, of all Diſpoſitions, the moſt *Peaceable*, and *Quiet*. But before we enter any further upon the Diſcourſe, it would be firſt known what *Clemency* is, that we may diſtinguiſh it from *Pity*: which is a *Weekneſs*; though many times miſtaken for a *Virtue*: and the next thing will be, to bring the Mind to the *Habit* and *Exerciſe* of it.

[a] CLEMENCY *is a favourable Diſpoſition of the Mind, in the Matter of Inflicting Puniſhment; Or, A Moderation, that remits ſomewhat of the Penalty Incurr'd. As* Pardon *is*

a *Clemency defin'd.*

is the Total Remiſſion of a deſerv'd Puniſhment. We muſt be Careful not to confound *Clemency* with *Pity*; for as *Religion Worſhips* God, and *Superſtition Prophanes* that wor-ſhip; ſo ſhould we diſtinguiſh betwixt *Clemency*, and *Pity*; *Practiſing* the *One*, and *Avoiding* the *Other*. For *Pity* proceeds from a *Narrowneſs of Mind*, that reſpects rather the *Fortune*, than the *Cauſe*. It is a kind of Moral Sickneſs, contracted from other Peoples Misfortunes: Such another weakneſs as Laughing, or Yawning for Company, or as That of Sick Eyes, that cannot look upon others that are Blear'd, without dropping Themſelves. I'll give a Shipwrack'd-Man a Plank, a Lodging to a Stranger, or a Piece of Money to him that wants it: I will dry up the Tears of my Friend, yet I will not weep with him, but treat him with Conſtancy, and Humanity, as *one Man* ought to treat *Another*.

[b] *Clemency is Profitable for all.*

IT is objected by ſome, that [b] *Clemency* is an Inſignificant Virtue; and that only the Bad are the Better for't; for the Good have no need on't. But, in the firſt place; as Phyſick is in Uſe only among the Sick, and yet in Honor with the Sound; ſo the Innocent have a Reverance for Clemency, though Criminals are properly the Objects of it. And then again, a man may be Innocent, and yet have Occaſion for it too: for, by the Accidents, of Fortune, or the Condition of Times, Virtue it ſelf may come to be in danger. Conſider the moſt

Popu-

Populous City, or Nation; what a ſolitude would it be, if none ſhould be left there but thoſe that could ſtand the Teſt of a Severe Juſtice? We ſhould have neither Judges, nor Accuſers: none either to Grant a Pardon, or to Ask it. More or leſs, we are all Sinners; and he that has beſt purg'd his Conſcience, was brought by Errors to Repentance. And it is further Profitable to Mankind; for many Delinquents, come to be converted. There is a Tenderneſs to be us'd, even toward our Slaves, and thoſe that we have bought with our Money; How much more then, to Free, and to Honeſt Men, that are rather under our Protection, then Dominion? Not that I would have it ſo General neither, as not to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Good, and the Bad, for that would Introduce a Confuſion, and give a kind of encouragement to Wickedneſs. It muſt therefore have a reſpect to the Quality of the Offender, and ſeparate the Curable from the Deſperate; for it is an equal Cruelty to pardon All, and to pardon None. Where the matter is in Balance, let Mercy turn the Scale: If all Wicked Men ſhould be puniſh'd, who ſhould ſcape?

THOUGH Mercy, and Gentleneſs of Nature, ᶜ keeps all in peace, and Tranquillity, even in a *Cottage*; yet is it much more Beneficial, and Conſpicuous in a *Palace*. *Private Men* in their *Condition*, are likewiſe *Private* in their *Virtues*, and in their *Vices*: but the Words, and the Actions of *Princes*,

ᶜ *Clemency does well in Private Perſons, but 'tis more Beneficial in Princes.*

are the Subject of *Publick Rumor*; and therefore they had need have a Care, what Occasion They give People for Discourse, of whom People will be always a talking. There is the *Government* of a *Prince* over his *People*, a *Father* over his *Children*, a *Master* over his *Scholars*, an *Officer* over his *Soldiers*. He is an Unnatural Father, that for every Trifle beats his Children. Who is the Better Master, he that Rages over his Scholars, for but missing a Word in a Lesson; or he that tries by Admonition, and fair Words, to Instruct, and Reform them? An Outrageous Officer makes his Men run from their Colours. A Skillful Rider brings his Horse to Obedience, by mingling Fair means with Foul; whereas to be perpetually, switching and spurring, makes him Vicious, and Jadish: And shall we not have more care of *Men*, then of *Beasts?* It breaks the Hope of Generous Inclinations, when they are depress'd by Servility, and Terror. There is no Creature so hard to be pleas'd with Ill Usage, as Man.

d *Mercy is the Interest both of Prince and People.*

CLEMENCY does *well* with *All*, but *best* with [d] *Princes*, for it makes their Power Comfortable, and Beneficial, which would otherwise be the Best of Mankind. It establishes their Greatness, when they make the good of the Publick, their Particular Care, and Employ their power for the safety of the People. The Prince, in effect, is but the Soul of the Community; as the Community is only the Body of the Prince:

Prince: So that in being Merciful to Others he is Tender of himself: Nor is any Man so mean, but his Master feels the Loss of him, as a part of his Empire. And he takes Care, not only of the Lives of his People, but also of there Reputation. Now, giving for granted, that all Virtues are in themselves Equal, it will not yet be deny'd, that they may be more Beneficial to Mankind in One Person, than in Another. A Beggar may be as Magnanimous as a King: For, What can be Greater, or Braver, then to baffle Ill Fortune! This does not hinder, but that a Man in Authority, and Plenty, has more Matter for his Generosity to work upon, than a Private Person: and it is also more taken notice of upon the Bench, then upon the Level. When a Gracious Prince shews himself to his People, they do not fly from him as from a Tyger, that had rouz'd himself out of his Den; but they worship him as a Benevolous Influence, they secure him against all Conspiracies, and Interpose their Bodies betwixt him and Danger. They Guard him while he sleeps, and defend him in the Field against his Enemies. Nor is it without Reason, this Unanimous Agreement in Love and Loyalty; and this Heroical Zeal of Abandoning themselves for the safety of their Prince, but it is as well the Interest of the People. in the Breath of a Prince there's Life, and Death: and his Sentence stands good, Right, or Wrong.

If he be Angry, no body dares Adviſe him; and if he does Amiſs, who ſhall call him to Accompt? Now for him that has ſo much Miſchief in his Power, and yet applies That Power to the Common Utility, and Comfort of his People, diffuſing alſo Clemency and Goodneſs into their hearts too; What can be a greater Bleſſing to Mankind then ſuch a Prince? *Any Man* may *kill* another *Againſt* the Law, but only a *Prince* can *ſave* him ſo. Let him ſo deal with his own Subjects, as he deſires God ſhould deal with him: If Heaven ſhould be Inexorable to Sinners, and deſtroy all without Mercy, What Fleſh could be ſafe? But, as the Faults of Great Men are not preſently puniſh'd with Thunder from above, let them have a like regard to their inferiors here upon Earth. He that has Revenge in his Power, and does not Uſe it, is the Great Man. Which is the more Beautiful, and Agreeable State, that of a Calm, a Temperate, and a Clear Day; or That of Lightening, Thunder, and Tempeſts? And this is the very difference betwixt a Moderate, and a Turbulent Government. 'Tis for Low, and Vulgar Spirits, to Brawl, Storm, and Tranſport themſelves; but 'tis not for the Majeſty of a Prince to laſh out into intemperance of Words: Some will think it rather Slavery, then Empire, to be debarr'd Liberty of Speech: and what if it be, when Government it ſelf is but a more Illuſtrious Servitude? He that uſes his

Power

Power as he ſhould, takes as much Delight in making it Comfortable to his People, as Glorious to Himſelf. He is Affable, and eaſie of Acceſs; his very Countenance makes him the Joy of his Peoples Eyes, and the Delight of Mankind. He is Belov'd, Defended, and Reverenc'd, by all his Subjects; and Men ſpeak as well of him in Private, as in Publick: He is ſafe without Guards, and the Sword is rather his Ornament, then his Defence; In his Duty, he is like that of a good Father, that ſometimes gently Reproves a Son; ſometimes threatens him; nay, and perhaps Corrects him: But no Father in his right Wits, will Diſinherit a Son for the Firſt Fault: There muſt be Many, and Great Offences, and only Deſperate Conſequences that ſhould bring him to that Decretory Reſolution: He will make many Experiments, to try if he can Reclaim him firſt, and nothing but the utmoſt Deſpair muſt put him upon Extremities. It is not Flattery that calls a Prince *the Father of his Country*: The Titles of *Great*, and *Auguſt* are Matter of Complement, and of Honour; but in calling him *Father*, we mind him of that Moderation, and Indulgence, which he owes to his Children. His Subjects are his Members; Where, if there muſt be an Amputation, let him come ſlowly to it, and when the Part is cut off, let him wiſh it were on again: let him grieve in the doing of it: He that paſſes a Sentence *Haſtily*, looks as if he did it *wil-*

lingly; and then there is an Injuſtice in the Exceſs.

c *The bleſſed Reflexions of a Merciful Prince.*

IT is a Glorious Contemplation, for a Prince, firſt to Conſider the vaſt Multitudes of his People, whoſe Seditions, Divided, and Impotent paſſions would caſt All in Confuſion, and Deſtroy Themſelves, and Publick Order too, if the Band of Government did not reſtrain them. And Thence to Paſs to the Examination of his Conſcience, ſaying thus to himſelf, *It is by the Choice of Providence that I am here made God's Deputy upon Earth; the Abſtractor of Life, and Death, and that upon My breath, depends the Fortune of my People. My Lips are the Oracles of their Fate, and upon Them, hangs the Deſtiny both of Cities, and of Men. It is under my Favour that People ſeek for either Proſperity, or Protection; Thouſands of Swords are Drawn, or Sheath'd at my Pleaſure. What Towns ſhall be advanc'd or Deſtroy'd; who ſhall be Slaves, or who Free, depends upon my Will; and yet in this Arbitrary Power of Acting without Controul, I was never Tranſported to do any Cruel Thing, either by Anger, or Hot Blood, in my Self, or by the Contumacy, Raſhneſs, or Provocations of other Men; though ſufficient to turn Mercy it ſelf into Fury. I was never mov'd by the Odious vanity of making my ſelf Terrible by my Power (that Accurſed (though Common) Humor of Oſtentation, and Glory, that haunts Imperious Natures.) My Sword has not only been bury'd in the Scabbard, but in a manner*

Bound

Bound to the Peace, and tender even of the Cheapeſt Blood: And where I find no other Motive to Compaſſion, Humanity it ſelf is Sufficient. I have been always Slow to Severity, and Prone to Forgive, and under as Strict a Guard to Obſerve the Laws, as if I were Accomptable for the Breaking of them. Some I pardon'd for their Youth; Others for their Age. I ſpare one Man for his Dignity, Another for his Humility; and when I find no other matter to work upon, I ſpare my ſelf. So that if God ſhould at this Inſtant call me to an Accompt, the whole World would agree to witneſs for me, that I have not by any Force, either Publick or Private; either by my Self, or by any Other, defrauded the Common-wealth; and the Reputation that I have ever ſought for, has been That which few Princes have Obtain'd, the Conſcience of my Proper Innocence. And I have not loſt my labor neither, for no one Man was ever ſo Dear to another, as I have made my ſelf to the whole Body of my People. Under ſuch a Prince the Subject has nothing to wiſh for, beyond what he enjoys; their Fears are Quieted, and their Prayers heard, and their is nothing can make their Felicity Greater unleſs to make it perpetual; and there is no Liberty deny'd to the People, but that of Deſtroying one another.

IT is the Intereſt of the People, by the Conſent of all Nations, to run all hazards for the ſafety of their Prince, and by a Thouſand Deaths to redeem that one Life, upon which ſo many Millions depend. Does not

f *Upon the well being of the Prince, depends the Safety of the People*

not the whole Body ſerve the Mind, though only the One is expos'd to the Eye, and the Other not; but, Thin, and Inviſible, the very ſeat of it being Uncertain? Yet the Hands, Feet and Eyes, obſerve the Motions of it: we Lye down, Run about, and Ramble. As that Commands us. If we be Covetous, we Fiſh the Seas, and Ranſack the Earth for Treaſure; if Ambitious, we burn our own Fleſh with *Scævola*; we caſt our ſelves into the Gulph with *Curtius*: So would that vaſt Multitude of people, which is Annimated but with one Soul, Govern'd by one Spirit, and Mov'd by one Reaſon, deſtroy it ſelf with its own Strength, if it were not ſupportted by Wiſdom, and Government. Wherefore it is for there Own Security, that the People expoſe their Lives for their Prince, as the very Bond that ties the Republick together; the Vital Spirit of ſo many Thouſands, which would be nothing elſe but a Burthen and a prey, without a Governour. When this Union comes once to be Diſſolv'd, falls all to pieces; for Empire, and Obedience, muſt Stand, and Fall together. It is no wonder then, if a Prince be Dear to his People, when the Community is wrapt up in him, and the Good of Both as inſeparable as the Body and the Head; the One for Strength and the other for Counſel; for, What ſignifies the Force of the Body, without the Direction of the Underſtanding? While the Prince watches, his

People

People Sleep; his Labour keeps them at Eaſe, and his Buſineſs keeps them at Quiet. The Natural Intent of Monarchy appears even from the very Diſcipline of Bees; They aſſign to their Maſter the faireſt Lodgings, the Safeſt Place, and his Office is only to ſee, that the reſt perform their Duties. When the King is Loſt, the whole Swarm Diſſolves: More than One, they will not Admit; and then they contend who ſhall have the Beſt: They, are of all Creatures, the Fierceſt, for their Bigneſs; and leave their ſtings behind them in their Quarrels; Only the King himſelf has None, Intimating, that Kings ſhould neither be Vindictive, nor Cruel. Is it not a Shame, after ſuch an Example of Moderation in theſe Creatures, that Men ſhould be yet Intemperate? It were well if they loſt their Stings too in their Revenge, as well as the Other, that they might hurt but Once, and do no Miſchief by their Proxies. It would tire them out, if either they were to execute All with their Own Hands, or to wound Others, at the Peril of their own Lives.

A Prince ſhould behave himſelf Generouſly [g] in the Power, which God has given him, of Life and Death; eſpecially toward thoſe that have been at any time his Equals; for the One has his Revenge, and the other his Puniſhment in't. He that ſtands Indebted for his Life, has loſt it: but he that Receives his Life at the Foot of his Enemy,

[g] *The Prince that is Gracious, is Belov'd.*

Lives

Lives to the Honour of his Preserver: He Lives the Lasting Monument of his Virtue; whereas if he had been led in Triumph, the Spectacle would have been quickly over. Or what if he should restore him to his Kingdom again; Would it not be an Ample Accession to his Honour, to shew that he found nothing about the Conquer'd that was worthy of the Conqueror? There's nothing more Venerable then a Prince that does not Revenge an Injury. He that is Gracious, is Belov'd, and Reverenc'd as a Common Father; but a Tyrant stands in Fear, and in Danger even of his Own Guards. No Prince can be safe himself, of whom all Others are Afraid; for to spare None, is to enrage All. 'Tis an Error to imagine, that any Man can be secure, that suffers no body else to be so too. How can any Man endure to lead an Uneasie, Suspitious, Anxious Life, when he may be Safe, if he Pleases, and enjoy all the Blessings of Power, together with the Prayers of his People? Clemency protects a Prince without a Guard; there's no need of Troops, Castles or Fortifications: Security on the One side, is the Condition of Security on the Other; and the Affections of the Subject are the most Invincible Fortress. What can be Fairer, then for a Prince to Live the Object of his Peoples Love, to have the Vows of their Hearts, as well as of their Lips; and his Health and Sickness, their Common Hopes, and Fears; There will be

be no Danger of Plots: Nay, on the Contrary, Who would not frankly venture his Blood, to serve him, under whose Government, Justice, Peace, Modesty, and Dignity Florish; under whose Influence Men grow Rich, and Happy; and whom Men look upon with such Veneration, as they would do upon the immortal Gods, if they were Capable of seeing them? And, as the True Representative of the Almighty, they consider him, when he is Gracious, and Bountiful, and employs his Power to the Advantage of his Subjects.

WHEN a Prince proceeds to Punishment, it must be either to Vindicate Himself, or Others. It is a hard matter to Govern Himself in his Own Case. If a Man should advise him not to be Credulous, but to examine Matters, and Indulge the Innocent, this is rather a point of Justice then of Clemency: But, in Case that he be Manifestly Injur'd, I would have him *Forgive*, where he may *Safely* do it, and be *Tender* even where he cannot *Forgive*: But far more Exorable in his Own Case however, then in Anothers. 'Tis nothing to be free of Another Mans Purse; and 'tis as Little to be Merciful in Another Mans Cause. He is the great Man that Masters his Passion where he is stung himself; and Pardons, when he might Destroy. The end of Punishment, is either to Comfort the Party Injur'd, or to secure him for the Future. A Princes Fortune is above the need of such a Comfort,

Where Punishment is Necessary, let it be Moderate.

Comfort, and his Power is too Eminent to ſeek an Advance of Reputation, by doing a Private Man a Miſchief. This I ſpeak, in Caſe of an Affront from thoſe that are Below us: But he, that of an Equal, has made any Man his Inferiour, has his Revenge, in the bringing of him Down. A *Prince* has been *kill'd* by a *Servant*, deſtroy'd by a Serpent; but whoſoever preſerves a Man, muſt be greater then the Perſon that he preſerves. With Citizens, Strangers, and People of Low condition, a Prince is not to Contend, for they are Beneath him: He may ſpare ſome, out of Good Will, and Others, as he would do ſome little Creatures that a Man cannot touch without fouling his Fingers: But for thoſe that are to be Pardon'd, or expos'd to Publick Puniſhment, he may uſe Mercy as he ſees Occaſion; and a Generous Mind can never want Inducements, or Motives to it: And whether it be *Age*, or *Sex*; *High*, or *Low*, Nothing comes amiſs.

i *The Ends of Puniſhment.*

TO paſs now to the Vindication of Others, there muſt be had a [i] regard, either to the Amendment of the Perſon Puniſh'd, or the making of Others better, for fear of Puniſhment; or the taking the Offender out of the way for the ſecurity of Others. An Amendment may be Procur'd by a Small Puniſhment; for he lives more Carefully that has ſomething yet to Loſe; It is a kind of *Impunity*, to be incapable of a *further Puniſhment*. The Corruptions of a City are beſt

beſt Cur'd by a Few, and Sparing Severities; for the Multitude of Offenders, creates a Cuſtom of offending, and Company Authorizes a Crime, and their is more good to be done upon a *Diſſolute Age*, by *Patience* then by *Rigour*: Provided that it paſs not for an *Approbation* of *Ill Manners*; but only as an *Unwillingneſs* to proceed to *Extremities*. Under a Merciful Prince a Man will be aſhamed to offend, becauſe a Puniſhment that is inflicted by a Gentle Governor, ſeems to fall heavier, and with more Reproach: and it is Remarkable alſo, that *Thoſe Sins are often Committed, which are very often Puniſh'd*. *Caligula*, in five years Condemn'd more People to the *Sack*, then ever were before him; and there were *fewer Parricides before that Law againſt them then After*. For our Anceſtors did wiſely preſume that the Crime would never be Committed, till by a Law for puniſhing it they found that it might be done. *Parricides* began with the *Law* againſt them, and the Puniſhment inſtructed Men in the Crime. Where there are few Puniſhments, Innocency is indulg'd as a Publick Good, and it is a dangerous thing to ſhew a City how ſtrong it is in Delinquents. There is a certain Contumacy in the Nature of Man, that makes him Oppoſe Difficulties. We are better to Follow, then to Drive; as a Generous Horſe rides beſt with an Eaſie Bitt. People *Obey willingly*, where they are *Commanded kindly*. When *Burrhus* the Prefect was to Sentence

Two

Two Malefactors, he brought the warrant to *Nero* to sign: who, after a long Reluctancy, came to't at last with this Exclamation, *I would I could not Write.* A Speech that deserv'd the whole World for an Auditory, but all Princes especially; and that the hearts of all the Subjects would conform to the likeness of their Masters. As the Head is Well, or Ill, so is the Mind Dull, or Merry. What's the Difference betwixt a *King*, and a *Tyrant*, but a *Diversity* of *Will*, under one, and *the same Power*? the One Destroys for his Pleasure, the other upon Necessity: A Distinction rather in Fear, then in Name. A Gracious Prince is Arm'd as well as a Tyrant; but 'tis for the Defence of his People, and not for the Ruin of them. No King can ever have Faithful Servants that accustoms them to Tortures and Executions: The very Guilty themselves do not lead so Anxious a Life as the Persecutors, for they are not only afraid of Justice, both Divine, and Humane, but it is Dangerous for them to mend their Manners; so that when they are once in, they must continue to be Wicked, upon Necessity. An Universal Hatred unites in a Popular Rage. A Temperate Fear may be kept in Order; but when it comes once to be Continual, and Sharp, it provokes People to Extremities, and Transports them to Desperate Resolutions: as Wild Beasts, when they are prest upon the *Toyl*, turn back, and assault the very Pursuers. A Turbulent Government is a Perpetual

cual trouble both to Prince, and People; and he that is a Terror to all Others, is not without Terror also himself. Frequent Punishments, and Revenges may Suppress the Hatred of a Few, but then it stirs up the Detestation of All. So that there's no destroying One Enemy, without making Many. It is good to Master the *Will* of being *Cruel*, even while there may be *Cause* for it, and *Matter* to Work upon.

AUGUSTUS was a Gracious Prince when he had the Power in his own hand; but in the *Triumviracy* he made use of his Sword, and had his Friends ready Arm'd to set upon *Anthony*, during That Dispute. But he behav'd himself afterwards at another rate; for when he was betwixt forty and fifty years of Age, he was told, that *Cinna* was in a Plot to Murther him, with the Time, place, and Manner of the Design; and This from one of the Confederates. Upon This, he resolv'd upon a Revenge, and sent for several of his Friends to advise upon't. The thought of it kept him waking, to consider, that there was the Life of a young Nobleman in the Case, the Nephew of *Pompey*, and a Person otherwise Innocent. He was off and on several times, whether he should put him to Death or not. *What* (says he) *shall I live in Trouble, and in danger my self, and the Contriver of my Death walk Free, and Secure? Will nothing serve him but That Life, which Providence has preserv'd in so many Civil Wars;*

h *A famous Instance of* Augustus's *Clemency.*

Wars; *in ſo many Battles, both by Sea, and Land*; *and Now, in the State of an Univerſal Peace too? and not a ſimple Murther neither, but a Sacrifice*; *for I am to be aſſaulted at the very Altar*; *and ſhall the Contriver of all this Villany ſcape Unpuniſh'd?* Here *Auguſtus* made a little Pauſe, and then recollecting himſelf: No, *no, Caſar*, (ſays he) *'tis rather* Cæſar, *then* Cinna, *that I'm to be Angry with*; *why do I my ſelf live any longer, after that my Death is become the Intereſt of ſo many People? And if I go on, what end will there be of Blood, and of Puniſhment? If it be againſt My Life that the Nobility Arms it Self, and levels their Weapons, my Single Life, is not worth the while, if ſo many muſt be deſtroy'd, that I may be preſerv'd.* His Wife *Livia* gave him here an Interuption, and deſir'd him, that he would for once hear a Womans Counſel. *Do* (ſays ſhe) *like a Phyſician, that when common Remedies fail, will try the Contrary*; *You have got nothing hitherto by Severity*; *After* Salvidianus *there follow'd* Lepidus; *after him* Muræna; Cæpio *follow'd him, and* Egnatius *follow'd* Cæpio: *Try now what Mercy will do*; *Forgive* Cinna. *He is Diſcover'd, and can do you no hurt in your Perſon*; *and it will yet Advantage you in your Reputation.* *Auguſtus* was glad of the Advice, and he gave Thanks for't, and thereupon Countermanded the Meeting of his Friends, and order'd *Cinna* to be brought to him Alone; for whom he caus'd a Chair to be ſet, and then diſcharg'd the

reſt of the Company. Cinna (*ſays* Auguſtus) before I go any further, *you muſt promiſe not to give me the Interruption of one Syllable till I have told you all I have to ſay, and you ſhall have Liberty afterward to ſay what you Pleaſe: You cannot forget, that when I found you in Arms againſt me, and not only* Made *my* Enemy, *but* Born *ſo, I gave you your Life and Fortune. Upon your Petition for the Prieſt-hood, I granted it with a Repulſe to the Sons of thoſe that had been my Fellow-Souldiers; and you are at this day ſo Happy, and ſo Rich, that even the Conquerors envy him that is Overcome; and yet after all This you are in a Plot, Cinna, to Murther me.* At that word *Cinna* ſtarted, and interpoſed with Exclamations, *That certainly he was far from being either ſo Wicked, or ſo mad. This is breach of Conditions,* Cinna, (*ſays* Auguſtus) *'tis not your time to ſpeak yet. I tell you again, that you are in a Plot to Murther me*; and ſo he told him the Time, the Place, the Confederates, the Order, and Manner of the Deſign, and who it was that was to do the Deed. Cinna, *upon This,* fixt his eye upon the Ground, without any Reply; not for his word-ſake, but as in a Confuſion of Conſcience; and ſo *Auguſtus* went on. *What* (ſays he) *may your Deſign be in all this? Is it that you would pretend to ſtep into my Place? The Commonwealth were in an Ill Condition, if only* Auguſtus *were in the way betwixt you and the Government. You were Caſt the Other day in a*

Cauſe, by one of your own Free-men; and do you expect to find a weaker Aduerſary of Cæſar? But, What if I were remov'd? There's Æmilius Paulus, Fabius Maximus, and twenty other Families of great Blood, and Intereſt, that would never bear it. To cut off the Story ſhort; (for it was a Diſcourſe of above two Hours; and *Auguſtus* lengthen'd the Puniſhment in *Words*; ſince he intended that ſhould be all) *Well*, Cinna, *ſays he, the Life that I gave to you once, as an* Enemy, *I will now repeat it to a* Traytor, *and to a* Paricide, *and this ſhall be the laſt Reproach I'll give you. For the time to come, there ſhall be no other Contention betwixt You and Me, then which ſhall out do the other in Point of Friendſhip.* After This *Auguſtus* made *Cinna Conſul*, (an Honour, which he confeſs'd, he durſt not ſo much as Deſire) and *Cinna* was ever affectionately Faithful to him, he made *Cæſar* his *Sole Heir*, and this was the *Laſt Conſpiracy* that ever was form'd againſt him.

Auguſtus's Moderation to his Enemies.

THIS *Moderation* in *Auguſtus*, was the Excellency of his Mature Age; for in his Youth, he was Paſſionate, and Sudden; and he did many things, which afterward he look'd back upon with Trouble: After the Battel of *Actium*, ſo many Navies broken in *Sicily*, both *Roman* and *Strangers*; the *Peruſian Altars*; (where 300 *Lives* were *Sacrific'd* to the *Ghoſt* of *Julius*) his frequent *Proſcriptions*, and other Severities; his *Temperance* at laſt ſeem'd to be little more then a *Weary Cruelty*. If he had not *Forgi-*

ven

ven those that he *Conquer'd*, Whom should he have *Govern'd*? He chose his very *Life-Guard* from among his *Enemies*, and the *Flower* of the *Romans* owed their *Lives* to his *Clemency*. Nay, he only punish'd *Lepidus* himself with *Banishment*, and permitted him to wear the *Ensigns* of his *Dignity* without taking the *Pontificate* to himself, so long as *Lepides* was Living; for he would not possess it as a *Spoil*, but as an *Honor*. This *Clemency* it was, that Secur'd him in his Greatness, and Ingratiated him to the People, though he laid his hand upon the Government before they had throughly submitted to the Yoke; and This Clemency it was, that has made his *Name Famous* to *Posterity*. This is it, that makes us reckon him *Divine*, without the Authority of an *Apotheosis*. He was so Tender, and Patient, that tho' many a bitter jest was broken upon him (and *Contumelies* upon Princes, are the most *Intolerable* of all *Injuries*) yet he never punish'd any Man upon that Subject. *It is* Then Generous *to be* Merciful, *when we have it in our* Power *to take* Revenge.

A Son of *Titus Arius* being Examin'd and found [k] Guilty of *Paricide*, was Banish'd *Rome*, and Confin'd to *Marseilles*, where his Father allow'd him the same Annuity that he had before; which made all People conclude him Guilty, when they saw that his Father had yet *Condemn'd* the Son, that he could not *Hate*. *Augustus* was pleas'd to Sit upon the Fact in the House of *Arius*, only as

k *A Merciful Judgment of* Augustus.

a *Single Member* of the *Counſel*, that was to examine it: If it had been in *Caſar*'s, Palace, the *Judgment* muſt have been *Caſar*'s, and not the *Father*'s. Upon a full hearing of the Matter *Caſar* directed, that every Man ſhould write his Opinion, whether *Guilty*, or *Not*, and without declaring of his Own for fear of a Partial Vote. Before the Opening of the Books, *Caſar* paſs'd an Oath, that he would not be *Arius his Heir*: and to ſhew, that he had no Intereſt in his Sentence, as appear'd afterward, for he was not Condemn'd to the Ordinary *Puniſhment* of *Paricides*, nor to a Priſon, but, by the Mediation of *Caſar*, only Baniſh'd *Rome*, and confin'd to the Place which his Father ſhould Name: *Auguſtus* inſiſting upon it, that the Father ſhould content himſelf with an Eaſie puniſhment, and Arguing, that the young Man was not mov'd to the Attempt by *Malice*, and that he was but half reſolv'd upon the Fact, for he waver'd in it, and therefore to remove him from the City, and from his Fathers ſight, would be ſufficient. This is a Glorious Mercy, and worthy of a Prince, to make all things Gentler where ever he comes. How Miſerable is that Man in Himſelf, who when he has employ'd his Power in Rapines, and Cruelty upon Others, is yet more Unhappy in Himſelf? He ſtands in Fear both of his Domeſticks, and of Strangers, the Faith of his Friends, and the Piety of his Chil-

Children, and flies to Actual Violence to ſecure him from the Violence he Fears. When he comes to look about him, and to conſider what he *Has* done, what he *Muſt*, and what he is *About* to do; what with the *Wickedneſs*, and with the *Torments* of his *Conſcience*, many times he Fears Death, Oftener he wiſhes for't, and lives more Odious to himſelf, then to his Subjects: whereas, on the Contrary, he that takes a Care of the Publick, though of one part more perhaps then of Another, yet there is not any Part of it, but he looks upon as part of Himſelf. His Mind is Tender, and Gentle, and even where Puniſhment is Neceſſary, and Profitable, he comes to it Unwillingly, and without any Rancor, or Enmity in his heart. Let the Authority, in fine, be what it will, Clemency becomes it, and the Greater the Power, the greater is the Glory of it. *It is a truly Royal Virtue, for a Prince to deliver his People* from Other *Mens Anger, and not to Oppreſs them with his* Own.

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SENECA'S

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MORALS

The *Third*, and *Last Part*.

Digested into XXVIII.

EPISTLES.

By Sir *ROGER L'ESTRANGE*.

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EPIST. I.

Certain General Directions for the Government of the Voice; *as in ſpeaking* Soft, *or* Loud; Quick, *or* Slow. *The* Speech *is the* Index *of the* Mind.

YOU ſay well, that in Speaking, the very Ordering of the Voice, (to ſay nothing of the Actions, Countenances, and other Circumſtances that accompany it) is a Conſideration worthy of a Wiſe Man. There are, that preſcribe Certain Modes of Riſing, and Falling; Nay, if you will be governed by Them, you ſhall not ſpeak a Word, move a Step, or eat a Bit, but by a Rule: And theſe perhaps are too Critical. Do not underſtand me yet, as if I made no Difference betwixt entring upon a Diſcourſe Loud, or Soft; for the Affections do Naturally Riſe by Degrees; and, in all Diſputes, or Pleadings, whither Publick, or

Private, a Man ſhould properly Begin with Modeſty, and Temper, and ſo Advance by little and little, if need be, into Clamour, and Vociferation. And as the Voice Riſes by Degrees, let it fall ſo too; not Snapping of upon a ſudden, but abating, as upon Moderation: The other is Unmannerly, and Rude. He that has a Precipitate ſpeech, is commonly violent in his Manners: Beſide that, there is in it much of Vanity, and Emptineſs; and no Man takes ſatisfaction in a Flux of Words, without Choice; where the Noiſe is more then the Value. *Fabian* was a Man Eminent, both for his Life and Learning; and no leſs for his Eloquence. His Speech was rather eaſy, and Sliding, than Quick; Which he accounted to be, not only Lyable to many Errors, but to a Suſpition of Immodeſty. Nay, let a Man have Words never ſo much at Will, he will no more ſpeak faſt, then he will Run, for fear his Tongue ſhould go before his Wit. The Speech of a *Philoſopher* ſhould be like his Life, Compoſed, without preſſing, or Stumbling; which is fitter for a Mountebank, then a Man of Sobriety, and Buſineſs: and then to drop one word after another, is as bad on the other ſide. The Interruption is Tedious, and tires out the Auditor with Expectation. Truth, and Morality, ſhould be deliver'd in Words plain, and without Affectation; for, like Remedies, unleſs they ſtay with us; we are never the better for them. He that would work upon his Hea-

rers,

ters, muſt no more expect to do it upon the Poſt, then a Phyſition to Cure his Patients, only in paſſing by them. Not but that I would have a Wiſe Man, in ſome Caſes, to Raiſe himſelf and mend his Pace; but ſtill with a regard to the dignity of his Manners; though there may be a great force alſo in Moderation. I would have his Diſcourſe ſmooth, and flowing, like a River; not Impetious, like a Torrent. There is a Rapid, lawleſs, and Irrevocable Velocity of Speech, which I would ſcarce allow, even to an Orator; for if he be tranſported with Paſſion, or Oſtentation, a Man's Attention can hardly keep him Company. It is not the Quantity, but the Pertinence, that does the buſineſs. Let the Words of an Ancient Man flow Soft, and Gentle; let thoſe of an Orator come off Round, and Powerful; but not run on without Fear, or Wit, as if a whole Declamation were to be but one Period. *Cicero* wrote with Care, and that which will for ever ſtand the Teſt. All Publick Languages are according to the Humor of the Age: A Wantonneſs, and Effemenacy of Speech denotes Luxury; for the Wit follows the Mind: If the Latter be Sound, Compos'd, Temperate, and Grave, the Wit is Dry, and Sober too: but if the one be corrupted, the other is likewiſe Unſound. Do we not ſee when a Man's mind is heavy, how he Creeps, and Draws his Legs After him? A Finical Temper is read in the very Geſtors, and

Cloaths; if a Man be Cholerick, and Violent, it is alſo diſcover'd in his Motions. An Angry Man ſpeaks ſhort, and Quick; the Speech of an Effeminate Man is Looſe, and Melting. A Queint, and Solicitous way of ſpeaking, is the ſign of a Weak Mind; but a Great Man ſpeaks with Eaſe, and Freedom; and with more Aſſurance, though leſs Care. Speech is the *Index* of the Mind; When you ſee a Man Dreſs, and ſet his Cloaths in Print, you ſhall be ſure to find his Words ſo too, and nothing in them that is firm, and Weighty: It does not become a *Man* to be *Delicate*. As it is in Drink, the Tongue never Trips, till the Mind be Over-born; So it is with Speech; ſo long as the mind is Whole, and Sound, the Speech is Maſculine, and Strong; but if one Fails, the other Follows.

EPIST. II.

Of Stiles, Compoſitions, *and the Choice of* Words. *Thats the beſt way of* Writing, *and* Speaking, *which is* Free *and* Natural. Advice *concerning* Reading.

YOU cannot expect any *Certain*, and *Univerſal Rule*, either for the *Stile*, or for the *Manner* of *Speaking*, or *Writing*, becauſe they vary according to Uſage, and Occaſion. So that we muſt content our ſelves

ſelves with *Generals*. Men Write, and Speak commonly according to the humour of the Age they live in: and there is alſo a Correſpondence betwixt the Language, and the Life of Particular Perſons; as one may give a near Gueſs at a Man, by his very Gate, Furniture, and Cloaths. In the firſt place, let the Senſe be Honeſt, and Noble; not pinch'd up in Sentences; but Subſtantial, and of Higher deſign, with nothing in it Superfluous. Let the Word be fitted to the Matter: and where the Subject is Familiar, let the Stile be ſo too. But great thoughts muſt have ſuitable Expreſſions; and there ought to be a kind of Tranſport in the One, to anſwer it in the Other. It is not enough to compoſe a pleaſant Fable; and tickle the Fancy; but he that Treats of weighty Matters, muſt do it in Grave, and Sober Terms. There are ſome that have not ſo much of the vigor of an Orator; or of that Sententious Sharpneſs; and yet the Worthineſs of the Senſe, makes amends for the Lowneſs of the Stile. Our Fore-fathers were not at all delighted with fine Words, and Flowers: but there Compoſitions were Strong, Equal, and Manly. We have now-a-days here and there a point; but the Work is Uneven, where only This, on That Particular is Remarkable. We never admire This, or That ſingle Tree, where the Whole Wood is all of a Height. A Specious Title-Page may commend a Book

to Sale, but not for Uſe. An Eminent Author is to be taken down Whole, and not here and there a Bit. 'Tis a Maiming of the Body to take the Members of it a part: Nor is it a handſome Leg, or Arm, that makes a Handſome Man; but the Symmetry, and Agreement of all together. It is the Excellency of Speaking, and Writing, to do it Cloſe, and in Words accommodate to the Intention; and I would yet have ſomewhat more to be ſignifi'd, then is Deliver'd: It being alſo a Mark of Strength, and Solidity of Judgment. The Propriety of words, in ſome Caſes, is Wonderful; eſpecially when we are well read in the Knowledge of Things, and of Duties; and there is a Singular Grace in the Gentleneſs of Numbers, when they run Smooth, and without Perturbation. Some are rais'd, and Startl'd at Words, as a Horſe is at a Drum; and endue the very Paſſion of the Speaker. Others are mov'd with the Beauty of things; and when they hear any thing bravely urg'd againſt Death, or Fortune, they do ſecretly wiſh for ſome Occaſion of Experimenting that Generoſity in themſelves. But not one of a Thouſand of them, that carries the Reſolution home with him that he had conceived. It is an eaſie matter to excite an Auditory to the Love of Goodneſs, having already the Foundation and the Seeds of Virtue within themſelves: So that it is but awakening the Conſideraton of it, where all Men are agreed

greed before-hand upon the Main. Who is ſo Sordid, as not to be rous'd at ſuch a Speech as this? *The Poor Man wants many things, but the Covetous Man wants All.* Can any Fleſh forbear being delighted with This ſaying, though a Satyr againſt his own Vice? As to forc'd *Metaphors*, and wild *Hyperboles*, I would leave them to the *Poets*. And I am utterly againſt Fooling with Tinkling Conceipts, and Sounds: Not that I would wholly forbid the uſe of *Hyperboles*; which, although they exceed the Truth, may yet be a means, by things Incredible, to bring us unto things Credible. And there may be great uſe made alſo of *Parables*: For the way of Application does uſually more affect the Mind, then the downright Meaning. That Speech which gains upon the Paſſions, is much more Profitable then that which only works upon the Judgment. *Chryſippus* was a Great Man, and of an Accute Wit; but the Edge of it was ſo fine, that every thing turn'd it; and he might be ſaid, in truth, rather to prick the Subject that he handled, then to Pierce it Through.

As it is not for the Honour of a *Philoſopher*, to be Solicitous about Words: I would not have him negligent neither: But, let him ſpeak with Aſſurance, and without Affectation. If we can, let our Diſcourſes be Powerful; but however, let them be Clear. I like a Compoſition that is Nervous, and Strong; but yet I would have it Sweet, and

Gracious withal. There are many things, I know, that pleaſe well enough in the Delivery, and yet will hardly abide the Teſt of an Examination. But, that Eloquence is Miſchievous, that diverts a Man from Things to Words; and little better then a Proſtitution of Letters. For, What ſignifies the Pomp of Words, or the Jumbling of Syllables, to the making up of a Wiſe Man? *Tully*'s Compoſition indeed is equal, his Numbers are Harmonious, Free, and Gentle: and yet he takes a Care, not to make any forfeiture of his Gravity. *Fabian* is a great Man, in being Second to *Cicero*: *Pollio* is a great Man too, though a ſtep below him; and ſo is *Livy* likewiſe, though he comes after the other Three. But ſeveral Subjects require ſeveral Excellencies. An *Orator* ſhould be ſharp; The *Tragedian*, Great; and the *Comedian* Pleaſant. When a Man Declaims againſt Vice, let him be Bitter; againſt Danger, Bold; againſt Fortune, Proud; againſt Ambition, Reproachful: Let him chide Luxury; Defame Luſt: An Impotency of Mind muſt be Broken. In theſe Caſes, Words are the leaſt part of an Honeſt Man's Buſineſs.

In the Matter of Compoſition, I would Write as I Speak; with eaſe, and Freedom; for it is more Friendly, as well as more Natural: And ſo much my Inclination, that if I could make my Mind viſible to you, I would neither Speak, nor Write it. If I put my Thoughts in good Senſe, the Matter

of

of Ornament I ſhall leave to the *Orators*. There are ſome things that a man may Write even as he Travels; Others, that require Privacy, and Leiſure. But however, it is good in Writing, as in other Caſes, to leave the beſt Bit for the laſt. A *Philoſopher* has no more to do, then to ſpeak properly, and in words that expreſs his Meaning. And this may be done without Toſſing of the Hands, Stamping, or any Violent Agitation of the Body; without either the Vanity of the Theatre, on the one hand, or an Inſipid Heavineſs, on the other. I would have his Speech as plain, and ſingle, as his Life; for he is then as good as his Word, when both Hearing him, and Seeing him, we find him to be the ſame Perſon. And yet if a Man can be Eloquent, without more pains then the things worth, let him uſe his Faculty: Provided, that he value himſelf upon the Matter, more then upon the Words; and apply himſelf rather to the Underſtanding, then to the Fancy; for this is a buſineſs of Virtue, not a Tryal of Wit. Who is there that would not rather have a Healing, then a Retorical *Phyſitian*? But, for eſteeming any Man purely upon the ſcore of his Rhetorick, I would as ſoon chuſe a Pilot for a good head of Hair.

In the matter of Reading; I would fix upon ſome Particular Authors, and make them my own. He that is every where, is

no

no where; but like a Man that ſpends his Life in Travel, he has many Hoſts, but few Friends. Which is the very Condition of him; that skips from one Book to Another; The Variety does but diſtract his Head; and, for want of Digeſting, it turns to Corruption, inſtead of Nouriſhment. 'Tis a good Argument of a Well Compoſed Mind, when a Man loves Home, and to keep Company with Himſelf. Whereas a Rambling Head is a Certain Sign of a Sickly Humor. Many Books, and many Acquaintances, bring a Man to a Levity of Diſpoſition, and a Liking of Change. What is the Body the better for Meat, that will not ſtay with it? Nor is there any thing more Hurtful in the Caſe of Diſeaſes, or Wounds, then the frequent ſhifting of Phyſick, or Plaiſters. Of *Authors*, be ſure to make Choice of the Beſt; and (as I ſaid before) to ſtick Cloſe to them; and though you may take up others by the By, reſerve ſome Select Ones however for your Study, and Retreat. In your Reading, you will every day meet with Conſolation, and Support, againſt Poverty, Death, and Other Calamities, Incident to Humane Life: Extract what you like; and then ſingle out ſome particular from the reſt, for that days Meditation. Reading does not only Feed, and Entertain the Underſtanding; but when a man is dos'd with One Study, he relieves himſelf with Another; but ſtill Reading, and Writing are

to

to be taken up by Turns. So long as the Meat lies whole upon the Stomach, it is a Burthen to us; but upon the Concoction it paſſes into Strength, and Blood. And ſo it fares with our Studies; ſo long as they lie whole, they paſs into the Memory without affecting the Underſtanding: But, upon Meditation, they become our Own, and ſupply us with Strength, and Virtue: The Bee that Wanders, and Slips from every Flower, diſpoſes what ſhe has Gather'd into her Cells.

EPIST. III.

Againſt all ſorts of Affectation *in* Diſcourſe. *Phantaſtical* Studies; *Impertinent, and Unprofitable* Subtilties. Man's *Buſineſs is* Virtue, *not* Words.

THERE are many Men, (and ſome of great Senſe too) that loſe both the Profit, and the Reputation of good Thoughts, by the Uncouth manner of Expreſſing them: they love to talk in *Miſtery*, and take it for a mark of *Wiſdom*, not to be *Underſtood*. They are ſo fond of making themſelves Publick, that they will rather be Ridiculous, then not taken Notice of. When the Mind grows Squeamiſh, and comes to a Loathing of things that are Common as if they were *Sordid*, That Sick-

Sickneſs betrays it ſelf in our way of Speaking too: for we muſt have *New Words*, *New Compoſitions*, and it paſſes for an Ornament, to borrow from other Tongues, where we may be better furniſhed in our own. One Man Prizes himſelf upon being *Conciſe*, and talking in *Parables*: Another runs himſelf out in *Words*; and that which he takes only for *Copious*, renders him to Others both *Ridiculous*, and *Tedious*. Others there are, that like the Error well enough, but cannot come Up to't. But, take this for a Rule; *Whereſoever the Speech is Corrupted, ſo is the Mind.* Some are only for Words *Antequated*, and long ſince *out of Date*; Others only for that which is *Popular*, and *Courſe*; and they are both in the Wrong: for the One takes too little Care, and the Other too much. Some are for a *Rough, broken Stile*, as if it were a thing *Unmanly* to pleaſe the *Ear*; others are to Nice upon the Matter of *Number*, and make it rather *Singing*, then *Speaking*. Some affect not to be underſtood till the end of the period, and hardly then neither. 'Tis not good; a Stile that is either too *Bold*, or too *Florid*; the One wants *Modeſty*, and the Other Effect. Some are too *Starch'd*, and *Formal*; others take a Pride in being *Rugged*; and if they chance to let fall any thing that is Smooth, they'll tranſpoſe, and mangle it on purpoſe, only to maim the Period, and diſappoint a

Bodies

Bodies Expectation. Theſe Errors are Commonly entroduc'd by ſome Perſon that is famous for his Eloquence; Others follow him, and ſo it paſſes into a Faſhion. And we are as much out in the Choice of the Matter, as in that of our Words.

There are ſome Studies which are only Matter of Curioſity, and Tryal of Skill; Others of Pleaſure, and of Uſe: But ſtill there are many things worth the Knowing perhaps, that were not worth the Learning. It is a huge deal of time that is ſpent in Cavelling about Words, and Captious Diſputations, that work us up to an Edge, and then Nothing comes on't. There are ſome Tricks of Wit, like ſlight of hand, which amount to no more then the Tying of Knots only to Looſen them again; and it is the very Falacy that Pleaſes us; for, ſo ſoon as ever we know how they are done, the Satisfaction is at an End. He that does not underſtand theſe *Sophiſms*, is never the worſe, and he that does, is never the better. If a man tells me that I have Horns, I can tell him again, That I have None, without Feeling on my Forehead. Bion's *Dilemma makes All men to be Sacrilegious*, and yet, at the ſame time, maintains, That there is no ſuch thing as *Sacriledge. He that takes to himſelf*, (ſays he) *what belongs to God, Commits Sacriledge; but all things belong to God, Therefore he that applies any thing to his own Uſe, is Sacrilegious.* One the other ſide, the very *Rifling* of a *Temple*

Temple he makes to be *No Sacrilege: for 'tis* (ſays he) *but the taking of ſomething out of One place, that belongs to God, and removing of it to Another that belongs to him too.* The Falacy lies in This, that though all things *Belong* to him, all things are not yet *Dedicated* to him. There is no greater Enemy of Truth, then overmuch Subtility of Speculation. *Protagoras* will have every thing Diſputable, and as much to be ſaid for the One ſide, as for the Other. Nay, he makes it another Queſtion, *Whether every thing be Diſputable, or no.* There are Others that make it a *Science*, to prove, That *Man knows Nothing*: But, the Former is the more Tolerable Error; for the Other takes away the very Hope of Knowledge, and it is better to know that which is Superfluous, then nothing at all. And yet it is a kind of Intemperance to deſire to Know more then Enough; for it makes Men Troubleſome, Talkative, Impertinent, Conceited, *&c.* There is a Certain Hankering after Learning, which, if it be not put into a right way, hinders, and falls foul upon it ſelf. Wherefore the Burthen muſt be fitted to the Shoulders, and no more then we are Able to Bear. It is, in a great Meaſure, the Fault of our Tutors, that teach their Diſciples rather how to Diſpute, then how to Live: And the Learner himſelf is alſo to blame, for applying himſelf to the Improvement, rather of his Wit, then of his Mind: By which

which means, *Philoſophy* is now turn'd to *Philology*. Put a *Grammarian* to *Virgil*; he never heeds the *Philoſophy*, but the *Verſe*: Every Man takes Notes for his own Study. In the ſame Meadow the *Cow* finds Graſs, the *Dog* ſtarts a *Hare*, and the *Stork* ſnaps a *Lizzard*. *Tully's de Republica* finds work both for the *Philoſopher*, the *Philologer*, and the *Grammarian*. The *Philoſopher* wonders how it was Poſſible to Speak ſo much againſt *Juſtice*. The *Philologer* makes this Obſervation, that *Rome* had *two Kings*, the One without a *Father*, and the Other without a *Mother*; for 'tis a Queſtion, who was *Servius his Mother*, and of *Ancus his Father*, there is not ſo much as any Mention. The *Grammarian* takes notice, that *Reapſe* is uſed for *Reipſa*; and *Sepſe* for *Seipſe*: And ſo every Man makes his Notes for his own Purpoſe. Theſe Fooleries apart, let us learn to do good to Mankind, and put our Knowledge into Action. Our Danger is the being Miſtaken in Things, not in Words: and in the Confounding of Good and Evil. So that our whole Life is but one continued Error, and we live in Dependency upon to morrow. There are a World of things to be Study'd, and Learned, and, therefore we ſhould Diſcharge the Mind of things Unneceſſary, to make way for Greater Matters. The Buſineſs of the Schools is rather a Play, then a Study, and only to be done when we can do nothing

thing elſe. There are many People that frequent them, only to Hear, and not to Learn; and they take Notes too, not to reform their Manners, but to pick up words, which they Vent, with as little Benefit to Others, as they heard them, to themſelves. It coſts us a great deal of time, and other Mens Ears a great deal of trouble, to purchaſe the Character of a Learned Man: Wherefore I ſhall e'en content my ſelf with the Courſer Title of an Honeſt Man. The worſt of it is, that there is a vain, and Idle Pleaſure in't, which tempts us to ſquander away many a precious hour to very little Purpoſe. We ſpend our ſelves upon Subtilties, which may perchance make us to be thought Learned, but not Good. Wiſdom delights in Openneſs and Simplicity; in the Forming of our Lives, rather then in the Nicities of the Schools, which, at beſt, do but bring us Pleaſure without Profit. And, in ſhort, the things which the *Philoſphers* impoſe upon us with ſo much Pride, and Vanity, are little more then the ſame Leſſons over again, which they learn'd at School. But ſome Authors have their Names up, though their Diſcourſes be mean enough; they Diſpute, and Wrangle, but they do not Edifie, any further, then as they keep us from Ill doing, or perhaps ſtop us in our ſpeed to wickedneſs. And there ought to be a Difference betwixt the Applauſes of the Schools,

Schools, and of the Theatre; the One being mov'd with every Popular Conceit, which does not at all Conſiſt with the Dignity of the Other. Whereas there are ſome Writings that ſtir up ſome generous Reſolutions, and do, as it were, inſpire a Man with a new Soul. They diſplay the Bleſſings of a Happy Life, and Poſſeſs me at the ſame time with Admiration, and with Hope. They give me a Veneration for the Oracles of Antiquity; and a Claim to them, as to a Common Inheritance; for they are the Treaſure of Mankind, and it muſt be my Duty to Improve the Stock, and tranſmit it to Poſterity. And yet I do not love to hear a Man cite *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, *Epicurus*, without ſomething of his Own too. What do I care for the bare Hearing of That which I may Read? Not but that word of Mouth makes a great Impreſſion, eſpecially when they are the Speakers own Words: But he that only recites Another Man's Words, is no more to me than a Notary. Beſide that there's an end of Invention, if we reſt upon what's Invented already; and he that only Follows Another, is ſo far from finding out any thing New, that he does not ſo much as look for't. I do not Pretend all this while to be the Maſter of Truth, but I am yet a moſt Obſtinate Inquiſitor after it. I am no Mans Slave; but as I aſcribe much to Great Men, I challenge ſome-

thing to my ſelf. Our Fore-Fathers have left us, not only their Invention, but Matter alſo for further Enquiry; and perhaps they might have found out more things that are neceſſary, if they had not bent their thoughts to much upon Superfluities.

Is not this a fine time for us to be fidling, and fooling about Words? How many Uſeful, and Neceſſary things are there, that we are firſt to Learn, and Secondly, to imprint In our minds? For 'tis not enough to Remember, and to Underſtand, unleſs we Do what we Know.

EPIST. IV.

Buſineſs, *and want of* News, *are no Excuſe among Friends, for* not Writing. Wiſe Men *are the better for one another. How far* Wiſdom *may be advanc'd by* Precept.

YOUR Laſt Letter was very ſhort; and the whole Letter it ſelf was little more then an excuſe for the ſhortneſs of it. One while you are ſo full of *Buſineſs*, that you cannot write at all; and another while, you have ſo little *News*, that you do not know what to Write. Now, aſſure your ſelf, that whoſoever has a Mind to Write, may find Leiſure for't:

And

And for your other Pretence, it looks as if we our ſelves were the leaſt part of our own buſineſs. Put the Caſe that the whole World were becalm'd; and that there were neither Wars, Amours, Factions, Deſigns, Diſappointments, Competitors, or Law-Suits; No Prodigals, Uſurers, or Fornicators in Nature, there would be a large Field yet left for the Offices of Friendſhip, and for the exerciſe of Phyloſophy and Virtue. Let us rather conſider, what we our ſelves ought to do, then hearken after the doings of other People. What ſignifies the Story of our *Neighbours* Errors, to the Reforming of our *Own*? Is it not a more Glorious, and Profitable Imployment, to write the Hiſtory of *Providence*, then to Record the Uſurpations of *Ambitious Princes*; and rather to Celebrate the *Bounties* of the *Almighty*, then the *Robberies* of *Alexander*? Nor is Buſineſs any Excuſe, for the Neglect, either of our Studies, or of our Friends. Firſt, we continue our own Buſineſs; and then we increaſe it: And inſtead of Lending, we do wholly Give our ſelves up to't; and hunt for Colourable Pretences of Miſpending our Time. But, I ſay, that wherever we are, or with whomſoever, or howſoever Imploy'd, we have our Thoughts at Liberty.

You have here drawn a long Letter from me; and if you find it Tedious, you may thank your ſelf, for calling upon

me to be as good as my Word. Not but that I write by Inclination too. For if we love the Pictures of our Friends, by what hand ſoever they be drawn, How much more then ſhall we joy in a Friends Letters, which are undoubtedly the moſt Lively Pictures of one another? It is a ſhame, you'l ſay, to ſtand in need of any Remembrancers of an Abſent Friend; and yet ſometimes the Place, a Servant, a Relation, a Houſe, a Garment, may honeſtly excite the Memory; and it renders every thing as Freſh to us, as if we were ſtill joyn'd in our Embraces, and drinking up one anothers Tears. It is by the Benefit of Letters, that Abſent Friends are in a manner brought together; beſide that *Epiſtolary Diſcourſes* are much more Profitable then Publick, and Premeditated Declamations: For they Inſinuate themſelves into the Affections with more Freedom, and Effect, though with leſs Pomp, and Pretence. You do expect, perhaps, that I ſhould tell you, how gentle, and ſhort a Winter we have had; how Cold, and unſeaſonable a Spring; or ſome other Fooleries, to as little purpoſe. But, What are you and I the Better for ſuch Diſcourſes? We ſhould rather be laying the Foundations of a Good Mind; and learning to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Bleſſings of Virtue, and the Amuſements of Imagination. There came in ſome Friends to me yeſterday, that made the Chimney ſmoak a

little

little more then Ordinary; but not at a rate to make the Neighbourhood cry out *Fire*. We had variety of Diſcourſe; and paſſing from one thing to another, we came at laſt to read ſomething of *Quintus Sextius*: (a Great Man, upon my Credit, deny it that will) Good God! The Force and Vigor of That Man's Writings! And how much are they above the Common Level of other Philoſophers! I cannot read them, methinks, without Chalenging of Fortune, and Defying all the Powers of Ambition, and Violence. The more I Conſider him, the more I Admire him; for I find in him, (as in the World it ſelf) *every Day* to be a *New Spectacle*, and to afford Freſh Matter ſtill for more Veneration. And yet the Wiſdom of our Fore-Fathers has left work enough for their Poſterity; even if their were no more in it then the Application of what they have tranſmitted to us of their own Invention. As, ſuppoſe that they had left us Remedies for ſuch and ſuch Diſeaſes; ſo Certain, that we ſhould not need to look for any other Medicines; there would be ſome Skill yet requir'd in the applyiug of them in the Proper Caſe, Proportion, and Seaſon. I have an honour for the Memorials of our worthy Progenitors. If I meet a *Conſul*, or a *Prætor* upon the Road, I'll alight from my Horſe, uncover my Head, and give him the way; and, Shall I have no Veneration now for

the Names of the Governours of Mankind? No Man is so wise, as to know all things; or if he did, one Wise Man may yet be helpful to another, in finding out a nearer way to the finishing of his Work: For, let a Man make never so much haste, it is some sort of Assistance, the bare Encouraging of him to continue his Course; beside the Comforts, and Benefits of Communication, in Loving, and being Belov'd, and in the mutual Approbation of each Other.

The last Point, you know, that you and I had in Debate, was, *Whether or no Wisdom may be perfected by Precept.* There are some that account only that part of *Philosophy* to be Profitable to Mankind, which delivers it self in Particular Precepts to Particular Persons, without Forming the whole Man: Teaching the Husband (for the purpose) how to behave himself to his Wife; the Father how to Train up, and Discipline his Children; and the Master, how to Govern his Servants. As if any Man could be sufficiently Instructed in the Parts of Life, without Comprehending the whole Sum, and Scope of it. Others (*As Aristo* the *Stoick*) are rather for the General Decrees of Philosophers; which whosoever knows in the main, that Person understands in every Particular how to Tutor himself. As he that learns to cast a Dart, when he has by Practise, and Exercise, gotten a true Aim, he will not only strike This, or That

Mark,

Mark, but whatever he has a Mind to: So he that is well informed in the *Whole*, will need no Direction in the *Parts*, but under the Principles of a Good Life, Learn how to behave himself in all the Circumstances of it. *Cleanthes* allows the *Paranetick*, or *Perceptive Philosophy*, to be in some sort Profitable; but yet very Short, and Defective; unless as it flows from the Universal Understanding of the Heads, and Decrees of *Philosophy*. Now the question is, Whether this alone can make a Good Man; and whether it be Superfluous it self; or so Sufficient, as to make all other Knowledge appear so. They that will have it Superfluous, argue thus. If the Eyes be cover'd, there's no seeing, without removing the Impediment; and in that Condition, it is to no purpose to bid a Man go to such, or such a Place, or to reach This or That with his hand. And so it fares with the Mind; So long as That continues Clouded with Ignorance; and Error, 'tis Idle to give particular Precepts; as if you should teach a Poor Man to act the Part of a Rich; or one that is Hungry, how to behave himself with a Full Stomach: While the One is Necessitous, and the Other half Starv'd, they are neither of them the Better for't. And then, shall we give Precepts in *Manifest Cases*, or in *Doubtful*? The *Former* need none: And in the *Latter*, we shall not be believ'd. Nor is it enough simply to advise, unless we also give Rea-

ſons for't. There are two Errors which we are liable to in this Caſe; either the Wickedneſs of perverſe Opinions, which have taken Poſſeſſion of us; or at leaſt a Diſpoſition to Entertain Error, under any Reſemblance of Truth. So that our work muſt be, either to Cure a ſick Mind, that is already Tainted; or to prepoſſeſs an Evil Inclination, before it comes to an Ill Habit. Now the Decrees of *Philoſophy* enable us in both theſe Caſes; Nor is it poſſible, by Particulars, to Obviate all Particular Occaſions. One Man Marries a Widow, another a Maid: She may be Rich, or Poor; Barren, or Fruitful; Young, or Ancient; Superior, Inferior, or Equal. One Man *follows* Publick Buſineſs; another *flies* it; ſo that the ſame Advice that is Profitable to the One, may be Miſchievous to the Other. Every ones is a Particular Caſe. and muſt be ſuited with a Particular Counſel. The Laws of *Phyloſophy* are Brief, and extend to all; but the Variety of the Other is Incomprehenſible, and can never make that good to all, which it promiſes to a few. The *Precepts* of Wiſdom lie Open, but thee *Decrees* of it are Hidden in the Dark.

Now, in Anſwer, It does not hold with the Mind, as with the Eye: If there be a Suffuſion, it is to be help'd by Remedy, and not by Precept. The Eye is not to be taught to Diſtinguiſh of Colours; but the Mind muſt be Enformed what

what to do in Life. And yet the Phiſitian will preſcribe Order alſo to the Patient, as well as Phyſick; and tell him, *You muſt bring your Eye to endure the Light by Degrees; have a Care of Studying upon a full Stomach*, &c. We are told, That Precepts do neither Extinguiſh, nor Abate falſe Opinions in us of Good, or Evil: and it ſhall be granted, that of Themſelves they are not able to Subdue Vitious inclinations: But this does not hinder them from being very uſeful to us in Conjunction with other Helps. Firſt, as they refreſh the Memory; and Secondly, as they bring us to a more Diſtinct view of the Parts, which we ſaw but Confuſedly in the Whole. At the ſame rate, Conſolatories, and Exhortation will be found ſuperfluous, as well as Precepts. Which yet upon Daily Experience we know to be otherwiſe. Nay, we are the better, not only for the precepts, but for the Converſe of *Philoſophers*; for we ſtill carry away ſome what of the Tincture of Virtue, whether we will or no: But the Deepeſt Impreſſion they make, is upon Children. It is Urged, that Precepts are Inſufficient without proof; but I ſay, that the very Authority of the adviſer, goes a great way in the Credit of the Advice: As we depend upon the Opinion of the Lawyer, without demanding his Reaſon for't. And again; whereas the Variety of Precepts is ſaid to be Infinite, I cannot

not allow it: For the greateſt and moſt Neceſſary Affairs are not Many; and for the Application to Time, Places, and Perſons, the Differences are ſo ſmall, that a few General Rules will ſerve the Turn. Nay, let a Man be never ſo Right in his Opinion, he may yet be more Confirm'd in it by Admonition. There are many things that may aſſiſt a Cure, though they do not perfect it; Even Mad men themſelves may be kept in Awe by Menaces, and Correction. But it is a hard matter, I muſt confeſs, to give Counſel at a Diſtance. For Advice depends much upon the Opportunity; and That perhaps which was Proper, when it was Deſir'd, may come to be Pernicious, before it be Receiv'd. Some indeed may be Preſcrib'd, as ſome Remedies, at any diſtance, and tranſmitted to Poſterity; but for Others, a Man muſt be upon the Place, and deliberate upon Circumſtances; and be not only Preſent, but watchful, to Strike in with the very Nick of the Occaſion.

EPIST. V.

Seneca *gives an Account of Himſelf: Of his* Studies, *and of his* Inclinations: *With many Excellent Reflections upon the* Duties, *and the* Errors *of* Humane Life.

YOUR Letters were Old, before they came to my hand; ſo that I made no Enquiry of the Meſſenger what you were a doing; beſides that where-ever you are, I take it for granted, that I know your Buſineſs; and that you are ſtill upon the great Work of perfecting your Self: A thing not to be done by Chance, but by Induſtry, and Labor. We are all of us Wicked, before we come to be Good. We are prepoſſeſſed, ſo that we muſt unlearn Iniquity, and Study Virtue. The great Difficulty is, to begin the Enterprize: For a weak Mind is afraid of new Experiments. I have now given over troubling my ſelf for fear of you; becauſe I have that ſecurity for your well-doing, that never fail'd any Man. The Love of Truth, and of Goodneſs, is become Habitual to you. It may ſo fall out, that Fortune perhaps may do you an Injury; but there's no fear of your doing your ſelf one. Go on as you have begun, and compoſe your Reſolutions; not to an Effeminate Eaſe, but

but to a Frame of Virtuous Quiet. It is a Double Kindneſs that you call me to ſo ſtrict an Account of my Time; that nothing leſs then a Diary of my Life, will ſatisfy you: for I take it as a mark, both of your Good Opinion, and of your Friendſhip; The Former, in believing that I do nothing which I care to Conceal; and the Other, in aſſuring your ſelf, that I will make you the Confident of all my Secrets. I will hereafter ſet a Watch upon my Self, and do as you would have me; and acquaint you, not only with the Courſe, and Method, but with the very Buſineſs of my life.

This Day I have had entire to my ſelf, without any knocking at my Door, or lifting up of the Hanging; but I have divided it betwixt my Book and my Bed; and been left at liberty to do my own Buſineſs: For all the Impertinents were either at the Theatre, at Bowls, or at the Horſe-match. My Body does not require much Exerciſe, and I am beholding to my Age for it: A little makes me Weary; and That's the end alſo of that which is moſt Robuſt. My Dinner is a piece of Dry Bread, without a Table, and without fouling my Fingers. My Sleeps are ſhort, and intruth a little Doubtful, betwixt ſlumbring and waking. One while I am reflecting upon the Errors of Antiquity; and then, I apply my Self to the Correcting of my Own. In my Reading, with Reverence to the Ancients, Some things I Take, others I Alter; and

ſome

ſome again I Reject; Others I Invent; without enthralling my ſelf ſo to another's Judgment, as not to Preſerve the Freedom of my Own. Sometimes of a ſudden, in the Middle of my Meditations, my Ears are ſtruck with the Shout of a Thouſand People together, from ſome Spectacle or other; The Noiſe does not at all diſcompoſe my Thoughts; it is no more to me then the Daſhing of Waves, or the Wind in a Wood; but Poſſibly ſometimes it may divert them. *Good Lord*, think I, *If Men would but exerciſe their Brains, as they do their Bodies; and take as much Pains for Virtue, as they do for Pleaſure!* For Difficulties Strengthen the Mind, as well as Labour does the Body.

You tell me, That you want my Books more then my Counſels; which I take juſt as kindly, as if you ſhould have ask'd me for my Picture. For I have the very ſame Opinion of my Wit, that I have of my Beauty. You ſhall have both the One, and the Other, with my very Self into the Bargain.

In the Examination of my own Heart, I find ſome Vices that lie Open; Others more Obſcure, and out of ſight; and ſome that take me only by Fits. Which laſt I look upon as the moſt Dangerous, and Troubleſome; For they lie upon the Catch, and keep a Man upon a Perpetual Guard: Being neither Provided againſt them, as in a State of War; nor Secure, as in any Aſſurance of Peace. To ſay the Truth, we are all

all of us as Cruel, as Ambitious, and as Luxurious as our Fellows. But we want the Fortune, or the Occaſion, perchance, to ſhew it. When the Snake is Frozen, 'tis ſafe; but the Poyſon is ſtill in it, though it be Numb'd. We hate Upſtarts, that uſe there Power with Inſolence; when yet if we had the ſame Means, 'tis Odds that we ſhould do the ſame thing our ſelves. Only our Corruptions are Private, for want of Opportunity to Employ them. Some things we look upon as Superfluous; and Others, as not worth the while. But, we never conſider, that we pay deareſt for that which we pretend to receive *Gratis*. As Anxiety, Loſs of Credit, Liberty, and Time. So Cheap is every Man in effect, that pretends to be moſt Dear to Himſelf. Some are Dipt in their Luſts, as in a River; there muſt be a hand to help them out: Others are Strangely Careleſs of Good Counſel; and yet well enough diſpos'd to follow Example. Some again muſt be forc'd to their Duties: Becauſe there's no Good to be done upon them by Perſwaſion. But, out of the whole Race of Mankind, how few are there that are able to help themſelves? Being thus Conſcious of our own Frailty, we ſhould do well, to keep our ſelves quiet; and not to truſt Weak Minds with Wine, Beauty, or Pleaſure. We have much ado you ſee to keep our Feet upon Dry Ground: What will become of us then, if we venture our ſelves where it is Slippery? 'Tis not to

ſay,

ſay, *This is a hard Leſſon, and we cannot go through with it.* For we *Can*, if we would *Endeavour* it; but we *Cannot*, becauſe we give it for granted That we *Cannot*, without trying whether we *Can* or *No*. And what's the Meaning of all This; but that we are pleas'd with our Vices, and willing to be Maſter'd by them. So that we had rather Excuſe, than caſt them off. The true Reaſon is, we *Will not*; but the Pretence is, that we *Cannot*. And we are not only under a *Neceſſity* of Error, but the very *Love* of it.

To give you now a Brief of my own Character, I am none of Thoſe that take Delight in Tumults, and in Strugling with Difficulties. I had rather be Quiet, then in Arms: For I account it my Duty to bear up againſt Ill Fortune; but ſtill without Chuſing it. I am no Friend to Contention; Eſpecially to That of the Bar: But I am very much a Servant to all Honeſt Buſineſs, that may be done in a Corner. And there is no Retreat ſo Unhappy; as not to yield Entertainment for a great Mind; by which a Man may make himſelf Profitable, both to his Country, and to his Friends, by his Wiſdom, by his Intereſt, and by his Counſel. It is the Part of a good Patriot, to prefer Men of Worth; to Defend the Innocent; to Provide Good Laws; and to Adviſe in War and in Peace. But, is not He as good a Patriot, that inſtructs Youth in Virtue; that furniſhes the World with

Precepts

Precepts of Morality, and keeps Humane Nature within the Bounds of Right Reason? Who is the Greater Man, he that Pronounces a Sentence upon the Bench, or he that in his Study Reads us a Lecture of Juſtice, Piety, Patience, Fortitude; the Knowledge of Heaven, the contempt of Death, and the Bleſſing of a Good Conſcience? The Soldier that guards the Ammunition and the Baggage, is as Neceſſary as he that fights the Battle. Was not *Cato* a greater Example then either *Ulyſſes*, or *Hercules?* They had the Fame, you know, of being indefatigable; Deſpiſers of Pleaſures, and great Conquerors both of their Enemies, and of their Appetites. But *Cato*, I muſt Confeſs, had no Encounters with Monſters; nor did he fall into thoſe Times of Credulity, when People believ'd, that the weight of the Heavens reſted upon one Man's Shoulders. But he grappled with Ambition, and the unlimited Deſire of power; which the whole World, divided under a *Triumvirate*, was not able to ſatisfie. He Oppos'd himſelf to the Vices of a degenerate City; even when it was now ſinking under its own weight. He ſtood ſingle, and ſupported the falling Common-Wealth, till at laſt, as Inſeparable Friends, they were cruſh'd together: For Neither would *Cato* Survive the *Publick Liberty*; nor did *That Liberty* Out-live *Cato*; To give you now a further Account of my Self; I am Naturally a Friend to all the

Rules

Rules and Methods of Sobriety, and Moderation. I like the Old Fashion'd Plate that was left me by my Country Father: It is Plain and Heavy; And yet for all this, there is a kind of Dazling, methinks, in the Ostentations of splendor and Luxury. But it strikes the Eye more then the Mind; and though it may shake a Wise Man, it cannot Alter him. Yet it sends me home many times sadder perhaps then I went out; but yet, I hope, not worse: though not without some secret Dissatisfaction at my Own Condition. Upon these Thoughts I betake my self to my *Philosophy*; and then, methinks, I am not well, unless I put my self into some Publick Employment: Not for the Honour, or the Profit of it; but only to place my self in a Sation where I may be serviceable to my Country, and to my Friends. But, when I come, on the other side, to consider the Uneasines, the Abuses, and the Loss of Time that attends Publick affairs, I get me home again as fast as I can; and take up a Resolution of spending the Remainder of my days within the Privacy of my own Walls. How great a madness it is to set our hearts upon Trifles; especially to the neglect of the most serious Offices of our Lives, and the most important End of our Being? How Miserable, as well as short, is their Life, that Compass, with great Labor, what they Possess with Greater; and Hold with Anxiety, what they Acquire with Trouble? But, we are

govern'd in all things by Opinion, and every thing is to us, as we Believe it. What is *Poverty*, but a *Privative*; and not intended of what a Man *Has*, but of that which he has *Not*? The great Subject of Humane Calamities, is *Money*. Take all the Reſt together, as Death, Sickneſs, Fear, Deſire, Pain, Labour; and thoſe which proceed from *Money*, exceed them all. 'Tis a Wonderful Folly, that of Tumblers, Rope-Dancers, Divers; what pains they take, and what hazards they run, for an Inconſiderable Gain. And yet we have not Patience for the Thouſand part of that trouble, though it would put us into the poſſeſſion of an everlaſting Quiet. *Epicurus* for Experiment ſake, confin'd himſelf to a narrower Allowance, then that of the Severeſt Priſons to the moſt Capital Offenders; and found himſelf at Eaſe too in a ſtricter Diet then any Man in the Worſt Condition needs to Fear. This was to prevent Fortune, and to Fruſtrate the Worſt which ſhe can do. We ſhould never know any thing to be Superfluous, but by the Want of it. How many things do we provide, only becauſe Others have them, and for faſhion ſake? *Caligula* offer'd *Demetrius* 5000 Crowns; who rejected them with a Smile, as who ſhould ſay, *it was ſo little, it did him no honour the refuſing of it. Nothing leſs*, ſays he, *then the Offer of his whole Empire could have been a Temptation to have try'd the Firmneſs of my Virtue.* By this Contempt of Riches,

Is

is intended only the Fearleſs Poſſeſſion of them. And the way to attain That, is to perſwade our ſelves, that we may live Happily without them. How many of thoſe things, which Reaſon formerly told us were Superfluous, and Mimical, do we now find to be ſo by Experience? But we are miſled by the Counterfeit of Good on the One hand, and the Suſpition of evil on the Other. Not that Riches are an Efficient Cauſe of Miſchief; but they are a precedent Cauſe by way of Irritation, and Attraction. For they have ſo near a Reſemblance of Good, that moſt People take them to be Good. Nay, Virtue it ſelf is alſo a Precedent Cauſe of Evil; as many are Envy'd for their Wiſdom, or for their Juſtice. Which does not ariſe from the thing it ſelf, but from the Irreprovable power of Virtue, that forces all Men to Admire, and to Love it. That is not *Good*, that is *More Advantageous* to us, but That which is *Only* ſo.

EPIST. VI.

The Bleſſings of a Virtuous Retirement. *How we come to the* Knowledge *of* Virtue. *A Diſtinction betwixt* Good *and* Honeſt. *A Wiſe Man Contents himſelf with his* Lot.

THere is no Opportunity Scapes me, of Enquiring Where you are, What you do, and, What Company you keep: And I am well enough pleas'd, that I can hear nothing concerning you; for, it ſhews, that you live Retir'd. Not but that I durſt truſt you with the wide World too; But, however, it is not eaſy, ſuch a General Converſation: Nor is it abſolutely ſafe neither, for, though it could not Corrupt you, it would yet Hinder you. Now, whereſoever you are, know, that I am with you; and you are ſo to Live, as if I both heard, and ſaw you. Your Letters are really Bleſſings to me; and the ſence of your Improvements relieves me, even under the Conſideration of my own decay. Remember, that as I am Old, ſo are you Mortal. Be true to your ſelf, and Examine your ſelf, whether you be of the ſame Mind to day, that you were yeſterday; for, That's a Sign of perfect Wiſdom. And yet give me leave to tell you, that though Change of Mind

Mind be a Token of imperfection; it is the Buſineſs of my Age to Unwill One day, that which I Will'd Another. And let me recommend it to your Practice too, in many Caſes; for the Abatement of our Appetites, and of our Errors, is the beſt Entertainment of Mankind. It is for Young Men to Gather Knowledge, and for Old Men to Uſe it: and aſſure your ſelf, that no Man gives a fairer account of his time, then he that makes it his daily Study, to make himſelf Better. If you be in Health, and think it worth your while to become the Maſter of your Self; it is my Deſire, and my Advice, that you apply your ſelf to Wiſdom with your whole Heart: and judg of your Emprovement, not by what you Speak, or by what you Write; but by the firmneſs of your Mind, and the Government of your Paſſions. What Extremities have ſome Men endur'd in Sieges; even for the Ambition and Intereſt of other People! And, ſhall not a Man Venture the Croſſing of an Intemperate Luſt, for the conqueſt of himſelf? You do very well to betake your ſelf to a Private Life; and better yet in keeping of that Privacy Private: For, otherwiſe, your Retreat would look like Oſtentation: The greateſt Actions of our Lives are thoſe, that we do in a Receſs from Buſineſs: Beſide, that there are ſome Governments, and Employments, that a man would not have any thing to do withal. And then it is to be conſider'd, that Publick Offices, and Com-

missions, are commonly bought with our Money; Whereas the great Blessings of Leisure, and Privacy, cost us Nothing. Contemplation is undoubtedly the best Entertainment of Peace: and only a shorter Cut to Heaven it self: Over and above that, Business makes us Troublesome to Others, and Unquiet to our Selves: For, the End of one Appetite, or Design, is the Beginning of Another: To say nothing of the Expence of Time in Vexatious Attendances, and the Danger of Competitors. Such a Man perhaps has more Friends at Court, then I have; a larger Train; a Fairer Estate; more profitable Offices; and more Illustrious Titles: But, What do I care to be overcome by *Men*, in *Some Cases*, so long as *Fortune* is overcome by *Me* in *All*? These Considerations should have been Earlier; for, 'tis too late, in the Article of Death, to Project the Happiness of Life. And yet there is no Age better Adapted to Virtue, then that which comes by many Experiments, and long Sufferings, to the Knowledg of It: For our Lusts are then weak, and our Judgment Strong; And Wisdom is the Effect of Time.

Some are of Opinion, That we come to the Knowledge of Virtue by Chance; (which were an Indignity.) Others, by Observation; and by Comparing Matters of Fact one with another; The Understanding, by a kind of *Analogy*, Approving This, or That, for Good, and Honest. These are

two

two Points which Others make wholly Different; but the *Stoicks* only Divide them. Some will have every thing to be Good, that is Beneficial to us: As Money, Wine; and ſo Lower, to the meaneſt things we uſe. And they reckon that to be Honeſt, where there is a Reaſonable Diſcharge of a Common Duty: as Reverence to a Parent; Tenderneſs to a Friend; the Expoſing of our Selves for our Country, and the Regulating of our Lives according to Moderation, and Prudence. The *Stoicks* reckon them to be Two; but ſo, as to make *thoſe Two*, yet, out of *One*. They will have nothing to be Good, but what is Honeſt; nor any thing to be Honeſt, but that which is Good: So that in ſome ſort they are Mix'd, and Inſeparable. There are ſome things that are neither Good, nor Bad; as War, Embaſſy, Juriſdiction: but theſe, in the Laudable Adminiſtration of them, do, of Doubtful, become Good; which Good is only a Conſequent upon Honeſty: But honeſty is Good in it ſelf, and the Other flows from it. There are ſome Actions that ſeem to us Matter of Benignity, Humanity, Generoſity, Reſolution; which we are apt to admire, as Perfect: And yet, upon further Examination, we find, that Great Vices were concealed under the Reſemblances of Eminent Virtues. Glorious Actions are the Images of Virtue; but yet many things ſeem to be Good, that are Evil; and Evil, that are Good: And the Skill is, to Diſtin-

guiſh betwixt things that are ſo much Alike in Shew, and ſo Diſagreeing in Effect. We are led to the Underſtanding of Virtue, by the Congruity we find in ſuch and ſuch Actions to Nature, and Right Reaſon: By the Order, Grace, and Conſtancy of them; and, by a Certain Majeſty, and Greatneſs, that ſurpaſſes all other things. From hence proceeds a happy Life: To which, nothing comes amiſs; but, on the Contrary, every thing ſucceeds to our very Wiſh. There is no wrangling with Fortune; No being out of Humor for Accidents: whatſoever befalls me in my Lot, and whether in Appearance it be Good or Bad, it is God's Pleaſure; and it is my duty to bear it. When a man has once gotten a Habit of Virtue, all his Actions are Equal: He is conſtantly One, and the ſame Man; and he does well, not only upon Counſel, but out of Cuſtom too. Shall I tell you now, in a Word, the Sum of Humane Duty? *Patience*, where we are to Suffer; and *Prudence*, in things we Do. It is a frequent Complaint in the World, that the things we Enjoy are But Few, Tranſitory, and Uncertain; So Ungrateful a Conſtruction do we make of the Divine Bounty. Hence it is, that we are neither willing to Die nor Contented to Live; betwixt the Fear of the One, and the Deteſtation of the Other. Hence it is, that we are perpetually ſhifting of Counſels, and ſtill craving of More, becauſe that which we call Felicity, is not able

able to Fill us. And what's the Reaſon? But that we are not yet come to that Immenſe, and Inſuperable Good, which leaves us nothing further to deſire! In that Bleſſed Eſtate we feel no want; we are abundantly pleas'd with what we Have; and what we have Not, we do not Regard: So that every thing is Great, becauſe it is ſufficient. If we quit this Hold, there will be no place for the Offices of Faith, and Piety: In the Diſcharge whereof, we muſt both Suffer many things, that the World calls Evil, and part with many things which are commonly accounted Good. True Joy is Everlaſting; Pleaſures are Falſe, and Fugitive. It is a great Encouragement to *well-doing*, that when we are once in the Poſſeſſion of Virtue, it is our own for ever. While I ſpeak This to you, I preſcribe to my ſelf; what I Write, I Read; and Reduce all my Meditations to the Ordering of my own Manners. There is nothing ſo Mean, and Ordinary; but it is Illuſtrated by Virtue; and Externals are of no more Uſe to it, then the Light of a Candle to the Glory of the Sun.

It is often Objected to me, that I Adviſe People to quit the World, to Retire, and Content themſelves with a good Conſcience. But, What becomes of your precepts then (ſay they) that enjoyn us to Die in Action? To whom I muſt anſwer, That *I am never more in Action, then when I am alone in my Study; where I have only*

Lock'd

Lock'd up my ſelf in Private, to attend the Buſineſs of the Publick. I do not Loſe ſo much as One Day; nay, and part of the Night too I borrow for my Book. When my Eyes will ſerve me no longer, I fall Aſleep; and, till Then, I Work. I have Retir'd my ſelf, not only from Men, but from Buſineſs alſo: And my Own, in the Firſt Place, to attend the Service of Poſterity; In hope that what I Now Write, may, in ſome Meaſure, be Profitable to Future Generations.

But it is no New thing, I know to Calumniate Virtue, and Good Men; for Sick Eyes will not endure the Light, but, like *Birds of Night*, they fly from it into their Holes. Why does ſuch a man talk ſo much of his *Philoſophy*, and yet live in Magnificence? Of Contemning Riches, Life, Health; and yet Cheriſh, and Maintain them, with the greateſt Care Imaginable? Baniſhment, he ſays, is but an Idle Name; and yet he can grow old within his own Walls. He puts no difference betwixt a Long Life, and a Short; and yet he Spins out his Own, as far as it will go. The thing is This; He does not Contemn Temporary Bleſſings, ſo as to Refuſe, or Drive them away; but if they Come, they are Welcome; if not, he'l never break his heart for the want of them: He takes them into his Houſe, not into his Soul; and he makes uſe of them, only as Matter for his Virtue to work upon. There is no doubt but a Wiſe Man may ſhew himſelf better in Riches,

Riches, then in Poverty: That is to ſay, his Temperance, his Liberality; his Magnificence, providence, and Prudence, will be more Conſpicuous. He will be a Wiſe Man ſtill, if he ſhould want a Leg, or an Arm; but yet he had rather be Perfect. He is pleas'd with Wealth, as he Would be at Sea, with a Fair Wind; or with a Glance of the warm Sun, in a Froſty Morning: So that the things which we call Indifferent, are not yet without their Value; And ſome greater then Others. But, with this Difference, betwixt the *Philoſophers*, and the Common People, Riches are the Servants of the One, and the Maſters of the Other. From the One, if they Depart they carry away nothing but Themſelves; but from the Other, they take away the very Heart, and Peace of the Poſſeſſor along with them. It is true, that if I might have my Choice, I would have Health, and ſtrength; and yet if I come to be viſited with Pain, or Sickneſs, I will endeavour to Emprove them to my Advantage, by making a Righteous Judgment of them: as I ought to do of all the Appointments of providence. So that as they are not Good in themſelves, neither are they Evil; but matter of Exerciſe for our Virtues; of Temperance, on the One hand, and of Reſignation, on the Other.

EPIST.

EPIST. VII.

Of Impertinent Studies, and Impertinent Men. Philoſophers *the beſt Companions.*

HE that duly Conſiders the Buſineſs of Life and Death, will find, that he has little time to ſpare from That Study. And yet how we trifle away our hours upon Impertinent Niceties, and Cavils! Will *Plato's* Imaginary *Idea's* make me an Honeſt Man? There's neither Certainty in them, nor Subſtance. *A Mouſe is a Syllable; but a Syllable does not eat Cheeſe; Therefore a Mouſe does not eat Cheeſe.* Oh! theſe Childiſh Follies! Is it for This that we ſpend our Blood, and our Good Humour, and grow Grey in our Cloſets? We are a jeſting, when we ſhould be helping the Miſerable; as well our Selves as Others. There's no ſporting with Men in Diſtreſs. The Felicity of Mankind depends upon the Counſel of Philoſophers. Let us rather conſider what Nature has made Superfluous, and what, Neceſſary: How Eaſy our Conditions are, and how Delicious That Life, which is govern'd by Reaſon, rather then Opinion. There are Impertinent Studies, as well as Impertinent Men. *Didymus* the *Grammarian* Wrote 4000 Books; wherein he

he is much Concern'd to discover Where *Homer* was born; Who was *Æneas*'s true Mother; and whether *Anacreon* was the greater Whoremaster, or Drunkard: With other Fopperies, that a man would labor to Forget, if he Knew them. Is it not an Important Question, which of the Two was First, the Malit, or the Tonges? Some People are extreamly Inquisitive, to know how many Oars *Ulysses* had: Which was first Written, the *Iliads*, or the *Odysses*; or if they were Both done by the same hand. A Man is never a Jot the more Learned for this Curiosity, but much the more Troublesome. Am I ever the more Just, the more Moderate, Valiant, or Liberal, for knowing, that *Curius Dentatus* was the first that carry'd Elephants in Triumph? Teach me my Duty to Providence, to my Neighbour, and to my Self: To Dispute, with *Socrates*; to Doubt, with *Carneades*; to set up my Rest, with *Epicurus*; to Master my Appetites, with the *Stoicks*, and to Renounce the World, with the *Cynick*. What a deal of Business there is, First, to make *Homer* a *Philosopher*; and Secondly, in what *Classis* to Range him? One will have him to be a *Stoick*; a Friend to Virtue, and an Enemy to pleasure; preferring Honesty even to Immortality it Self: Another makes him an *Epicurean*; One that loves his Quiet, and to spend his Time in Good Company: Some are Positive in it, that he

he was a *Peripatetick*; and Others, that he was a *Sceptick*. But it is Clear, that in being all these things, he was not any One of them. These Divided Opinions do not at all hinder us from agreeing upon the Main, That he was a *Wise Man*. Let us therefore apply our selves to those things that made him so, and e'en let the Rest alone.

It was a Pleasant humour of *Calvicius Sabinus*, a Rich Man, and one that manag'd a very Good Fortune with a very Ill Grace. He had neither Wit, nor Memory; but would fain pass for a Learned Man, and so took several into his Family; And, whatsoever they knew, he assum'd to Himself. There are a sort of People that are never well but at Theatres, Spectacles, and Publick Places: Men of Business, but it is only in their Faces; for they wander up and down without any Design, like *Pismires*, Eager, and Empty; and every thing they do, is only as it *happens*. This is an humour, which a Man may call a kind of Restless Lazyness. Others you shall have, that are perpetually in Hast, as they were crying *Fire*, or running for a Midwife: and all this Hurry, perhaps, only to Salute some body, that had no mind to take Notice of them, or some such Trivial Errand. At Night, when they come Home tir'd and weary, ask them why they went out? Where they have been? and, What they have done?

done? 'tis a very Slender Account they are able to give you; and yet the next day they take the ſame *Jaunt* over again: This is a kind of Phantaſtical Induſtry; a great deal of Pains taken to no purpoſe at all; Twenty Viſits made, and no body at home (they themſelves leaſt of all:) They that have this Vice, are commonly Harkeners, Talebearers, News-Mongers, Medlers in other Peoples Affairs, and Curious after Secrets, which a Man can neither ſafely Hear, nor Report. Theſe Men of Idle Employment, that run up and down eternally vexing Others, and themſelves too; that thruſt themſelves into all Companies, What do they get by't? One Man's Aſleep; Another, at Supper; a Third, in Company; a Fourth, in Haſt; a Fifth, gives them the Slip: and when their folly has gone the Round, they cloſe up the Day with Shame, and Repentance. Whereas, *Zeno*, *Pythagoras*, *Democratus*, *Ariſtotle*, *Theophraſtus*, and all the Patrons of *Philoſophy*, and Virtue; they are always at Leiſure, and in Good Humour; Familiar, Profitable; a Man never comes away empty handed from them; but, full of Comfort, and Satisfaction: They make all Paſt Ages Preſent to us; or Us, Their Contemporaries. The Doors of theſe Men are open Night, and Day; and in their Converſation there's neither Danger, Treachery, nor Expence; but we are the Wiſer, the Happier, and the Richer for it.

it How blessedly does a Man spend his time in this Company, where we may advise, in all the Difficulties of Life. Here's Counsel, without Reproach; and Praise, without Flattery. We cannot be the Chusers of our own Parents, but of our Friends we may; And Adopt our Selves into these Noble families: This is the way of making Mortality, in a Manner, to be Imortal. The time past, we make to be our Own, by Remembrance; the present, by Use; and the Future, by Providence, and Foresight. That only may properly be said to be the Long Life, that draws all Ages into One; and That a short one, that forgets the Past; Neglects the Present, and is Sollicitous for the Time to Come. but it is not yet sufficient to know what *Plato*, or *Zeno* said, unless we make it all our Own by *Habit*, and *Practice*, and Emprove both the World, and our Selves, by an Example of Life Answerable to their Precepts.

EPIST

EPIST. VIII.

Against Singularity of Manners, *and* Behaviour.

IT is the Humour of many People, to be Singular in their Dreſs, and Manner of Life; only to the End that they may be taken Notice of. Their Cloaths, forſooth, muſt be Courſe, and Slovenly; their Heads, and Beards neglected; their Lodgings upon the Ground, and they live in an Open Defiance of Money. What is All this, upon the whole Matter, but an Ambitious Vanity that has crept in at the Back Door? A Wiſe Man will keep himſelf Clear of all theſe Fooleries, without diſturbing Publick Cuſtoms, or making himſelf a Gazing Stock to the People. But, Will This Secure him, think you? I can no more warrant it, then that a Temperate Man ſhall have his Health: But it is very Probable that it may. A *Philoſopher* has enough to do to ſtand right in the World, let him be never ſo modeſt: And his out-ſide ſhall be ſtill like that of Other People, let them be never ſo Unlike *within*. His Garments ſhall be neither Rich, nor Sordid. No matter for Arms, Motto's, and other Curioſities upon his Plate: But he ſhall not yet make it a Mat-

ter of Conſcience, to have no Plate at all. He that likes an Earthen Veſſel as well as a Silver, has not a grater Mind then he that uſes Plate, and Reckons it as Dirt. It is our duty to Live Better then the Common People, but not in Oppoſition to them; as if *Philoſophy* were a Faction; for by ſo Doing, inſtead of Reforming, and Gaining upon them, we drive them away; and when they find it unreaſonable to Imitate us in All things, they will Follow us in Nothing. Our buſineſs muſt be to live according to *Nature*, and to own the Senſe of Outward things with other People: Not to Torment the Body: and, with Exclamations againſt that which is Sweet, and Cleanly, to Delight in Naſtineſs; and, To uſe, not only a Courſe, but a Slutriſh, and Offenſive Diet. Wiſdom Preaches Temperance, not Mortification; and a Man may be a very Good Husband, without being a Sloven. He that Steers a Middle-Courſe, betwixt Virtue and Popularity; That is to ſay, betwixt Good Manners, and Diſcretion, ſhall gain both Approbation, and Reverence. But, What if a Man Governs himſelf in his Cloaths, in his Diet, in his Exerciſes, as he Ought to do? It is not that his Garments, his Meat, and Drink, or his Walking, are things Simply Good; but it is the Tenor of a Mans Life, and the Conformity of it to Right Nature, and Reaſon. *Philoſophy* obliges us to Humanity, Society; and the Ordinary Uſe of

External

External things. It is not a thing to please the people with, or to entertain an Idle Hour; but a Study for the Forming of the Mind, and the Guidance of humane Life. And a Wise Man should also Live as he Discourses; and in all Points be like Himself; And, in the first Place, set a Value upon himself, before he can pretend to become Valuable to others. As well our Good Deeds, as our Evil, come home to us at last; he that is Charatable, makes others so by his Example, and finds the Comfort of that Charity when he wants it himself. He that is Cruel, seldom finds Mercy. 'Tis a hard Matter for a Man to be both Popular, and Virtuous; for he must be *like* the People, that would *oblige* them: and the Kindness of Dishoneſt Men, is not to be acquir'd by Honeſt Means. He lives by Reason, not by Custom; He shuns the very Conversation of the Intemperate, and Ambitious. He knows the Danger of Great Examples of Wickedness, and that Publick Errors impose upon the World, under the Authority of Presidents: for they take for Granted, that they are never out of the way, so long as they keep the Road.

We are beset with Dangers; and therefore a Wise Man should have his Virtues in Continual Readiness to Encounter them. Whether Poverty, Loss of Friends, Pain, Sickness, or the like; He still maintains his Post: Whereas a Fool is Surpriz'd at every thing; and afraid of his very Suc-

cors: Either he makes no Reſiſtance at all, or elſe he does it by Halves. He will neither take Advice from Others, nor look to himſelf: He reckons upon *Philoſophy*, as a thing not worth his time, and if he can but get the Reputation of a *Good Man* among the *Common People*, he takes no further Care, but Accounts that he has done his Duty.

EPIST. IX.

The Bleſſings of a Vigorous Mind, *in a* Decay'd Body; *with ſome Pertinent Reflections of* Seneca *upon his Own* Age.

WHen I call *Claranus* my School-fellow, I need not ſay any thing more of his Age; having told you, that he, and I, were *Co-temporaries*. You would not Imagine how Green, and Vigorous his Mind is, and the perpetual Conflict that it has with his Body. They were Naturally Ill-match'd; unleſs to ſhew, that a Generous Spirit may be lodg'd under any ſhape. He has Surmounted all Difficulties; and, from the Contempt of himſelf, is advanc'd to the Contempt of all things elſe. When I conſider him well, methinks his Body appears to me as fair as his Mind. If Nature could have brought the Soul Naked into the World, perhaps ſhe would have done it:

But

But yet she does a greater thing, in Exalting that Soul above all Impediments of the Flesh. It is a great Happiness, to preserve the Force of the Mind, in the Decay of the Body; and to see the Loss of Appetite More then Requited with the Love of Virtue. But, whether I Owe This Comfort to my *Age*, or to *Wisdom*, is the Question. And whether, if I Could any longer, I Would not still, do the same things over again, which I Ought not to do. If Age had no other Pleasure then This, that it neither Cares for any thing, nor stands in need of any thing; it were a Great one to me, to have left all my painful, and troublesome Lusts Behind me. But, *'Tis uneasie*, you'll say, *to be always in Fear of Death.* As if That Apprehension did not Concern a Young Man as well as an Old; Or that Death only call'd us, according to our Years. I am however beholden to my Old Age, that has now confin'd me to my Bed; and put me out of Condition of *doing* those things any longer, which I should *not* do. The less my Mind has to do with my Body, the Better: And if Age puts an end to my Desires, and does the Business of Virtue, there can be no cause of Complaint; nor can there be any Gentler End, then to melt away in a kind of Dissolution. Where Fire meets with Opposition, and Matter to work upon, it is furious, and Rages; but where it finds no Fuel, as in Old Age, it goes out quietly, for want of Nourishment. Nor

is the Body the Settled Habitation of the Mind; but a Temporary Lodging, which we are to leave whenſoever the Maſter of the Houſe Pleaſes. Neither does the Soul, when it has Left the Body, any more Care what becomes of the Carkaſs, and the ſeveral Parts of it, then a man does for the ſhavings of his Beard under the hand of the Barber. There is not any thing that Expoſes a Man to more Vexation, and Reproach, then the overmuch Love of the Body: For Senſe neither looks forward, nor Backward, but only upon the preſent: Nor does it judge of Good, or Evil; or Foreſee Conſequences which give a Connexion to the Order, and Series of Things, and to the Unity of Life. Not but that every Man has Naturally a Love for his Own Carkaſs, as Poor People Love even their Own Beggarly Cottages; they are Old Acquaintances and Loath to Part: And I am not againſt the Indulging of it neither; provided that I make not my ſelf a Slave to it; for he that ſerves it has many Maſters. Beſide that, we are in Continual Diſorder; One while with Gripes, Pains in the Head, Tooth-Ach, Gour, Stone, Defluxions; ſome time with *too Much* Blood, other while with *too Little*: And yet this Frail, and Putrid Carkaſs of Ours values it ſelf as it where Immortal. We put no bounds to our Hopes, our Avarice, our Ambition. The ſame Man is *Vatinius* to Day, and *Cato* to Morrow: This

hour

hour as Luxurious as *Apicius*, and the next as Temperate as *Tubero*: Now, for a Miſtreſs; by and by for a Wife: Imperious This hour; Servile the Next: Thrifty, and Prodigal, Laborious, and Voluptuous, by turns. But ſtill the Goods, or Ills of the Body, do but Concern the Body (which is Peeviſh, Sour, and Anxious) without any effect upon a well-Compos'd Mind. I was the other day at my *Villa*. And Complaining of my Charge of Repairs; My *Bailiff* told me, *'Twas none of his Fault; for the Houſe was Old, and he had much ado to keep it from falling upon his Head.* (Well thought I.) *and what am I my ſelf then, that ſaw the laying of the Firſt Stone?* In the Gardens, I found the Trees as much out of Order; the Boughs Knotted, and Wither'd, and their Bodies over-run with Moſs. *This would not have been*, ſaid I, *if you had Trench'd them and Water'd them, as you ſhould have done.* *By my Soul, Maſter* ſays the poor Fellow, *I have done what I could: But alas! they are all Dotards, and Spent. What am I then*, (thought I to my ſelf) *that planted all theſe Trees with my own Hands?* And then I come to bethink my Self, that Age it ſelf is not yet without its pleaſures, if we did but know how to uſe them; and that the beſt Morſel is reſerv'd for the Laſt: Or at worſt, it is Equivalent to the Enjoying of Pleaſures, not to ſtand in need of any. It is but yeſterday, me-

thinks, that I went to School. But *time* goes faſter with an Old Man, then with a Young: Perhaps, becauſe he Reckons more upon it. There is hardly any Man ſo Old, but he may hope for one day more yet: and the Longeſt Life is but a Multiplication of Days, nay, of Hours, nay, of Moments. Our Fate is Set; and the Firſt Breath we draw, is but the Firſt Step towards our Laſt. One Cauſe depends upon another; and the Courſe of all things, Publick, and Private, is only a long Connexion of Providential Appointments. There is great Variety in our Lives; but all tends to the ſame Iſſue. Nature may uſe her own Bodies as ſhe Pleaſes; but a Good Man has this Conſolation, that nothing Periſhes that he can call his Own. What *Muſt* be, *Shall* be; and that which is a *Neceſſity* to him that Strugels, is little more then *Choice* to him that is Willing. 'Tis Bitter, to be Forc'd to any thing; but things are Eaſie, when they are Comply'd with.

EPIST.

EPIST. X.

Cuſtom is a great Matter, either in Good, *or* Ill. *We ſhould check our* Paſſions *betimes. Involuntary Motions are Invincible.*

THere is nothing ſo Hard; but Cuſtom makes it Eaſie to us. There are ſome, that never Laugh'd; Others, that Wholly abſtain from Wine, and Women; and almoſt from Sleep. Much uſe of a Coach makes us loſe the Benefit of our Legs: So that we muſt be Infirm to be in the Faſhion; and, at laſt, loſe the very Faculty of Walking, by Dis-uſing it. Some are ſo plung'd in Pleaſures, that they cannot live without them. And, in This, they are moſt Miſerable; that what was, at *Firſt*, but *Superfluous*, is *Now*, become *Neceſſary*. but their Infelicity ſeems to be then Conſummate, and Incurable, when Senſuality has laid hold of the Judgment; and Wickedneſs is become a Habit. Nay, ſome there are, that both Hate, and Perſecute Virtue; and that's the laſt Act of Deſperation. It is much Eaſier to Check our Paſſions in the Begining, then to ſtop them in their Courſe: For, if Reaſon could not hinder us at firſt; they will go on in deſpite of us. The *Stoicks* will not allow a Wiſe

Wiſe Man to have any Paſſions at all. The *Peripateticks* Temper them; but that Mediocrity is altogether Falſe, and Unprofitable. And 'tis all one, as if they ſaid, That we may be a *Little Mad*, or a *Little Sick*. If we give any ſort of allowance to Sorrow, Fear, Deſires, Perturbations, it will not be in our Power to reſtrain them. They are fed From abroad; and will encreaſe with their Cauſes. And if we yeild never ſo little to them, the leaſt diſtemper works upon the whole Body. It is not my purpoſe all this while, wholly to take away any thing, that is either Neceſſary, Beneficial, or Delightful to Humane Life; but, to take That away, which may be Vitious in it. When I forbid you to deſire any thing I am yet content that you may be Willing to have it. So that I permit you the ſame things: And thoſe very Pleaſures will have a better Reliſh too, when they are enjoy'd without Anxiety; and when you come to Command thoſe Appetites, which before you ſerv'd. 'Tis Natural you'll ſay, to weep for the Loſe of a Friend; to be Mov'd at the Senſe of a Good, or ill Report, and to be ſad in Adverſity. All this I'll grant you; and their is no Vice but ſomething may be ſaid for't. At Firſt, 'tis Tractable and Modeſt; but if we give it entrance, we ſhall hardly get it out again. As it goes on, it gathers ſtrength, and becomes Quickly Ungovernable. It cannot be deny'd, but that all Affections flow from a Kind of Natural

tural Principle; and that it is our Duty to take care of our ſelves. But then it is our Duty alſo, not to be over Indulgent. Nature has mingled pleaſures, even with things moſt Neceſſary; not that we ſhould value them for their Own ſakes, but to make thoſe things which we cannot live without, to be more Acceptable to us. If we Eſteem the Pleaſure for it ſelf, it turns to Luxury; It is not the Buſineſs of nature to Raiſe Hunger, Thurſt, but to Extinguiſh it.

As there are ſome Natural Frailties, that by Care, and Induſtry, may be Overcome; So there are Others, that are Invincible: As, for a man that values not his Own Blood, to Swoun at the ſight of another Man's. Involuntary Motions are Inſuperable, and Inevitable; As the ſtaring of the Hair at Ill News; Bluſhing at a Scurilous Diſcourſe; Swimming of the Head upon the ſight of a Precipice, *&c.* Who can Read the Story of *Clodius*'s Expelling *Cicero* and *Anthony*'s Killing of him; the Cruelties of *Marius*, and the Proſcriptions of *Sylla*, without being mov'd at it? The Sound of a Trumpet, the Picture of any thing that is Horrid, the Spectacle of an Execution, Strikes the Mind, and works upon the Imagination. Some People are ſtrangely ſubject to Sweat, to Tremble, to Stammer; their very Teeth will Chatter in their Heads, and their Lips Quiver; and eſpecially in Publick Aſſemblies. Theſe are Natural Infirmities; and it is not all the Reſolution

ſolution in the World, that can ever Maſter them. Some Redden when they are Angry: *Scilla* was one of thoſe; and when the Blood Fluſh'd into his Face, you might be ſure he had Malice in Heart. *Pompey*, on the other ſide (that hardly ever ſpake in Publick without a Bluſh) had a wonderful ſweetneſs of Nature; and it did exceedingly well with him. Your *Comedians* will repreſent Fear, Sadneſs, Anger, and the like; but when they come to a baſhful Modeſty, though they'll give you humbleneſs of Looks, ſoftneſs of Speech, and down-Caſt-Eyes, to the very Life, yet they can never come to expreſs a bluſh; for it is a thing neither to be Commanded, nor hindred; but it comes and goes of its one accord. The Courſe of Nature is Smooth, and Eaſie; but when we come to Croſs it, we ſtrive againſt the Stream. It is not for one Man to Act another Man's part. For Nature will quickly Return, and take of the Mask. There is a kind of Sacred Inſtinct that moves us. Even the worſt, have a Senſe of Virtue. We are not ſo much Ignorant, as Careleſs. Whence comes it, that Grazing Beaſts diſtinguiſh Salutary Plants, from Deadly? A Chicken is afraid of a Kite; and not of a Gooſe, or a Peacock, which is much Bigger: A Bird of a Cat, and not of a Dog. This is Impulſe, and not Experiment. The Cells of Bees, and the Webs of Spiders, are not to be imitated by Art, but it is Nature that teaches

ches them. The Stage-Player has his Actions, and Geſtures in Readineſs; but This is only an Improvement by Art, of what Nature teaches them; who is never at a Loſs for the Uſe of her ſelf. We come in to the World with This Knowledge; and we have it by a Natural Inſtitution; which is no Other, then a Natural *Logick*. We brought the Seeds of Wiſdom into the World with us; but not Wiſdom it ſelf. There is the Goodneſs of God, and That of Man; the One is Immortal, the Other Mortal: Nature perfects the One, and Study the Other.

EPIST. XI.

We are Divided in our ſelves; and Confound Good *and* Evil.

IT is no wonder that Men are Generally very much Unſatisfied with the World; when there's not one Man of a Thouſand that agrees with himſelf: and that's the Root of our Miſery; only we are willing to Charge our Own Vices, upon the Malignity of Fortune. Either we are Puff'd up with Pride; Rack'd with Deſires; Dolv'd in Pleaſures, or Blaſted with Cares; and, which Perfects our Unhappineſs, we are never Alone, but in perpetual Conflict, and Controverſie with our Luſts.

We

We are ſtartled at all Accidents. We Boggle at our own Shadows, and Fright one another. *Lucretius* ſays, that *we are as much afraid in the Light, as Children in the Dark*; but, I ſay, *that we are altogether in Darkneſs, without any Light at all; and we run on blindfold, without ſo much as Groping out our way; which Raſhneſs in the Dark is the worſt ſort of Madneſs.* He that is in his way, is in hope of comming to his Journeys End; but Error is Endleſs. Let every Man therefore Examine his Deſires, whether they be according to rectify'd Nature or Not. That Man's Mind can never be Right, whoſe actions Diſagree. We muſt not live by Chance; for there can be no Virtue without Deliberation, and Election. And, where we cannot be Certain, let us follow that which is moſt Hopeful, and Probable. Faith, Juſtice, Piety, Fortitude, Prudence, are Venerable, and the Poſſeſſions only of Good Men; but, a Plentiful Eſtate, a Brawny Arm, and a Firm Body, are Many times the Portion of the Wicked. The Perfection of Humane Nature, is that State, which ſupports it ſelf, and ſo is out of the Fear of Falling. It is a great weakneſs for a Man to value himſelf upon any thing, wherein he ſhall be out-done by Fools, and Beaſts. We are to conſider Health, Strength, Beauty, and other advantages of that Kind, only as Adventitious Comforts: We may preſerve them with Care, provided that we be always Ready to Quit them, without

Trouble

Trouble. There is a Pleasure in Wickedness, as well as in Virtue, and there are that take a Glory in it too; wherefore our forefathers prescrib'd us the best Life, and not the most Plentiful; and allow'd us Pleasure for a Companion, but not for a Guide. We do many times take the Instruments of Happiness, for the Happiness it self; and rest upon those Matters, that are but in the way to't. That Man only lives Compos'd, who *thinks* of every thing that may happen, before he *feels* it. But this is not yet to advise, either neglect, or indifference; for I would avoid any thing that may hurt me, where I may honorably do it. But yet I would Consider the worst of things before hand. Examin the Hope, and the Fear; and, where things are uncertain, favour your self, and believe That which you had rather should come to pass. There are not many Men that know their own Minds, but in the Very Instant of Willing any thing. We are for one thing to Day, another thing to Morrow; so that we Live and Die without coming to any Resolution: Still seeking that Elsewhere, which we may give our Selves; That is to say, a Good Mind. And, in truth, we do perswade our Selves, That in several Cases, we do Desire the thing which effectually we do not Desire. And all This, for want of Laying down some Certain Principles, to make the Judgment Inflexible, and Steady. When we do any Evil it is either for Fear

of

of a greater Evil, or in Hope of such a Good, as may more then Ballance that Evil. So that we are here Distracted betwixt the Duty of Finishing our Purpose, and the Fear of Mischief, and Danger. This Infirmity must be discharg'd. In the Pursuit of Pleasures, we should take Notice that there are not only Sensual, but Soul Pleasures also, which Transport the Mind with Adoration, (though they do not Tickle the Senses) give us a Veneration for those Virtues, that exercise themselves in Sweat, and Blood. All True Goods hold an Affinity and Friendship one with another; and they are Equal; but False Ones have in them much of Vanity; they are large, and Specious to the Eye; but, upon Examination, they want weight. Now, though Virtues are all Alike, they may yet be distinguish'd into Desirable, and Admirable; Virtues of Patience, and of Delight: But, in the Matter of Common Accidents, there is not any thing which is truly worthy, Either of our Joy, or of our Fear. For Reason is Immovable, does not Serve, but Command our Senses. What is Pleasure, but a Low, and Brutish thing? Glory is Vain, and Volatile; Poverty only hard to him that does not Resist it; Superstition is a Frantick Error, that Fears where it should Love; and Rudely Invades where it should Reverentially Worship. Death it self is no Evil at all, but the Common Benefit, and Right of Nature. There is a great

great Difference, betwixt those things which are Good in Common Opinion, and those which are so in Truth, and Effect: The Former have the Name of Good things, but not the Propriety: They may befall us, but they do not Stick to us: And they may be taken away without either Pain to us, or Diminution. We may use them; but not Trust in them; For, they are Only Deposited; and, they must, and will Forsake us. The only Treasure is That, which Fortune has no Power over: And, the Greater it is, the Less Envy it carries along with it. Let our Vices Die before us, and let us Discharge our selves of our Dear-bought Pleasures, that hurt us, as well Past, as to come; for, they are follow'd with Repentance, as well as our Sins. There's neither Substance in them, nor Truth; for a Man can never be weary of Truth; but there's a Satiety in Error. The former is always the same, but the Latter is Various; and, if a Man looks near it, he may see through it. Beside that the Possessions of a Wise Man are Maintain'd with Ease. He has no need of Embassadors, Armies, and Castles; but, like God himself, he does his Business without either Noise, or Tumult. Nay, there is something so Venerable, and Sacred in Virtue, that if we do but meet with any thing like it, the very Counterfeit Pleases us. By the help of *Philosophy* the Soul gives the slip to the Body, and Refreshes it self in Heaven. Pleasures, at best,

are Short liv'd; but the Delights of Virtue are Secure, and Perpetual. Only we muſt Watch, Labor, and attend it our ſelves. For 'tis a Buſineſs, not to be done by a Deputy. Nor is it properly a Virtue, to be a little better then the Worſt. Will any Man boaſt of his Eyes, becauſe they tell him that the Sun Shines? Neither is he preſently a Good Man, that thinks Ill of the Bad. For Wicked Men do That too; and 'tis perhaps the Greateſt Puniſhment of Sin, the Diſpleaſure that it gives to the Author of it. The ſaddeſt Caſe of all is, when we become Enamour'd of our Ruine, and make Wickedneſs our Studdy. When Vice has got a Reputation, and when the Diſſolute have loſt the Only Good thing they had in their Exceſſes, the Shame of Offending. And yet the Lewdeſt part of our Corruptions, is in Private, which, if any body had look'd on, we ſhould never have Committed. Wherefore, let us bear in our Minds the *Idea* of ſome great Perſon, for whom we have an Awful Reſpect; and his Authority will even Conſecrate the very Secrets of our Souls; and make us, not only mend our Manners, and purifie our very Thoughts; but in good time render us Exemplary to others, and Venerable to our Selves. If *Scipio*, or *Lelius* were but in our Eye, we ſhould not dare to Tranſgreſs. Why do we not make our ſelves then ſuch Perſons, as in whoſe Preſence we dare not offend?

EPIST.

EPIST. XII.

We are mov'd at the Novelty *of things, for want of Underſtanding the* Reaſon *of them.*

THE whole Subject of *Natural Philoſophy*, falls under theſe Three Heads; the Heavens, the Air, and the Earth. The Firſt Treats of the nature of the Stars; their Form, and Magnitude: The Subſtance of the Heavens; whether Solid, or not; and whether they move of Themſelves, or be mov'd by any thing Elſe; whether the Stars be below them, or fix'd in their Orbs: In what manner the Sun divides the Seaſons of the Year: and the like. The Second Part enquires into the Reaſon of things betwixt the Heavens and the Earth; as Clouds, Rain, Snow, Thunder, and whatſoever the Air either Does, or Suffers. The Third handles matters that have a regard to the Earth; as the difference of Soiles, Minerals, Metals, Plants, Groves, *&c. But, theſe are Conſiderations wholly foreign to our Purpoſe, in the Nature of them: though they may be of very Proper, and Pertinent Application.* There is not any Man ſo Brutal, and ſo Groveling upon the Earth, but his Soul is rous'd, and carry'd up to higher Matters, and Thoughts, upon the Appea-

rance of any New Light from Heaven. What can be more worthy of Admiration, then the Sun, and the Stars in their Courſes, and Glory? and yet ſo long as Nature goes on in her Ordinary way, there's no body takes Notice of them: But when any thing falls out beyond Expectation, and Cuſtom, what a Gazing, Pointing, and Queſtioning, is there preſently about it? The People gather together, and are at their Wits End; not ſo much at the Importance of the Matter, as at the Novelty. Every Meteor ſets People agog to know the Meaning of it, and what it Portends; and whether it be a Star, or a Prodigy: So that it is worth the while to enquire into the Nature, and Philoſophy of theſe Lights, (*though not the Buſineſs of this Place*) that by diſcovering the Reaſon, we may overcome the Apprehenſion of them. There are many things which we know to Be, and yet we know nothing at all of what they Are. It is not the Mind that Moves us, and Reſtrains us, But, *What* that Ruling Power is, we do no more underſtand, then we know *Where* it is. One will have it to be a Spirit: Another will have it to be a Divine Power: Some, only a Subtile Air; Others, an Incorporeal Being; and ſome again will have it to be only Blood, and Heat. Nay, ſo far is the Mind from a Perfect underſtanding of Other things, that it is ſtill in ſearch of it Self. It is not long ſince we came to find out the Cauſes of Eclipſes: And further

ther Experience will bring more things to Light, which are as yet in the Dark; But, one Age is not ſufficient for ſo many Diſcoveries. It muſt be the work of Succeſſions, and Poſterity; and the time will come, when we ſhall wonder that Mankind ſhould be ſo long Ignorant of things, that lay ſo open, and ſo eaſie to be made Known. Truth is offer'd to all; But we muſt yet content our ſelves with what's already found; and leave ſome Truths to be retriv'd by After Ages. The Exact Truth of things is only known to God; but, it is yet Lawful for us to Enquire, and to Conjecture, though not with to much Confidence: Nor yet altogether without Hope. In the Firſt Place however, let us Learn things Neceſſary; and if we have any time to ſpare, we may apply it to Superfluities.

Why do we trouble our ſelves about things which Poſſibly *May* Happen, and Peradventure, *Not?* Let us rather Provide againſt thoſe Dangers that Watch us, and lie in wait for us. To Suffer Shipwrack, or to be Cruſh'd with the Ruine of a Houſe, theſe are great Misfortunes, but they Seldom Happen. The Deadly, and the hourly danger that threatens Humane Life, is from One Man to Another. Other Calamities do Commonly give us ſome Warning: The Smoak gives us notice of a Fire; the clouds bid us provide for a Storm; but Humane Malice has no Prognoſtick; and the Nearer it is, the Fairer it Looks. There

is no Truſt to the Countenance; we carry the Shapes of Men, and the hearts of Beaſts. Nay, we are worſe then Beaſts; for a Beaſt has only no Reaſon at all; but the Other is Perverted, and turns his Reaſon to his Miſchief. Beſide that, all the Hurt which They do, is out of Fear, or Hunger; but Man takes delight in Deſtroying his Own Kind. From the *Danger* we are in from Men, we may Conſider our *Duty* to Them; and take Care that we neither Do, nor Suffer Wrong. It is but Humane, to be Troubled at the Misfortunes of Another, and to Rejoyce at his proſperity. And, it is likewiſe Prudent, to Bethink our ſelves what we are to Do, and what we are to Avoid: by which means we may keep our ſelves from being either Harm'd, or Deceiv'd. The things that moſt provoke One Man to do hurt to another, are, Hope, Envy, Hatred, Fear, and Contempt: but, Contempt is the ſlighteſt. Nay, many Men have betaken themſelves to it for their Security. There is no doubt, but he that is Contemn'd, ſhall be trod upon; but then his Enemy Paſſes over him as not worth his Anger.

EPIST. XIII.

Every Man is the Artificer of his own Fortune. Of Juſtice *and* Injuſtice.

THE ſhort of the Queſtion betwixt you and me, is This; *Whether a Man had better part with Himſelf, or ſomething elſe that belongs to him?* And, it is Eaſily Reſolv'd, in all Competitions betwixt the Goods of Senſe, and Fortune; and thoſe of Honour, and Conſcience. Thoſe things which all Men Covet, are but Specious Outſides; and there's nothing in them of Subſtantial Satisfaction. Nor is there any thing ſo Hard, and Terrible in the Contrary, as the Vulgar Imagine; only the word *Calamity*, has an Ill Reputation in the World: and the very *Name* is more grevious then the *Thing it Self*. What have I to Complain of, if I can turn that to a Happineſs, which others Count a Miſery? A Wiſe Man either Repels, or Elects, as he ſees the matter before him; without Fearing the Ill which he Rejects, or Admiring what he Chuſes. He is never Surpriz'd; but in the midſt of Plenty he prepares for Poverty; as a Prudent Prince does for War, in the Depth of Peace. Our Condition is Good enough, if we make the Beſt on't; and our Felicity is in our own Power. *Things that are Adven-*

titious, have no Effect upon him that Studies to make ſure of his Happineſs within Himſelf. Every Man ſhould ſtand upon his Guard againſt Fortune: and take moſt heed to himſelf, when ſhe ſpeaks him Faireſt. All the Advantage ſhe gets upon us, is at Unawares; whereas he that is Provided for her, and ſtands the Firſt Shock, carries the Day. It is not with Common Accidents of Life, as with Fire, and Sword, that Burn, and Cut, all alike; but Misfortunes work more or leſs, according to the Weakneſs, or Reſolution of the Patient. He that grieves for the Loſs of Caſual Comforts, ſhall never want Occaſion of Sorrow. We ſay Commonly, *That every Man has his weak ſide*: But give me leave to tell you, That he that Maſters One Vice, may Maſter all the Reſt. He that ſubdues Avarice, may Conquer Ambition. It is not for Philoſophy to Excuſe Vices. The Patient has little Hope of Health, when the Phyſitian preſcribes Intemperance: Though I know, on the other ſide, that he that does any thing above the Ordinary, does but ſet up himſelf for a Mark to Malevolence, and Envy. Where Laws are Neglected, Corruptions muſt Inevitably be Introduc'd: for the Authority of Virtue is Shaken. And what are *Laws* but only *Precepts* mingled with *Threats?* with this Difference, that the Former Deterr us from Wickedneſs, and the Latter Adviſe us to Virtue. A Preamble, methinks, Derogates from the Ho-

nour

nour of a Law, which ought to be Short, and Clear; and to Command, without Suffering any Expoſtulation. It is a Flat, and an Idle thing, a Law with a Prologue. Let me only be told my Duty, and I am not to *Diſpute*, but to *Obey*.

If I have not acquitted my ſelf of my Laſt Promiſe to you; know, that in all Promiſes, there is a Tacit Reſerve; *If I Can*; *If I Ought*; or, *If things Continue in the ſame State*: So that by the Change of Circumſtances, I am diſcharg'd of my Obligation. I know very well the Bonds of Juſtice; and yet the Practices of the World to the Contrary. There are no greater Exacters of Faith, then the Perfidious; no greater Perſecuters of Falſhood, then the Perjurious. He that loves his Neighbor's Wife, and for that very Reaſon, becauſe ſhe is another Man's, Locks up his Own. The Wickedneſs of other Men we have always in our Eye, but we caſt our own over our Shoulders. A Worſe Father Chaſtiſes a Better Son: He that Denies Nothing to his Own Luxury, will Pardon Nothing in Another Man's. A Tyrant is offended at Bloodſhed; the Sacrilegious Puniſhes Theft, and the greater part of the World Quarrels rather with the Offender, then with the Offence. It is very Rare, that either the Joy, or the Benefit of an Eſtate Injuriouſly gotten, continues Long. Men go together by the Ears about the Booty, and we pay dear for things of Little Value. We live and

die,

die, Lugging one another, Breaking one anothers Reſt, and our Lives are without Fruit, and without Pleaſure. Juſtice is a Natural Principle. I muſt Live Thus with my Friend, Thus with my Fellow-Citizen, Thus with my Companion. And why? Becauſe 'tis Juſt; not for deſign, or Reward: For it is Vertue it ſelf, and nothing elſe, that Pleaſes us. There is no Law Extant for keeping the Secrets of a Friend, or for not breaking Faith with an Enemy. And yet there's Juſt Cauſe of Complaint, if a Body betraies a Truſt. If a Wicked Man call upon me for Money that I owe him; I'll make no Scruple of Pouring it into the Lap of a Common Proſtitute, if ſhe be appointed to Receive it. For my Buſineſs is to Return the Money, not to Order him how he ſhall Diſpoſe of it. I muſt pay it, upon Demand, to a Good Man, when it is Expedient; and to a Bad, when he Calls for't.

EPIST. XIV.

Of Truſt in Friendſhip. Prayer; and Bodily Exerciſe.

THere are Some People, that if any things goes Croſs with them, though of a quality only fit for the Ear of a Friend, out it goes at a Venture to the Next Comer: Others

Others again are ſo ſuſpicious, and ſo obſtinately Cloſe, that they will rather Periſh, then truſt the beſt Friend they have with it; They are, Both of them, in the Wrong, only the One is the better-natur'd Error, and the Other the Safer. Now, as to the Truſt of a Friend: there are many Innocent things, which, in their own Nature, may ſeem to be Privacies, and which Cuſtom has ever Reputed So; in which Caſes, there is place enough for the Offices of Friendſhip, in the mutual Communication of our moſt Secret Cares, and Counſels. But yet we are ſo to govern our ſelves, that even an Enemy ſhould not turn our Actions to Reproach. For, an Honeſt Man lives not to the World, but to his own Conſcience. There is a Certain Softneſs of Nature, and Spirit, that Steals upon a Man, and, like Wine, or Love, draws all things from him. No Man will either Conceal, or Tell, all that he Hears. But he that tells the Thing, will hardly conceal the Author: ſo that it paſſes from One to Another; And That which was at firſt a Secret, does preſently become a Rumour. For This, and for many other Reaſons, we ſhould ſet a Watch upon our Lips; and attend the more uſeful, and neceſſary Work of Contemplation. The Firſt Petition that we are to make to God Almighty, is for a *Good Conſcience*: The Second, for *Health of Mind*; and Then, of *Body*. There are ſome things which we directly wiſh for, as

Joy,

Joy, Peace, and the like: Some that we Pray for, only in Caſe of Neceſſity: as Patience in Pain, or Sickneſs, &c. Others, that Concern our External Behaviour, as Modeſty of Countenance, Decency of Motion, and ſuch a Demeanor, as may become a prudent Man. Many things may be Commodious; that is to ſay, they may be of more Uſe then Trouble; and yet not Simply Good. Some things we have for Exerciſe, others for Inſtruction, and Delight. Theſe things belong to us only as we are *Men*, but not as we are *Good Men*. Some things ſerve to Correct, and Regulate our Manners; Others, to Enquire into the Nature, and Original of them. How ſhall we know what a Man is to do, if we do not ſearch into his Nature, and find out what is beſt for him, and what he is to Avoid, and what to Purſue? Humanity not only keeps us from being Proud, and Covetous, but it makes us Affable, and Gentle, in our Words, Actions, and Affections. We have no Precepts from the *Liberal Arts*, neither for This, nor for Sincerity, Integrity of Manners, Modeſty, Frugality; no nor for Clemency it ſelf; which makes us as Tender of Anothers Blood, as of our Own, and diſtinguiſhes *Men in Society*, from *Beaſts of Prey*. Some People are ever Complaining of the Iniquity of the Times: But, let no man depend upon the Goodneſs of his Cauſe, but rather upon the Firmneſs of his Courage; There may be force, or Bribery: I

would

I would hope the Beſt, but prepare for the Worſt. What if I have ſerv'd an Ungrateſull Intereſt, and Suffer'd wrongfully? An Honeſt Man is more Troubled for the Injuſtice of a Severe Sentence, then for the Cruelty of it: and that his Country has done an Ill thing; rather then that he himſelf ſuffers it. If he be Baniſh'd, the ſhame is not His, but the Authors of it. He Tempers his Delights, and His Afflictions, and ſays to himſelf, That if our Joys cannot be Long, neither will our Sorrows. He is Patient in his Own Misfortunes; without Envy at the Advantages of his *Neighbour*. His Virtue is Bolder in the *Oppoſition* of Ill things, then Tyranny it ſelf can be in the *Impoſing* of them. This is rather to tell you what you do already, then what you ſhould do. Go on, as you have begun, and make haſt to be Perfect: But take Notice, that the Mind is to be now and then Unbent; a Glaſs of Wine, a Journey, a Mouthful of Freſh Air relieves it: But then there's a Difference betwixt a Remiſſion, and a Diſſolution. Without Exerciſe, a Dull Humour Invades us; and it is Remarkable, that Men of Brawny Arms, and Broad Shoulders, have commonly Weak Souls. Some Exerciſes are ſhort, and Gentle, and ſet the Body Right preſently. But, whatever we do, let us return quickly to the Mind; for That muſt not lie Idle. A little Labour ſerves it; and it works in all Seaſons: in Summer, Winter, Old Age;

Age; Nothing hinders it. And, to make it more Valuable, it is every day better then Other. Not that I would have you perpetually Poring upon a Book neither; but allow your ſelf ſeaſonable Reſpits, and to't again. A Coach, or a Walk, does your Body Good, without Interupting your Study: For you may Diſcourſe, Dictate, Read, Hear, at the ſame time. Now though the Exerciſes be Laudable, and Healthful; yet the Maſters of them are for the moſt part of Lewd Example. They divide their Lives betwixt the Tavern and the Hot-houſe; and a Swinging Debauch is a good days work with them. But, how apt we are to ſet Bounds to others, and none to our Selves; and to obſerve their Warts, when our own Bodies are Cover'd with Ulcers! What is more Ordinary, then for People to Reverence, and Deteſt the Fortunate, at the ſame time, even for Doing thoſe things which they themſelves would do if they Could? There might be ſome Hope of our Amendment, if we would but Confeſs our Faults; as a Man muſt be awake that tells his Dream. There are ſome Diſeaſes which are abſolutely Hopeleſs and paſt Cure; but they may yet be Palliated; and Philoſophy, if it cannot help in One Caſe, it may in another. To a Man in a Feaver, a Gentle Remiſſion is a Degree of Health, and it is ſomething, if a Man be not perfectly ſound, to be yet more Curable. But, we are loath to be at

the

the Pains of Attending our Own buſineſs: We lead the Life in the World, that ſome Lazy People do in a Market, that ſtand gaping about them, without either Buying, or Selling. We ſlip our Opportunities; and if they be not catch'd in the very *Nick*, they are Irrecoverably Loſt.

EPIST. XV.

The Danger of Flattery; and in what Caſes a Man may be allow'd to Commend himſelf.

Demetrius was wont to ſay, *That Knavery was the Ready way to Riches*; and that the Caſting off of Virtue, was the Firſt Step to Thriving in the World. Study but the Art of *Flattery*, (which is now adays ſo acceptable, that a Moderate Commendation paſſes for a Libel.) Study That Art, (I ſay) and you ſhall do your Buſineſs, without running any Riſque upon the Seas, or any hazards of Merchandizing, Husbandry, or Suits at Law. There is not one Man of a Million that is Proof againſt an Artificial Flatterer; but ſomething or other will Stick, if we do but give him the Hearing. Nay, we like him well enough, though we ſhake him off, and the Quarrel is eaſily Reconcil'd. We ſeem to Oppoſe him

him, but we do not ſhut the Door againſt him; or if we do, it is but as a Miſtreſs will do ſometime upon her Servant, *She would be well enough content to be Hindred; and take it much better yet, to have it broke open.* Beſide that, a Man lies Commonly moſt Open where he is attack'd. How ſhamefully are great Men Fawn'd upon by their Slaves; and inur'd to Fulſome Praiſes? When the Only buſineſs of thoſe, that call themſelves Friends, is to try, who can moſt Dextrouſly deceive his Maſter. For want of knowing their own Strength, they believe themſelves as Great, as their Paraſites Repreſent them: And venture upon Broils, and, Wars, to their Irreparable Deſtruction. They break Alliances, and Tranſport themſelves into Paſſions, which, for want of better Counſels, hurry them on to Blood, and Confuſion. They purſue every wild Imagination as a Certainty, and think it a greater Diſgrace to be Bent, then to be Broken. They ſet up their Reſt upon the perpetuity of a Tottering Fortune, till they come at laſt to ſee the Ruine of themſelves, and their Poſſeſſions; and too late, to Uuderſtand, that their Misfortunes, and their Flatteries were of the ſame Date. There is a Sparing, and a Crafty Flattery, that looks like Plain-Dealing. But all Flatteries are words of Courſe, and he that Receives them will give them. Nay, let it be never ſo ſhameleſs, a Man takes all to himſelf, though his very Conſcience gives

gives him the Lye. Cruelty ſhall be Tranſlated Mercy; Extortion and Oppreſſion ſhall be call'd Liberality: Luſt, and Gluttony, to the higheſt degree in the World, ſhall be magnify'd for Temperance. Now, What hope is their of his Changing for the Better, that values himſelf for the beſt of Men already; The ſtroak of an Arrow Convinc'd *Alexander*, that he was not the Son of *Jupiter*, but a Mortal Man. And thus; upon the Experiment of Humane Frailty, ſhould every Man ſay to himſelf, Am not I ſad ſometimes, and tortur'd betwixt Hope and Fear? Do I not Hanker after Vain Pleaſures? He that is not yet ſatisfy'd, is not ſo good as he ſhould be. The words of Flatterers, and Paraſiets ſeldom Die in the Hearing; and when they have gain'd admittance, they grow more and more upon you; and ſhortly they'll tell you, that *Virtue*, *Philoſophy*, and *Juſtice*, are but Empty Sounds. Let every Man Live while he may, and make the beſt of the Preſent: And not Govern himſelf at a rate, as if he were to keep a Diary for his Father. What Madneſs is it, to enrich a Man's Heir, and ſtarve Himſelf; and to turn a Friend into an Enemy. For, his Joy will be proportion'd to what you leave him. Never trouble your ſelf for theſe ſuperfluous Cenſors of other Mens Lives, and Enemies of their Own. Theſe Pedagogues of Mankind are not worth your Care, Theſe are the people that draw us from our Pa-

rents, and Country, our Friends, and other Neceſſary Duties.

I would neither be deceiv'd my ſelf, nor Deceive Others; but, if a Man cannot Live without it, let him Commend himſelf, and ſay thus. *I have apply'd my Self to Liberal Studies, though both the Poverty of my Condition, and my own Reaſon, might rather have put me upon the Making of my Fortune. I have given Proof, that all Minds are Capable of Goodneſs; and I have Illuſtrated the Obſcurity of my Family, by the Eminency of my Virtue. I have preſerv'd my Faith in all Extremities, and I have ventur'd my Life for't. I have never Spoken one Word contrary to my Conſcience, and I have been more Sollicitous for my Friend, then for my Self: I never made any Baſe Submiſſions to any Man; and I have never done any thing Unworthy of a Reſolute, and of an Honeſt Man. My Mind is rais'd ſo much above all Dangers, that I have Maſter'd all Hazards; and I bleſs my ſelf in the Providence which gave me that Experiment of my Virtue: For it was not fit, methought, that ſo great a Glory ſhould come Cheap. Nay, I did not ſo much as deliberate, whether Good Faith ſhould ſuffer for Me, or I for it. I ſtood my Ground, without laying violent hands upon my Self, to ſcape the Rage of the Powerful; though under* Calagula *I ſaw Cruelties, to ſuch a Degree, that to be kill'd outright, was accounted a Mercy. And yet I perſiſted in my Honeſty, to ſhew, that I was ready to do more then Die for't. My Mind was never*

Cor-

Corrupted with Gifts, and when the humour of Avarice was at the height, I never laid my hand upon any Unlawful Gain: I have been Temperate in my Diet; Modeſt in my Diſcourſe; Courtious and Affable to my Inferiors, and I have ever paid a Reſpect, and Reverence to my Betters. After all; What I have ſaid, is either True, or Falſe; If True, I have Commended my ſelf before a *Great Witneſs*, my own *Conſcience*; If Falſe, I am Ridiculous, without any Witneſs at all. Let every Man retire into himſelf; For the Old, the Young, Men, Women, and Children, they are all Wicked. Not every One only, or a Few, But there is a General Conſpiracy in Evil. We ſhould therefore Fly the World, withdraw into our Selves; and in ſome ſort avoid even our ſelves too.

EPIST. XVI.

A General Diſſolution of Manners; with a Cenſure of Corrupt Magiſtrates.

THE Corruption of the Preſent Times, is the General Complaint of all Times; It ever has been ſo; and it ever Will be ſo: Not conſidering that the Wickedneſs of the World is always the ſame, as to the Degree of it; though it may Change Places Perhaps, and vary a little in the

Matter. One while Whoring is in Fashion, Another while Gluttony: To day, Excess in Apparel; and more Care of the Body then of the Mind: To morrow comes up the Humor of Scoffing; and after That, perchance, a Vein of Drinking; when he shall be accompted the Bravest Man, that makes himself the veriest Beast. This Prostitute Looseness of Manners, makes way for Sedition, and Cruelty. Under *Tiberius*, the Plague of your *Dilators*, or *Informers*, was worse then any Civil War. It was an Age, wherein the Words of Men, in their Cups; the most Innocent Railleries, and Ingenious Freedoms of Conversation, were made Capital. When it was Dangerous to be Honest, and only Profitable to be Vitious. And not only Ill Things, but Vice it self was both Commended, and Prefer'd; for all Insolences, when they come to be Exemplary, they pretend to be Lawful. Authority in Sin, is an incentive to it: And, it is at least an Excuse, if not a Warrant, to Transgress, after Great Example. Beside that, we are prone enough to do Amiss, even of our Selves, without either a Leader, or a Companion. But, it is a Malevolent sort of Comfort, that which Men take in the Number of the Wicked.

The worst of all This; That whereas in Other Cases the People are Asham'd of their Errors, in that of Life, they are Delighted with them, and so become incurable. The Pilot takes no pleasure in Running

ning upon a Rock; nor the Phyſician in the Death of his Patient; nor the Advocate in the Loſs of his Clients Cauſe. But, on the other ſide, the Criminal Rejoyces in his Uncleanneſs, in his Ambition, and in his Theft; and never troubles himſelf for the Fault, but for the Miſcariage. He makes Infamy the Reward of Lewdneſs, and values himſelf upon his Excellency in Ill-doing. The Queſtion is, who ſhall be moſt Impious; we have every day, worſe Appetites, and leſs ſhame. Sobriety, and Conſcience, are become Fooliſh, and Scandalous things; and, it is half the Reliſh of our Luſts, that they are committed in the Face of the Sun. Innocency is not only Rare, but Loſt: And Mankind is enter'd into a Sort of Confederacy againſt Virtue. To ſay nothing of Inteſtine Wars; Fathers, and Sons in League againſt one another; Poyſon'd Fountains, Troops in ſearch of the Baniſh'd, and Proſcrib'd Priſons cram'd with Worthy Men, Cities Demoliſh'd; Rape, and Adultery Authoriz'd; Publick Perjuries, and Frauds; a Violation of Common Faith; and all the Bonds of Humane Society Cancell'd. *Adultery* is the ready way to *Wedlock*; and *Marriage* to a *Single Life* again; For, *Parting* is One *Condition* of it. For, They Divorce, to Marry; and they Marry to be Divorc'd. That which they often talk, and hear off, they eaſily do. What ſhame can there be of Incontinence, when Modeſty is become a Reproche, and when it is the Mode for

every Wife to provide her Self a Gallant or two, beſide her Husband? 'Tis an Idle thing to think of ever converting thoſe People, that find both Advantage, and Reputation in their Wickedneſs.

Would any Man ever have Imagin'd, that *Clodius* ſhould have come off by Bribery, for Debauching the Wife of *Cæſar*, and Profaning the Publick Vows for the Safety of the People? But, the Judges were Corrupted; and not only with Money, but with the Bodies of Young Men, and Women; So that his Abſolution was fouler then his Crime; The *Bribe* was *Adultery*, as well as the *Offence*; and he had no way to be Safe, till he had made his Judges like himſelf. *Name the Woman you have a Mind to* (ſays he) *and you ſhall have her. And when you have Committed the Sin, Condemn it if you dare. Appoint the Time, and the Place, and ſhe ſhall be ready for you*; Nay, the Practice was ſo groſs, that the Bench deſir'd a Guard of the Senate, to ſecure them from the People. Before the Sentence was given, he was an Adulterer; in the Manage of the Cauſe, he was a Pander, and his way of Eſcaping Puniſhment, was Fouler then the Offence that Deſerv'd it. A Luſt, that ſpar'd not the Altar, and perverted Juſtice upon the very Seat of Judgment. The Queſtion was, *Whether any Adulterer, ſhould ſcape Unpuniſh'd*; and the Reſolution was; That, *without being an Adulterer he could not be ſecure.* Nor is it likely, that there Con-

Converſation was one Jot honeſter then their Sentence: These things have been done, and will be done. Diſcipline, and Fear, may Reſtrain the Licence of the People; but, it is not to be thought, that they will ever be good of their own Accord. But, let us not yet ſpeak of Luxury, and Diſſolution, as the Vices of the Age, which, in truth, are only the Vices of the Men: The Practices of our times are Moderate, compar'd with thoſe, when the Delinquent pleaded *Not Guilty* to the Bench, and the Bench confeſs'd it ſelf *Guilty* to the Delinquent; and when one Adultery was excus'd by Another. In thoſe days it paſs'd for great piety, not to be very Impious. He that Gave moſt, Carry'd the Cauſe; and 'tis but according to the Laws of Nations, for him that Buys, to Sell. And, it is to be Noted, that a Man may be as Covetous of Getting, what he intends to Squander away, as if he were to hoard it up. The Contempt of Poverty in Others, and the Fear of it in our Selves. Unmerciful Oppreſſions, and Mercenary Magiſtrates, are the Common Grievances of a Licentious Government. The Baths, and the Theatres, are Crowded, when the Temples, and the Schools are Empty; for Men mind their Pleaſures, more then their Manners. All Vices gain upon us by the Promiſe of Reward; Avarice promiſes Money; Luxury Senſual Satisfaction; Ambition promiſes Preferment, and Power. And

it is no excuſe to ſay, that a Man is not Very Covetous; a Little Ambitious, Cholerick, Inconſtant, Luſtful; and the Like. He had better have one Great Vice, then a Spice of all Little ones. We ſay Commonly, that a Fool has all ſorts of Vices in him; that is to ſay, he is Free from none. But they do not all Appear; and he is more Prone to One, then to another. One is given to Avarice; Another to Luxury; a Third to Wantonneſs; But we are not yet to ask the *Stoicks*, if *Achilles* be a Coward; *Ariſtides*, *Unjuſt*; *Fabius*, *Raſh*; *Mucius*, a *Traitor*; *Camillus*, a *Deſerter*. We do not ſay, that *all Vices* are in *all Men*, as *ſome* are in *Some Particulars*.

EPIST. XVII.

The Original of all Men, is the Same; and Virtue is the only Nobility. There is a Tenderneſs due to Servants.

IT is not well done, to be ſtill murmuring againſt Nature, and Fortune, as if it were Their Unkindneſs that makes You Inconſiderable, when it is only by your Own Weakneſs that you make your Self ſo: For it is Virtue, not Pedegree, that renders a Man either Valuable, or Happy. Philoſophy does not either Reject, or Chuſe any Man for his Quality. *Socrates* was no *Patrician*;

trician; *Cleanthes*, but an *Under Gardener*; Neither did *Plato* Dignify Philoſophy by his Birth, but by his Goodneſs. All theſe Worthy Men are our *Progenitors*; if we will but do our ſelves the Honor to become their *Diſciples*. The Original of all Mankind was the Same; and, it is only a Clear Conſcience, that makes any Man *Noble*: For, That derives even from Heaven it ſelf. It is the ſaying of a Great Man, That if we could trace our Deſcents, we ſhould find all Slaves to come from Princes, and all Princes from Slaves. But Fortune has turn'd all things Topſy-Turvy, in a long Story of Revolutions. It is moſt Certain, that our Beginning had nothing Before it; and our Anceſtors were ſome of them Splendid, others Sordid, as it happen'd. We have loſt the Memorials of our Extraction, and in truth, it matters not whence we Came, but whither we Go. Nor is it any more to our Honor, the Glory of our Predeceſſors, then it is to their Shame, the Wickedneſs of their Poſterity. We are all of us compos'd of the Same Elements; why ſhould we then value our ſelves upon our Nobility of Blood, as if we were not all of us Equal, if we could but recover our Evidence? But, when we can carry it no further, the *Herauld* provides us ſome *Hero* to ſupply the Place of an Illuſtrious Original; and there's the Riſe of Arms, and Families. For a Man to ſpend his Life in purſuit of a Title, that ſerves only

only when he dies, to furnish out an *Epitaph*, is below a Wise Man's Business.

It pleases me Exceedingly, to understand by all that come out of your Quarters, that you demean your self humanely, and tenderly towards your Servants. It is the Part of a Wise, and of a Good Man to deal with his Inferior, as he would have his Superior deal with him: For Servants are not only Men, but a kind of Humble Friends; and Fortune has no more Power over Them, then over their Masters: And he that duly considers, how many Servants have come to be Masters, and how many Masters to be Servants, will lay no great Stress of Argument, either upon the One, or upon the Other. Some use their Servants worse then Beasts, in Slavish Attendances, betwixt their Drink, and their Lusts: Some are brought up only to Carve, others to Season; and all to serve the Turns of Pomp, and Luxury. Is it not a Barbarous Custom, to make it almost Capital, for a Servant only to Cough, Sneeze, Sigh, or but wag his Lips, while he is in waiting; and, to keep him the whole Night, Mute, and Fasting? Yet so it comes to pass, that they that dare not speak *Before* their Masters, will not forbear talking *Of* them; and those, on the other side, that were allow'd a Modest Freedom of Speech in their Masters Entertainments, were most obstinately silent upon the Torture, rather then they would betray them.

But

But we live as if a Servant were not made of the ſame Materials with his Maſter, or to Breath the ſame Air, or to Live, and Die, under the ſame Conditions. It is worthy of Obſervation, that the moſt Imperious Maſters over their own Servants are, at the ſame time, the moſt Abject Slaves to the Servants of other Maſters. I will not diſtinguiſh a Servant by his Office, but by his Manners: The One is the work of Fortune, the other of Virtue. But, we look only to his Quality, and not to his Merit. Why ſhould not a brave Action rather Dignify the Condition of a Servant, then the Condition of a Servant Leſſen a Brave Action? I would not value a Man for his Cloaths, or Degree, any more then I would do a Horſe for his Trappings. What if he be a Servant? ſhew me any Man that is not ſo; to his Luſts, his Avarice, his Ambition, his Palate, to his Queen; nay, to other Mens Servants; and we are all of us Servants to *Fear*: Inſolent we are, many of us, at Home; Servile, and Deſpiſed Abroad; and none are more Liable to be trampled upon, then thoſe that have gotten a habit of Giving Affronts, by Suffering them. What matters it how many Maſters we have, when 'tis but one Slavery? And whoſoever Contemns That, is perfectly Free, let his Maſters be never ſo Many. That Man is only Free, not whom Fortune has a *Little* Power over, but over whom ſhe has *None at all*: Which State of

Liberty

Liberty is an Inestimable Good, when we desire Nothing, that is either Superfluous, or Vitious. They are Asses that are made for Burthen, and not the Noblest sort of Horses. In the Civil Wars, betwixt *Cæsar*, and *Pompey*, the Question was not, who should be Slaves, or Free, but who should be Master. Ambition is the same thing in Private that it is in Publick; and the Duties are effectually the same, betwixt the Master of a Kingdom, and the Master of a Family. As I would treat some Servants kindly, Because they are Worthy; and Others, to make them so; so on the Other side, I would have a Servant to Reverence his Master; and rather to Love him, then Fear him. Some there are, that think this too little for a Master, though it is all that we pay even to God himself. The Body of a Servant may be bought, and sold; but his Mind is Free.

EPIST. XVIII.

We are Juster to Men, then to God. Of Life, and Death, of Good, and Evil.

IT is without Dispute, that the Loss of a Friend is one of the greatest Trials of Humane Frailty; and no Man is so much exalted above the sense of that Calamity, as not to be affected with it. And yet if a

Man

Man bears it Bravely, they cry, *he has no Senſe of Piety, or Good Nature in him*; if he ſink under it, they call him Effeminate: ſo that he lies both ways under a Reproche. And what's the Ground of the Trouble, I beſeech you, but that *he might have Liv'd Longer, in reſpect of his years*; *and*, in effect, *that he ought to have done ſo, in regard of his Uſefulneſs to the World?* I cannot but wonder to ſee, Men that are really Juſt, and Temperate in all their Dealings with Men, and in Buſineſs, ſo exceedingly to forget themſelves in this Point. But we have in Excuſe of this Error, the Failings of the whole World with us for Company. For even thoſe that are the moſt ſcrupulouſly Conſcientious toward Men, are yet Unthankful, and Injurious to Providence.

It is not the Number of Days that makes a Life Long, but the full Employment of them, upon the main End, and Purpoſe of Life; which is, the Perfecting of the Mind, in making a Man the Abſolute Maſter of Himſelf. I reckon the matter of Age among External things, the main point is to Live, and Die, with Honour. Every Man that lives, is upon the way, and muſt go through with his Journey, without ſtoping, till he comes at the End: And whereſoever it ends, if it ends well, it is a Perfect Life. There is an Invincible Fate, that attends all Mortals; and, one Generation is condemn'd to tread upon the Heels of another

another. Take away from Life, the Power of Death, and 'tis a ſlavery. As *Caligula* was paſſing upon the way, an Old man that was a Priſoner, and with a Beard down to his Girdle, made it his requeſt to *Ceſar*, that he might be put to Death. *Why*, ſays *Ceſar* to him, *are you not dead already*? So that you ſee Some Deſire it, as well as others Fear it: And why not? When it is one of the Duties of Life, to Die. And it is one of the Comforts of it too: For the Living are under the Power of Fortune, but ſhe has no Dominion at all over the Dead. How can Life be Pleaſant to any Man, that is not prepar'd to part with it? Or what Loſs can be eaſier to us, then that which can never be Miſs'd; or Deſir'd again? I was brought by a Defluxion into a hopeleſs Conſumption; and I had it many times in my Thought to Deliver my ſelf from a Miſerable Life, by a Violent Death. But the Tenderneſs I had for an Aged, and Indulgent Father, held my hand; for, thought I to my ſelf, it will be very hard for my Father to be without me, though I could moſt willingly part with my ſelf. In the Caſe of a Particular Diſeaſe, a Phyſitian may propound a Remedy; but the only Remedy for all Diſeaſes, is the Contempt of Death. (Though I know too, that it is the buſineſs of a Long Life, to Learn that Leſſon.)

Oh! The Happineſs of diſtinguiſhing Good from Evil, in the Works of Providence!

dence! But, in ſtead of raiſing our Thoughts to the Contemplation of Divine Matters, and enquiring into the Original, the State, and the Appointed Iſſue of Created Nature; we are digging of the Earth, and ſerving of our Avarice; Neglecting all the good things that are ſo frankly offer'd us. How great a Folly and Madneſs is it, for Men that are Dying, and in the hands of Death already, to extend their Hopes, and to carry their Ambition, and Deſires to the Grave Unſatisfy'd? For, whoſoever is tainted with thoſe Hydropick Appetites, can never have enough, either of Money, or Power. It is a Remarkable thing, that among thoſe that place their Happineſs in Senſe, they are the moſt miſerable that ſeem to be Happieſt. The Riches of Nature are the moſt precious Treaſures. What has any Man to deſire more, then to keep himſelf from Cold, Hungar, and Thirſt? It is not the Quantity, but the Opinion, that Governs in this Caſe; *That can never be Little, which is Enough: Nor does any Man accompt that to be Much, which is too Little.* The Benefits of Fortune are ſo far Comfortable to us, as we enjoy them without loſing the Poſſeſſion of our ſelves. Let us purge our Minds, and follow Nature; we ſhall otherwiſe be ſtill either Fearing, or Craving, and Slaves to Accidents. Not that there is any Pleaſure in Poverty; but it is a great Felicity for a Man to bring his Mind to be contented

ted even in That State, which Fortune it ſelf cannot make worſe. Methinks our Quarrels with Ambition, and Profitable Employments, are ſomewhat like thoſe we have with our Miſtreſſes; we do not Hate them, but Wrangle with them. In a word; betwixt thoſe things which are Sought, and Coveted, and yet Complain'd of; and thoſe things which we have Loſt, and pretend that we cannot live without, our Miſfortunes are purely Voluntary: and we are Servants, not ſo much by Neceſſity, as by Choice. No Man can be Happy, that is not Free, and Fearleſs: And no Man can be ſo, but he, that by Philoſophy has got the better of Fortune. In what Place ſoever we are; we ſhall find our ſelves beſet with the Miſeries of Humane Nature; Some, Without us; that either Encompaſs us, Deceive us, or Force us: Others, Within us; that eat up our very Hearts, in the Middle of Solitude. And it is not yet, as we imagine, that Fortune has Long Arms; She meddles with no body, that does not firſt lay hold upon Her. We ſhould keep a Diſtance therefore, and withdraw into the Knowledge of Nature, and of our Selves. We Underſtand the Original of things; the Order of the World, the Circulation of the Seaſons, the Courſes of the Stars, and that the whole Frame of the Univerſe (only the Earth excepted) is but a Perpetual Motion. We know the Cauſes of Day, and Night; of Light, and of Darkneſs; but

but it is at a diſtance: Let us direct our Thoughts then to that Place, where we ſhall ſee all nearer Hand. And, it is not This hope neither, that makes a Wiſe Man Reſolute at the Point of Death, becauſe Death lies in his way to Heaven; For, the Soul of a Wiſe Man is there before-hand: Nay, if there were nothing after death, to be either Expected, or Fear'd, he would yet leave this World with as great a Mind, though he were to paſs into a State of Annihilation. He that reckons every hour his Laſt; a Day, or an Age, is all one to him. Fate is doing our Work while we Sleep; Death ſteals upon us Inſenſibly; and the more Inſenſibly, becauſe it paſſes under the name of Life. From Childhood we grow up, without perceiving it, to Old Age; and this Encreaſe of our Life, duly conſider'd, is a Diminution of it. We take Death to be Before us; but it is behind us; and has already ſwallow'd up all that is paſt. Wherefore, make uſe of the Preſent; and truſt nothing to the Morrow; for Delay is juſt ſo much time loſt. We catch hold of Hopes, and Flatteries, of a little longer Life; as Drowning Men do upon Thorns, or Straws, that either Hurt us, or Deceive us. You will ask, perhaps, what I do my Self, that Preach at this Rate. Truly I do like ſome ill Husbands, that ſpend their Eſtates, and yet keep their Accompts: I run out; but yet I

can tell which way it goes. And I have the Fate of Ill Husbands too, another way; for every Body Pities me, and no Body Helps me. The Soul is never in the Right place, ſo long as it fears to quit the Body. Why ſhould a Man trouble himſelf to extend Life, which, at Beſt, is a kind of Puniſhment; And at Longeſt, amounts to very little more, then Nothing? He is Ungrateful, that takes the Period of Pleaſure for an Injury; and he is Fooliſh, that knows no Good but the Preſent. Nay there are ſome Courſes of Life, which a Man ought to quit, though with Life it ſelf: As the Trade of Killing Others, in ſtead of Learning to Die Himſelf. Life it ſelf is neither Good, nor Evil; but only a Place for Good, and Evil. It is a kind of Trage-Comedy. Let it be well Acted, and no matter whether it be Long, or ſhort. We are apt to be miſled by the Appearances of things; and when they come to us, recommended in Good Terms, and by Great Example, they will impoſe many times upon very Wiſe Men. The Mind is never Right; but when it is at peace with in it ſelf, and Independant upon any thing from Abroad. The Soul is in Heaven, even while it is in the Fleſh; If it be purg'd of Natural Corruptions, and taken up with Divine Thoughts: And, whether any body ſees us, or takes notice of us, it matters not.

Vertue will of it ſelf break forth though never ſo much Pains be taken to ſuppreſs it. And it is all one, whether it be known or no: But After Ages however will do us Right, when we are Dead, and Inſenſible of the Veneration they allow us. He that is wiſe, will compute the Conditions of Humanity; and contract the Subject both of his Joys, and Fears. And it is time well ſpent, ſo to Abate of the One that he may likewiſe Diminiſh the Other. By this Practice he will come to underſtand, how ſhort, how uncertain, and how ſife, many of thoſe things are, which we are wont to Fear. When I ſee a Splendid Houſe, or a glittering Train, I look upon it, as I do upon Courts, which are only the Schools of Avarice, and Ambition; and they are at beſt but a Pomp, which is more for Shew, then Poſſeſſion. Beſide that, Great Goods are ſeldom Long-liv'd; and that is the Faireſt Felicity, which is of the ſhorteſt Growth.

EPIST. XIX.

Of True Courage.

FOrtitude is (properly) *The Contempt of all Hazards, according to Reaſon*; though it be commonly, and promiſciouſly uſed alſo, for, *a Contempt of all Hazards, even Without, or Againſt Reaſon:* Which is rather a Daring, and a Brutal Fierceneſs, then an Honourable Courage. A Brave man fears Nothing more then the Weakneſs of being affected with Popular Glory. His Eyes are not Dazled either with Gold, or Steel; he tramples upon all the Terrors, and Glories of Fortune; he looks upon himſelf as a Citizen, and Soldier of the World, and, in deſpite of all Accidents, and Oppoſitions, he maintains his Station. He does not only Suffer, but Court the moſt Perilous Occaſions of Virtue, and thoſe Adventures which are moſt Terrible to Others: for he values himſelf upon Experiment; and is more Ambitious of being reputed Good, then Happy. *Mucius* loſt his hand with more Honour then he could have Preſerv'd it: He was a greater Conqueror Without it, then he could have been with it: For with the very Stump of it, he overcame two Kings. *Tarquin* and *Porſenna*. *Rutilius* follow'd *Cotta* into Baniſhment; ſhe ſtay'd, and

and ſhe returned with him too; and ſoon after, ſhe Loſt him, without ſo much as ſhedding a Tear: a Great Inſtance of her Courage, in his Baniſhment, and of her Prudence, in his Death. This (ſays *Epicurious*) is the Laſt, and the Bleſſed'ſt day of my Life; when he was ready to expire in an Extreme torment of the Stone. It is never ſaid of the 300 *Fabis*, that they were *Overcome*, but that they were *Slain*; Nor of *Regulus*, that he was *Vanquiſh'd* by the *Carthagenians*, but that he was *Taken*. The *Spartans* prohibited all Exerciſes where the Victory was declared by the Voice, and Submiſſion of him that was worſted. When *Phaton* begged of *Phœbus* the Government of the Chariot of the Sun for one day, the Poet makes him ſo far from being diſcourag'd by his Father's telling him of the Danger of the Undertaking, and how he himſelf had much ado to keep his Seat for Fear, when he look'd down from the Meridian, that it prov'd a Spur to his Importunity. *That's the thing* (ſays *Phaton*) *that I would be at; to ſtand Firm in That difficulty, where* Phœbus *himſelf Trembles.* Security is the Caution of Narrow Minds. But, as Fire tries Gold, ſo does Difficulty, and Hazard try Virtuous Men. Not but that he may be as Valiant that Watches upon the Tower, as he that fights upon his Knees; only the one has had the Good Fortune of an Occaſion for the Proof of his Reſolution. As ſome Creatures are Cruel;

Others Crafty, and ſome Timorous; ſo Man is endu'd with a Glorious, and an Excellent Spirit, that Prompts him, not ſo much to regard a Safe Life, as an Honeſt. Providence has made him the Maſter of this Lower World; and he reckons it his Duty to Sacrifice his own Particular to the Advantage of the Whole. And yet there is a vaſt difference, even in the ſame Action done by a Brave Perſon, and by a Stupid: as the Death of *Cato* was Honourable; but that of *Brutus* was Shameful. Nor is it Death it ſelf that we recommend for Glorious; but it is a Glorious thing to Die as we Ought. Neither is it Poverty, Baniſhment, or Pain, that we commend; but the Man that behaves himſelf Bravely under thoſe Afflictions. How were the Gladiators Contemn'd, that call'd for Quarter? And thoſe on the other ſide Favour'd, that Deſpis'd it. Many a Man Saves his Life, by not fearing to Loſe it; and, Many a Man Loſes his Life, for being over-Solicitous to Save it. We are many times afraid of Dying by One thing; and we come to Die by Another. As for Example; we are Threatned by an Enemy, and we Die by a Pleuriſie. The Fear of Death enlarges all other things that we Fear. To bear it with Conſtancy we ſhould Compute, that whether our Lives be long, or ſhort, it comes all to a Point; Some Hours we loſe: what if they were Days, Months, Years? What matters it if I never Arrive at that which I

muſt certainly Part with when I have it. Life is but one Point of Flying Time; and that which is to Come, is no more Mine, then that which is Paſt. And, we have this for our Comfort too, that whoſoever now Fears Death, will, ſome time or other come to wiſh it. If Death be Troubleſome, or Terrible; the fault is in *Us*, and not in *Death it ſelf*. It is as great a Madneſs for a Man to fear that which he is not to Feel, as that which he is not to Suffer. The Difference lies in the Manner of Dying, and not in the Iſſue of Death it ſelf. 'Tis a more Inglorious Death to be Smother'd with Perfumes, then to be torn to pieces with Pincers. Provided my mind be not Sick, I ſhall nor much heed my Body. I am Prepar'd for my laſt Hour, without tormenting my ſelf when it will come. It is betwixt the *Stoicks* and *other Philoſophers*, as betwixt Men, and Women. They are Both, Equally Neceſſary for Society; only the one is Born for Government, and the other for Subjection. Other Sects deal with their Diſciples, as Plauſible Phyſitians do with their Patients; They Flatter, and Humour them; whereas the *Stoicks* go a Bolder way to work, and conſider rather their Profit, then their Pleaſure.

EPIST. XX.

'Tis never to late to Learn. *The Advantages Of a* Privat Life; *and the Slavery of a* Publick. *The* Ends *of* Puniſhment.

LET no Man preſume to adviſe Others that has not firſt given Good Counſel to himſelf. And he may, Then, pretend to help his Neighbour. It is, in ſhort, as hard a matter to give Good Counſel, as to Take it: Let it however be agree'd, betwixt the Two Parties, that the one deſigns to Confer a Benefit, and the Other, to Receive it. Some People Scorn to be Taught: Others are aſham'd of it, as they would be of going to School when they are Old: But, it is never too late to Learn, what it is always Neceſſary to Know; And, it is no Shame to Learn, ſo long as we are Ignorant; that is to ſay, ſo long as we Live. When any thing is amiſs in our Bodies, or Eſtates, we have Recourſe preſently to the Phyſitian, or the Lawyer, for Help: And why not to the Philoſopher in the Diſorders of our Mind? No Man *Lives*, but he that applies himſelf to *Wiſdom*; for he takes into his own Life the Supplement of all Paſt Ages. 'Tis a Fair Step toward Happineſs, and Virtue, to Delight in the Converſation of Good, and of Wiſe Men: And

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where that cannot be had, the next Point is to keep no Company at all. Solitude affords Buſineſs enough; and the Entertainment is Comfortable and Eaſie. Whereas Publick Offices are Vexatious, and Reſtleſs. There's a great Difference betwixt a Life of Leiſure, and of Lazineſs. When People will Expreſs their Envy of a Man in a Happy Condition; they'll ſay, *He lives at his Eaſe*. When, in truth, the Man is *Dead*; *Alive*. There is a *Long Life*, and there is a *Long Death*: The Former, when we enjoy the Benefits of a Right Mind; and the Other, when the Senſes are Extinguiſh'd; and the Body Dead before-hand. He that makes me the Maſter of my **Own** Time, and places me in a State of **Freedom**, lays a great Obligation upon me. As a Merchant, that has a Conſiderable Fortune Abroad, is more ſenſible of the Bleſſing of a fair Wind and a Safe Paſſage, then he that has only Ballaſt, or ſome Courſe Commodity in the Veſſel: So that Man that employs his Privacy upon Thoughts Divine, and Precious, is more ſenſible of the Comfort of that Freedom, then he that bends his Meditations an Ill way. For, he conſiders all the Benefits of his Exemption from Common Duties, he enjoys himſelf with infinite Delight, and makes his Gratitude Anſwerable to his Obligations. He is the beſt of Subjects, and the Happieſt of Men; and he lives to Nature, and to himſelf. Moſt Men are to Themſelves, the worſt Company they can keep.

keep. If they be Good, Quiet, and Temperate, they are as Good Alone, as in Company: But, if otherwiſe, let them converſe with Others, and avoid themſelves: But, he that has made himſelf good Company, can never be too much alone. Many a Ship is loſt in the Harbour, but more in the Ocean; as many an Honeſt Man is Condemn'd, but more Guilty. This however, is Certain. He that Cannot ſecure himſelf in Privacy, ſhall be much more expos'd in Publick. That which the World calls Felicity, is Greedy, it Self, and expos'd to the Greedineſs of Others. Proſperity, like a Fair Gale upon a ſtrong Currant, carries a Man, in a Trice, out of the very ſight of Peace, and Quiet; and If it be not Temper'd, and Regulated, it is ſo far from Eaſing us, that it proves an Oppreſſion to us. A buſie, and a Fortunate Man in the World, calls many Men his Friends, that are at moſt but his Gueſts. And, if People flock to it, 'tis but as they do to a Fountain, which they both exhauſt, and trouble.

What greater Slavery can there be, then that of Princes in this very reſpect, that they are Chain'd to their Poſt; and cannot make themſelves leſs: All their Words, and Actions are deſcanted upon, and made Publick Diſcourſe; and there are many things allowable to a Private Man, that are not fit for a Governour. I can walk Alone, where I pleaſe: without a Sword, without Fear, and without Company: whereas a

Prince

Prince muſt be Arm'd in Peace, and cannot with Dignity, quit his Guards. Fortune has him in Cuſtody. a Train beſets him wherever he goes; and there's no making of an Eſcape. He is little better then nail'd to his Place, and it is the Perfection of his Miſery, that he cannot go leſs. He can no more Conceal himſelf, then the Sun in the Firmament; whereas his Subjects may Go, and Come, change Habits, and Humour, without being taken notice of. Servitude is the Fate of Palaces, the Splendor of a Crown draws all Mens Eyes upon it. When *Caſar* ſpeaks, the whole World hears his Voice, and trembles at his Diſpleaſure; and where it falls, it ſhakes whatſoever is near it. His Lips are the Oracles of the People; and Government is the Ciment that binds them together. But ſtill he that is Maſter of Many, is the Servant yet of More. The Power, 'tis true, of all things, belongs to the *Prince*; but the Propriety to Particular Perſons. And the ſame thing may be both Yours, and Mine in Several Reſpects. We cannot ſay that a Son, or a Servant has Nothing, becauſe a Maſter, or a Father may take it away if he will; or that he cannot Give Willingly, becauſe they may hinder it; whether he will or no. *This is Power, and true Dominion, not to Rule, and Command, when we may do it if we pleaſe.* The Strength of a Prince is in the Love of his People; For there is nothing ſo great, but it muſt it ſelf periſh, when it

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is become the Common Safety that it ſhould be ſo. Tyrants are hated, becauſe they are Fear'd: and becauſe they are Hated, they will be Fear'd. They are render'd Odious to Poſterity; and they had better never have been born, then to ſtand upon Record for the Plagues of Mankind. Miſerable is that People, where there very Keepers are their Executioners. And, it is not an Armed Tyranny neither, but the Unarm'd Vices of Avarice, and Envy, that we ought to be moſt afraid of. Some will not endure to have their Vices touch'd, but will ſhrink and ſtruggle under the Operation, as if they were under the hand of a Surgeon. But, this ſhall not hinder me from Lancing and Probing, becauſe of the Cries, and Groans of the Patient. Every Man ſhould have a *Monitor* at his Elbow, to keep him from Avarice, by ſhewing him how Rich a Man may be with a Little: From Ambition, by repreſenting the Diſquiets and Hazards that accompany Greatneſs; which makes him as great a Burthen to Others, as he is to Himſelf. When it comes to That once; Fear, Anxiety, and Wearineſs, makes us Philoſophers. A Sickly Fortune produces wholſome Counſels; and we reap this Fruit from our Adverſary, that it brings us at laſt to Wiſdom.

Now though Clemency in a Prince be ſo neceſſary, and ſo Profitable a Virtue; and Cruelty ſo dangerous an Exceſs; it is yet the Office of a Governour, as of the Maſter

ſter of an Hoſpital, to keep Sick, and Mad Men in Order. And, in Caſes of Extremity, the very Member is to be cut off with the Ulcer. All Puniſhment is either for Amendment, or for Example, or that Others may live more Secure. What is the End of Deſtroying thoſe Poiſonous, and Dangerous Creatures, which are never to be reclaim'd, but to prevent Miſchief? And yet there may be as much Hazard in doing too much, as too Little. A Particular Mutineer may be puniſhed; but when the whole Army is in a Revolt, there muſt be a General Pardon. The Multitude of Offenders, is there Security, and Protection: For there's no Quarrelling with a Publick Vice, where the Cuſtom of Offending takes away the Shame of it; and it is not Prudent neither, by many Puniſhments to ſhew a City, that the Wicked are ſo much the Major Part: Beſide that it is as great a Diſhonor for a *Prince* to have many Executions, as for a *Phyſician* to have many Funerals. Shall a Father Diſinherit a Son for the firſt Offence? Let him firſt Admoniſh, Then Threaten, and afterward Puniſh him. So long as there is Hope, we ſhould apply gentle Remedies. But, ſome Nations are Intractable, and neither Willing to Serve, nor Fit to Command; and ſome Perſons are Incorrigible too.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXI.

The Two Bleſſings of Life are, a Sound Body; and a Quiet Mind. The Extravagance of the Roman *Luxury. The Moderation, and Simplicity of Former Times.*

EPicurus makes the Two Bleſſings of Life, to be a *Sound Body*, and a *Quiet Mind*: Which is only a Compendious Reduction of Humane Felicity to a ſtate of *Health* and of *Virtue*. The way to be Happy is to make Vice not only Odious, but Ridiculous; and every Man to mind his own Buſineſs: for he that Torments himſelf for other Peoples Misfortunes, ſhall never be at Reſt. A Virtuous Life muſt be all of a Peice; and not advance by Starts, and Intervals; and then to go on where it Left; for this is loſing of Ground. We are to preſs, and perſevere, for the main difficulties are yet to come. If I diſcontinue my Courſe, when ſhall I come to pronounce theſe words? *I am a Conqueror*: Not a Conqueror of Barbarous Enemies, and Salvage Nations; but I have ſubdu'd Avarice, Ambition, and thoſe Luſts, that have ſubjected even the greateſt of Conquerors. Who was a greater then *Alexander*; that extended his Empire from *Thracia*, to the Utmoſt bounds of the *Eaſt*? But yet he

Burnt

Burnt *Perſopolis* at the requeſt of a *Proſtitute*, to gratify his *Luſt*. He overcame *Darius* and ſlew many Thouſands of the *Perſians*; but yet he Murther'd *Caliſthenes*. And that ſingle Blot has Tarniſh'd the Glory of all his Victories. All the wiſhes of Mortals, and all the Benefits which we can either Give or Receive, are of very little Conducement to a Happy Life. Thoſe things which the Common People gape after, are Tranſitory and Vain. Whereas Happineſs is Permanent; nor is it to be Eſtimated by Number, Meaſure, or Parts: For it is Full, and Perfect. I do not ſpeak, as if I my ſelf were arriv'd at that Bleſſed State of Repoſe: But it is ſomething yet to be on the Mending hand. It is with me, as with a Man that's Creeping out of a Diſeaſe; he Feels yet ſome Grudgings of it, he is every Foot Examining of his Pulſe; and ſuſpects every Touch of Heat to be a Relick of his Fever. Juſt at that Rate, am I jealous of my ſelf. The beſt Remedy that I know in this Caſe, is to go on with Confidence, and not to be miſled by the Errors of other People. It is with our Manners, as with our Healths; 'tis a Degree of Virtue, the Abatement of Vice, as it is a Degree of Health, the Abatement of a Fit.

Some Place their Happineſs in Wealth; Some in the Liberty of the Body; and Others in the Pleaſures of the Senſe, and Palate. But, What are Metals, Taſtes, Sounds, or Colours, to the Mind of a Reaſonable Crea-

Creature? He that ſets his Heart upon Riches, the very Fear of Poverty will be grievous to him. He that's Ambitious, ſhall be gall'd with Envy at any Man that gets before him: For, in that Caſe, he that is not Firſt, is Laſt. I do not ſpeak againſt Riches neither: For if they hurt a Man, 'tis his own Folly. They may be indeed the Cauſe of Miſchief; as they are a Temptation to thoſe that do it. Inſtead of Courage, they may Inſpire us with Arrogance; and, Inſtead of Greatneſs of Mind, with Inſolence; which is in truth but the Counterfeit of Magnanimity. What is it to be a Priſoner, and in Chains? it is no more then that Condition to which many Princes have been Reduc'd; and out of which, Many Men have been Advanc'd to the Authority of Princes. 'Tis not to ſay, *I have no Maſter*; In time you may have one. Might not *Hecuba*, *Crœſus*, and the Mother of *Darius* have ſaid as much? and where's the Happineſs of Luxury either; when a Man divides his Life betwixt the Kitchin, and the Stews; betwixt an Anxious Conſcience, and a Nauſeous Stomach? *Caligula*, who was born to ſhew the World what Miſchief might be done by a Concurrence of Great Wickedneſs, and a great Fortune; Spent near 10000 *l.* Sterling upon a Supper. The Works, and Inventions of it are Prodigious, not only in the Counterfeiting of Nature, put even in Surpaſſing it. The *Romans* had their Brooks even in their Parlours;

lors; and found their Dinners under their Tables. The *Mullet* was reckon'd ſtale, unleſs it dy'd in the Hand of the Gueſt: And they had their Glaſſes to put them into, that they might the better obſerve all the Changes and Motions of them in the Laſt Agony betwixt Life and Death. So that they fed their Eyes, before their Bodies. *Look how it Reddens* ſays one, *there's no Vermilion like it. Take notice of theſe Veins; and that ſame grey brightneſs upon the Head of it. And now he is at's Laſt Gaſp: See how Pale he turns, and all of a Colour.* Theſe People would not have given themſelves half this trouble with a Dying Friend; Nay, they would leave a Father or a Brother, at his Laſt Hour, to Entertain themſelves with the Barbarous Spectacle of an expiring Fiſh. And that which enhances the Eſteem of every thing, is the Price of it: Inſomuch, that Water it ſelf, which ought to be Gratuitous, is expos'd to Sale, in their Conſervatories of Ice, and Snow. Nay, we are troubled that we cannot buy Breath, Light; and that we have the Air it ſelf *Gratis*; as if our Conditions were Evil, becauſe Nature has left ſomething to us in Common. But Luxury contrives ways to ſet a Price upon the moſt Neceſſary, and Communicable Benefits in Nature: even thoſe Benefits, which are Free to Birds, and Beaſts, as well as to men; and ſerve Indifferently for the uſe of the moſt Sluggiſh Creatures. But, how comes it that Fountain-Water

is not cold enough to Serve us, unleſs it be bound up into Ice? So long as the Stomach is Sound, Nature diſcharges her Functions without Trouble: But, when the Blood comes to be enflam'd with Exceſs of Wine or Meats, Simple Water is not Cold enough to Allay that Heat; and we are forc'd to make uſe of Remedies, which Remedies themſelves are Vices. We heap Suppers upon Dinners, and Dinners upon Suppers, without Intermiſſion. Good God! How eaſie is it to quench a Sound, and an Honeſt Thirſt? But, when the Palat is grown Callous, we taſt nothing; and that which we take for Thirſt, is only the Rage of a Fever. *Hyppocrates* deliver'd it as an *Aphoriſm*, that *Women were never Bauld, nor Gouty, but in one Singular Caſe.* Women have not alter'd their Nature ſince, but they have Chang'd the Courſe of their Lives; for, by taking the Liberties of Men, they partake as well of their Diſeaſes, as of their Wickedneſs. They ſit up as much, Drink as much; nay, in their very Appetites they are Maſculine too; they have loſt the Advantages of their Sex, by their Vices.

Our Anceſters, when they were Free, liv'd either in Caves, or in Arbours: But Slavery came in with Gildings, and with Marble. I would have him that comes into my Houſe, take more Notice of the Maſter, then of the Furniture. The Golden Age was before Architecture: Arts came in

with

with Luxury, and we do not hear of any Philoſopher that was either a Lock-ſmith, or a Painter. Who was the Wiſer Man, think you? he that invented a Saw, or the Other; who, upon ſeeing a Boy drink Water out of the Hollow of his Hand Brake his Pitcher: with this Check to himſelf; *What a Fool am I to trouble my ſelf with Superfluities?* Carving is one Man's Trade: Cooking is another's: Only he is more miſerable that teaches it for Pleaſure, then he that learns it for Neceſſity. It was Luxury not Philoſophy, that Invented Fiſh-Pools, as well as Palaces: Where, in caſe of Foul weather at Sea, they might have Fiſhes, to ſupply their Gluttony in Harbour. We do not only Pamper our Luſts, but Provoke them: As if we were to Learn the very Art of Voluptuouſneſs. What was it but Avarice, that Originally brake the Union of Society; and Prov'd the cauſe of Poverty, even to thoſe that were the moſt Wealthy? Every Man poſſeſs'd All, till the World came to appropriate poſſeſſions to themſelves. In the Firſt Age, Nature was both Law, and a Guide; and the *beſt* Govern'd; Which was but according to Nature too. The largeſt and the ſtrongeſt Bull leads the Herd; the Goodlieſt Elephant; and, among Men too, in the Bleſſed times of Innocence, the Beſt was Uppermoſt. They choſe Governours for their Manners: who neither Acted any Violence, nor Suffer'd any. They Protected the Weak againſt

the Mighty; and Perſwaded, or Diſſwaded, as they ſaw Occaſion. Their Prudence provided for their People; Their Courage kept them ſafe from Dangers; their Bounty both Supply'd, and Adorn'd their Subjects. It was a *Duty*, then, to *Command*, not a *Government*. No Man, in thoſe Days, had either a Mind to do an Injury, or a Cauſe for't. He that Commanded Well, was Well Obey'd: And, the worſt Menace the Governours could then make to the Diſobedient, was, to Forſake them. But, with the Corruption of Times, Tyranny crept in, and the World began to have Need of Laws; and thoſe Laws were made by Wiſe Men too, as *Solon*, and *Lycurgus*, who Learn'd their Trade in the School of *Pythagoras*.

EPIST. XXII.

Man is Compounded of Soul, and Body: And has Naturally a Civil War within Himſelf. The Difference betwixt a Life of Virtue, *and a Life of* Pleaſure.

THere is not ſo Diſproportionate a Mixture in any Creature, as that is in Man, of Soul, and Body. There is Intemperance, joyn'd with Divinity; Folly, with Severity; Sloth, with Activity; and Uncleanneſs with Purity. But, a Good Sword is never the worſe for an Ill Scabbard. We are

are mov'd more by Imaginary Fears, then Truths; for Truth has a Certainty, and Foundation; but, in the other, we are expos'd to the Licence, and Conjecture of a Diſtracted Mind, and our Enemies, are not more Imperious, then our Pleaſures. We ſet our Hearts upon tranſitory things; as if they Themſelves were Everlaſting; or We, on the other ſide, to Poſſeſs them for Ever. Why do we not rather advance our Thoughts to things that are Eternal, and contemplate the Heavenly Original of all Beings? Why do we not, by the Divinity of Reaſon, triumph over the weakneſſes of Fleſh, and Blood? It is by Providence that the World is preſerv'd; and not from any Virtue in the Matter of it; for the World is as Mortal as we are; only the *Almighty Wiſdom* carries it ſafe through all the Motions of Corruption. And ſo by Prudence, Humane Life it ſelf may be prolong'd; if we will but ſtint our ſelves in thoſe Pleaſures that bring the greater part of us untimely to our End. Our Paſſions are nothing elſe bnt Certain Diſallowable Motions of the Mind; Sudden, and Eager; which, by Frequency, and Neglect, turn to a Diſeaſe; as a Diſtillation brings us firſt to a Cough, and then to a Phtiſick. We are carry'd Up to the Heavens, and Down again into the Deep, by Turns; ſo long as we are govern'd by our Affections, and not by Virtue. Paſſion, and Reaſon, are a kind of Civil War within us; and as the one, or

the other has Dominion, we are either Good, or Bad. So that it ſhould be our Care, that the worſt Mixture may not prevail. And they are link'd, like the Chain of Cauſes, and Effects, one to another. Betwixt violent Paſſions, and a Fluctuation, or Wambling of the Mind, there is ſuch a Difference, as betwixt the Agitation of a Storm, and the Nauſeous Sickneſs of a Calm. And they have all of them their Symptoms too, as well as our Bodily Diſtempers: They that are troubled with the Falling-Sickneſs, know when the Fit is a Coming, by the Cold of the Extreme parts; the Dazling of the Eye; the failing of the Memory; the Trembling of the Nerves, and the Giddineſs of the Head. So that every Man knows his own Diſeaſe, and ſhould provide againſt it: Anger, Love, Sadneſs, Fear, may be read in the Countenance; and ſo may the Virtues too. Fortitude makes the Eye Vigorous; Prudence makes it Intent; Reverence ſhews it ſelf in Modeſty; Joy, in Serenity; and Truth in Openneſs, and Simplicity. There are Sown the Seeds of Divine Things in Mortal Bodies. If the Mind be well Cultivated, the Fruit anſwers the Original; and, if not, all runs into Weeds. We are all of us Sick of Curable Diſeaſes: and it coſts us more to be Miſerable, then would make us perfectly Happy. Conſider the Peaceable State of Clemency, and the Turbulence of Anger; the Softneſs, and Quiet of Modeſty, and the Reſtleſneſs of Luſt. How Cheap, and eaſie

to

to us is the ſervice of Virtue, and how Dear we pay for our Vices? The Sovereign Good of Man, is a Mind that Subjects all things to it ſelf; and is it ſelf ſubject to nothing: His Pleaſures are Modeſt, Severe, and Reſerv'd, and rather the Sawce, or the Diverſion of Life, then the Entertainment of it. It may be ſome Queſtion, whether ſuch a Man goes to Heaven, or Heaven comes to Him: For a Good Man is Influenc'd, by God himſelf; and has a kind of Divinity within him. What if one Good Man Lives in Pleaſure, and Plenty, and another in Want, and Miſery? 'tis no Virtue, to contemn Superfluities, but Neceſſities: And they are both of them Equally Good, though under ſeveral Circumſtances, and in Different Stations. *Cato* (the *Cenſor*) wag'd War with the *Manners* of *Rome*; *Scipio*, with the *Enemies*. Nay, bating the very Conſcience of Virtue, Who is there, that upon Sober Thoughts, would not be an Honeſt Man, even for the Reputation of it? Virtue you ſhall find in the Temple, in the Field, or upon the Walls, cover'd with Duſt, and Blood, in the Defence of the Publick. Pleaſures you ſhall find ſneaking in the Stews, Sweating-Houſes, Powder'd, and Painted, *&c.* Not that pleaſures are wholly to be Diſclaim'd, but to be uſed with Moderation, and to be made Subſervient to Virtue. Good Manners always pleaſe us; but Wickedneſs is Reſtleſs, and perpetually Changing; not for the Better, but for Variety

riety. We are torn to pieces betwixt Hopes, and Fears; by which Means, Providence (which is the greateſt Bleſſing of Heaven) is turn'd into a Michief. Wild Beaſts, when they ſee their Dangers, fly from them: and when they have ſcap'd them, they are Quiet; but wretched Man is equally tormented, both with things paſt, and to Come; for the Memory brings back the Anxiety of our Paſt Fears, and our Fore-ſight Anticipates the Future: Whereas the Preſent makes no Man Miſerable. *If we Fear all things that are Poſſible, we live without any Bounds to our Miſeries.*

EPIST. XXIII.

We Abuſe God's Bleſſings, and turn them into Miſchiefs. Meditations upon the Horrors of Earthquakes, and Conſolations againſt them. Death is the ſame thing which way ſoever it comes: Only we are more mov'd by Accidents that we are not us'd to.

THere is nothing ſo Profitable, but it may be Perverted to our Injury. Without the Uſe of the *Winds*, how ſhould we do for Commerce? Beſide that, they keep the Air Sweet, and Healthful, and bring ſeaſonable Rains upon the Earth. It was never the Intent of Providence, that they

they ſhould be Employ'd for War, and Devaſtation; and yet that's a great Part of the Uſe we make of them; purſuing one Hazard through another. We expoſe our ſelves to Tempeſts, and to Death, without ſo much as the Hope of a Sepulchre. And all this might be Born too, if we only ran theſe Riſques in order to peace; but when we have ſcap'd ſo many Rocks, and Flats, Thunder, and Storms, What's the Fruit of all our Labour, and Terrour? It is only War; and to Burn, and Ravage, as if the Earth were not large enough for the Scene of our Deſtruction. Whereas we might live, and die at Eaſe if we had a mind to't; and draw out our Lives in Security. Why do we preſs our own Dangers then, and Provoke our Fates? What do we look for? Only Death; which is to be found every where. It will find us in our Beds, in our Chambers: But, whereſoever it finds us, let it find us Innocent. What a Madneſs is it to purſue Miſchiefs; to fall foul upon thoſe we do not know; to be Angry without a Cauſe; to Over-run whatſoever is in our way; and, like Beaſts, to kill what we have no Quarrel to? Nay, worſe then Beaſts; we run great Hazards, only to bring us to greater. We force our way to Gold, without any regard, either to God, or Man. Bnt, in all this, without any Cauſe of Complaint, we abuſe the Benefits of God, and turn them all into Miſchiefs. We dig for Gold; we leave the Light, and

Abandon

Abandon the Courſes of a better Nature, We Deſcend, where we find a New Poſition of things; Hideous Caves, Hollow, and Hanging Rocks; Horrid Rivers; a Deep, and Perpetual Darkneſs, and not without the Apprehenſions even of Hell it ſelf. How Little now, and how Inconſiderable are thoſe Things that Men venture for, with the price of their Lives? But to paſs from thoſe Hazards, that we may avoid, to others which we cannot. As in the Caſe of *Earthquakes.*

In what Condition can any Man be Safe; when the World it ſelf is ſhaken; and, the only thing that paſſes for fixed, and Unmovable in the Univerſe, Trembles, and Deceives us? Whither ſhall we fly for ſecurity, if whereſoever we are, The Danger be ſtill under our Feet. Upon the Cracking of a Houſe, every Man takes himſelf to his heels; and leaves all to ſave himſelf. But, What Retreat is there, where that which ſhould Support us, Fails us; When the Foundation, not only of Cities, but even of the World it ſelf, Opens, and Wavers? What Help, or what Comfort; where Fear it ſelf can never carry us off? An Enemy may be Kept at a Diſtance with a Wall: A Caſtle may put a ſtop to an Army; a Port may Protect us from the Fury of a Tempeſt; Fire it ſelf does not follow him that runs away from't: A Vault may defend us againſt Thunder; and we may quit the Place in a Peſtilence: there is ſome Remedy

Remedy in all theſe Evils. Or however, no Man ever knew a Whole Nation deſtroy'd with Lightening. A Plague may Unpeople a Town, but it will not Carry it away. There is no Evil of ſuch an Extent, ſo Inevitable, ſo Greedy, and ſo Publickly Calamitous, as an Earthquake. For, it does not only Devour Houſes, Families, or Single Towns, but Ruins Whole Countries, and Nations: Either Over-turning, or Swallowing them up, without ſo much as leaving any Foot-ſtep, or Mark of what they were. Some People have a greater Horror for this Death, then for any Other: *To be taken away alive, out of the Number of the Living*; as if all Mortals, by what Means ſoever, were not to come to the ſame End. Nature has Eminently this Juſtice, that when we are all dead, we are all Alike. And, 'tis not a Pin Matter, whether I be Cruſh'd to peices by one Stone, or by a whole Mountain; whether I periſh by the Fall of a Houſe, or under the Burthen of the whole Earth; whether I be ſwallow'd up alone, or, with a Thouſand more for Company. What does it Signifie to me, the Noiſe, and the Diſcourſe that is made about my Death; when Death is every where, and in all Caſes, the ſame? We ſhould therefore Arm our ſelves againſt that blow, that can neither be Avoided, nor Foreſeen. And, it is not the Forſwearing of thoſe Places, that we find Infeſted with Earthquakes, that will do our Buſineſs; for there is no Place that

can

can Be warranted againſt them. What if the Earth be not yet mov'd? It is ſtill Movable; for the whole Body of it lies under the Same Law, and expos'd to Danger; only ſome part at One time, and ſome at Another. As it is in great Cities, where all the Houſes are ſubject to Ruin, though they do not all Fall Together: So in the Body of the Earth; now this Part Falls, and then That. *Tyre* was formerly Subject to Earthquakes; In *Aſia* Twelve Cities were ſwallow'd up in a Night; *Achaia*, and *Macedonia* have had their Turns, and now *Campagnia*. The Fate goes Round; and Strikes at laſt where it has a great while paſſed by. It falls out oftener, 'tis true, in ſome Places, then in Others: But, no Place is totally Free, and Exempt. And, it is not only Men, but Cities, Coaſts, nay the Shores, and the very Sea it ſelf, that ſuffers under the Dominion of Fate. And yet we are ſo vain, as to Promiſe our ſelves ſome ſort of Aſſurance in the Goods of Fortune: Never conſidering, that the very Ground we ſtand upon is unſtable. And, it is not the Frailty of this or that Place, but the Quality of every Spot of it; For, not one Inch of it is ſo compacted, as not to admit many cauſes of its Revolution; And, though the Bulk of the Earth remain Entire, the Parts of it may yet be broken.

There is not any thing, which can promiſe to it ſelf a Laſting quiet. And it is no ſmall Comfort to us, the Certainty of our

our Fate: for, it is a Folly to Fear where there is a Remedy. He that troubles himſelf ſooner then he needs, grieves more alſo then is Neceſſary: for the ſame weakneſs that makes him Anticipate his Miſery, makes him Enlarge it too. The Wiſe fortify themſelves by Reaſon, and Fools by Deſpair. That ſaying which was apply'd to a Conquer'd Party under Fire, and Sword, might have been ſpoken to all Mankind. *That Man is in ſome Senſe, out of Danger, that is out of Hope.* He that would Fear nothing, ſhould Conſider, that if he fears Any thing, he muſt fear Every thing. Our very Meat, and Drink, Sleeping and Waking, without Meaſure, are Hurtful to us. Our Bodies are Nice and Weak; and a Small Matter does their Work. That Man has too high an Opinion of himſelf, that is only afraid of Thunder, and of Earthquakes. If he were Conſcious of his own Infirmities, he would as much fear the being Choak'd with his own Phlegm. What do we ſee in our Selves, that Heaven, and Earth ſhould joyn in a Diſtemper to Procure our Diſſolution; when the Ripping of a Hang nayle is ſufficient to Diſpatch us? We are Afraid of Inundations from the Sea, when a Glaſs of Wine, if it goes the wrong way, is Enough to Suffocate us. It is a great Comfort in Death, the very Mortality it ſelf. We creep under Ground for fear of Thunder, we dread the ſudden Concuſſions of the

the Earth, and the Rages of the Sea, when yet we carry Death in our Own Veins; and it is at hand in all Places, and at all Times. There is nothing ſo little, but it is of Force enough to bring us to our Laſt End. Nay, ſo far ſhould we be from Dreading an Eminent Fate, more then a Vulgar, that on the Contrary, ſince Die we muſt, we ſhould rather rejoyce in the Breathing of our Laſt, under a more Glorious Circumſtance. What if the Ground ſtand ſtill within its bounds, and without any Violence? I ſhall have it over me at Laſt; and 'tis all one to me, whether I be laid under That, or That lay it ſelf over me: *But it is a Terrible thing for the Earth to gape, and ſwallow a Man up into a Profound Abyſs*: And what then? Is Death any Eaſier Above Ground? what cauſe have I of Complaint, if Nature will do me the honour to cover me with a Part of her Self? Since we muſt Fall, there is a Dignity in the very Manner of it, when the World it ſelf is Shock'd for Company. Not that I would wiſh for a Publick Calamity; but it is ſome Satisfaction in my Death, that I ſee thee World alſo to be Mortal.

Neither are we to take theſe Extraordinary Revolutions for Divine Judgments; as if ſuch Motions of the Heavens, and of the Earth, were the Denouncings of the Wrath of the Almighty: But they have their Ordinate, and their Natural Cauſes: Such as, in Proportion, we have in our own

own Bodies; and while they ſeem to act a Violence, they Suffer it. But yet for want of knowing the Cauſes of things, they are Dreadful to us; and the more ſo, becauſe they happen but ſeldom. *But why are we commonly more Afraid of that which we are not Us'd to?* Becauſe we look upon Nature with our Eyes, not with our Reaſon: Rather computing what ſhe Uſually Does, then what ſhe is able to do. And we are Puniſh'd for this Negligence, by taking thoſe things to which we are not Wonted, to be New, and Prodigious. The Eclipſes of the Sun, and Moon, Blazing Stars, and Meteors, while we admire them, we Fear them; and ſince we Fear them, becauſe we do not Underſtand them, it is worth our while to Study them, that we may no longer Fear them. Why ſhould I fear a Man, a Beaſt, an Arrow, or a Lance, when I am expos'd to the Encounter of Greater Dangers? We are aſſaulted by the Nobler parts of Nature it ſelf; By the Heavens, by the Seas, and the Land. Our Buſineſs is therefore to Defy Death, whether Extraordinary, or Common. No matter for the Menaces of it, ſo long as it Asks no more of us then Age it ſelf will take from us; and every petty Accident that befals us. He that Contemns Death, what does he Care for either Fire, or Water; the very Diſſolution of the Univerſe? or if the Earth ſhould open under him, and ſhew him all the Secrets of the Infernal Pit, He would

would look down without Trouble. In the Place that we are all of us to go to, there are no Earthquakes, or Thunder-Claps; no Tempestuous Seas; Neither War, nor Pestilence. *Is it a small Matter? Why do we fear it then? Is it a Great Matter? Let it rather once fall upon us, then always hang over us.* Why should I dread my Own End, when I know that an End I must have, and that all Created things are Limmited?

EPIST. XXIV.

A Discourse of God's Providence, *in the* Misfortunes *of* Good Men *in this World, and in the* Prosperity *of the Wicked.*

YOU are troubled, I perceive that your Servant is run away from you; but I do not hear yet that you are either Robb'd, or Strangl'd, or Poyson'd or Betray'd, or Accus'd by him: So that you have scap'd well, in Comparison with your Fellows. And, Why should you complain then; especially under the Protection of so gracious a Providence as suffers no Man to be miserable, but by his own Fault! Nor is this a Subject worthy of a Wise Man's Consideration. Adversity indeed is a terrible thing in Sound, and Opinion; and that's all

all. Some Men are Baniſh'd, and Strip'd of their Eſtates; Others again are Poor, in Plenty; (which is the baſeſt ſort of Beggary.) Some are overborn by a Popular Tumult, that breaks out like a Tempeſt, even in the higheſt ſecurity of a Calm; Or like a Thunder-Clap, that frights all that are near it: There is but One Struck, perhaps, but the Fear extends to all; and affects thoſe that *May* Suffer, as well as thoſe that *Do*. As in the Diſcharge of a Piece only with Powder; 'Tis not the Stroke, but the Crack, that frights the Birds. Adverſity, I'll grant you, is not a thing to be wiſh'd; no more, then War; but, if it be my Lot to be Torn with the Stone, Broken upon the Wheel, or to receive Wounds, or Maims; It ſhall be my Prayer, that I may bear my Fortune as becomes a Wife, and an Honeſt Man. We do not Pray for Tortures, but for Patience; not for War, but for Generoſity and Courage, in all the Extremities of War, if it happens. Afflictions, are but the Exerciſe of Virtue; and an Honeſt Man is out of his Element, when he is Idle. It muſt be Practiſe, and Patience, that Perfects it. Do we not ſee how one Wreſtler provokes another? And if he find him not to be his Match, he will call for ſome Body to help him, that may put him to all his ſtrength.

It is a Common Argument againſt the Juſtice of Providence, in the matter of Reward, and Puniſhment: *the Misfortunes of*

Good Men in this World, and the Prosperity of the Wicked: But, It is an easie matter to vindicate the Cause of the Gods. There are many things that we call Evil, which turn very often to the Advantage of those that suffer them; or at least, for the Common Good, whereof Providence has the greater Care. And further; they either befal those that bear them willingly, or those that deserve them by their Impatience under them: and Lastly, they come by Divine Appointment; and to those that are Good Men, even for that very Reason, because they are Good. Nor is there any thing more Ordinary, then for that which we fear'd as a Calamity, to prove the Foundation of our Happiness. How many are there in the World that enjoy all things to their Own Wish, whom God never thought worthy of a Trial? If it might be imagin'd, that the *Almighty* should take of his Thought from the Care of his Whole Work, What more Glorious Spectacle could he reflect upon, then a Valiant Man Struggling with Adverse Fortune: Or *Cato*'s standing Upright, and Unmov'd, under the Shock of a Publick Ruin? *Let the whole World* (says he) *fall into one hand, and let* Cæsar *encompass me with his Legions by Land, his Shipping at Sea, and his Guards at the Gates*; Cato *will yet cut out his way; and with That Weapon that was untainted, even in the Civil War, give himself that Liberty, which Fate deny'd to his Country. Set*

upon

upon the great work then, and Deliver thy ſelf from the Clog of thy Humanity. Juba, *and* Petreius *have already done the good office One for the Other, by a Generous Concurrence of Reſolution, and Fate; but* Cato *is above Example, and does as much ſcorn to ask his Death of any Man, as his Life.* With what Joy did this great Man Contemplate Immortality; when he took his Book, and his Sword together; and, in Cold Thoughts diſpatch'd him ſelf? Let this ſuffice of *Cato*, whoſe Virtue Providence made uſe of to Cope with all the Powers of the Earth. His Courage took delight in, and ſought for all Occaſions of Hazard; keeping his Eye ſtill upon the End, without valuing the Difficulties of the Paſſage. The Sufferance is one Part of the Glory; and though one Man may ſcape without Wounds, yet he is ſtill more Reverend, and Remarkable, that comes off Bloody. The Malice of Great Men is grievous, you'll ſay, and yet he Supported the Oppoſitions of *Pompey*, *Caſar*, and *Craſſus*. Is it troubleſome to be Repuls'd? *Vatinius* was prefer'd before him. Proſperity ſhews a Man but one part of Humane Nature. No Body knows what ſuch a Man is good for: Neither in truth does he underſtand himſelf, for want of Experiment. Temporal Happineſs is for weak, and Vulgar Minds, but, the ſubduing of Publick Terrors is a Work that is reſerv'd for more Generous Spirits. Calamity is the Touch-ſtone of a Brave Mind,

that reſolves to Live and Die Free, and Maſter of it ſelf. The Combatant brings no Mettle into the Field, that was never Batter'd: He that has loſt Blood, and yet keeps his Stomach: he that has been under his Enemy, and worſted, and yet comes on again, and gathers heart from his Misfortunes; That's the Man of Hope, and Courage.

But, Is it not a very Unjuſt, and a Rigorous Fate, that good Men ſhould be Poor, and Friendleſs? All this is no more then the Natural Work of Matter, and Form. Mean Souls are meanly Principled: But, there goes more to the making up of a Brave Man, that is to work out his way through difficulties and Storms. We are condemn'd to Terrible Encounters; and becauſe we cannot, according to the Courſe of Nature, Avoid them, we have Faculties given us, that will Enable us to Bear them: Or at the worſt, to have a Retreat; If we will not fight, we may fly. So that nothing is made more Eaſy to us, then that which is moſt Neceſſary to us, to Die. No Man is kept in the World againſt his Will. But Adverſity is the better for us all; for, it is Gods Mercy, to ſhew the World their Errors, and that the things they Fear, and Covet, are neither Good, nor Evil; being the Common and promiſcuous Lot both of Good Men, and Bad. If they were Good, only the Good ſhould enjoy them: And if Bad, only the Wicked ſhould ſuffer them.

One

One Man is taken away in a Scuffle for a Wench, and another in the Defence of his Country; and we find Silver, and Gold, both in a Temple, and in the Stews.

Now to ſhew you, that the Virtue which I affect, is not ſo Imaginary, and Extravagant, as it is taken to be, I will allow a Wiſe Man to Tremble, to turn Pale; nay, and to Groan too: And to ſuffer all the Affections of his Bodily Senſe, provided that he keep his Mind Firm, and Free from ſubmiſſion to his Body; and that he do not Repent of his Conſtancy, (which is, in it ſelf, ſo great a Virtue, that there is ſome Authority, even in a pertinacious Error.) If the Body may be brought by Exerciſe, to the Contempt of Bruſes, and Wounds, How much more eaſily then may the Mind be Fortify'd againſt the Aſſaults of Fortune; and though perhaps thrown down, and Trod upon, yet Recover it ſelf? The Body muſt have Meat and Drink, much Labor, and Practice; whereas the Food, and the Buſineſs of the Mind is within it ſelf; and Virtue is maintain'd without either Toil, or Charge. If you ſay, That many Profeſſors of Wiſdom are wrought upon by Menaces, and Miſchiefs, theſe, let me tell you, are but Proficients, and not as yet arriv'd at the State of Wiſdom. They are not ſtrong enough to practice what they know. It is with our Diſpoſitions, as with our Cloths: They will take ſome Colours at One Dipping: But others muſt be ſteep'd

over and over before they will Imbibe them. And ſo for Diſciplines, they muſt Soke, and lie long before they take the Tincture. No Man can receive an Injury, and not be mov'd at it: But yet he may keep himſelf Free from Perturbations; and ſo far from being troubled at them that he may make uſe of them for the Experiment, and Trial of his Virtue; keeping himſelf ſtill Moderate, Placid, Chearful, and Safe in a Profound quiet; and Fixed in his Station. *But if a Wiſe Man cannot be Poor; How comes it that he is many times without either Meat, Drink, Cloths, or Lodging? If only Fools are Mad, How comes it then, that Wiſe Men have their Alienations of Mind, and talk as Idly in a Fever as other People?* 'Tis one thing, the Receiving of an Injury, and another thing, the Conceiving of an Indignation for it: It is the Body in this Caſe that ſuffers, (which is the Fools part) but not the Mind. That Man is never the worſe Pilot that by foul weather is forc'd beſide his Buſineſs. When a Ship ſprings a Leak, we do not preſently quarrel either with the Mariners or with the Veſſel. But, ſome to the Pump, others into the Hold, to keep the Ship above Water. And if we cannot abſolutely Maſter it, we muſt ſtill work on; For it is then a great point gain'd, if we can but keep it at a ſtay. Some men are ſtrangely Tranſported at the Inſolence of the Porter that refuſes to let them into a Great Man's Houſe.

They

They forget that the door of a Priſon is more ſtrictly guarded then that of a Palace. He that has Buſineſs muſt pay for his Paſſage, and Sweeten him, as he would do a Churliſh Cur with a Sop. That which is to be Sold, is to be bought: He's a weak Man, that rates himſelf according to the Civility of a Slave. Let him have a Reverence for himſelf, and then no matter who deſpiſes him. What if he ſhould break his Staff, or cauſe his Maſter to turn him away, or to correct him? He that Contends, ſuppoſes an *Equality*; and even when he has got the better of him, admits, that there *Was* one. What if he ſhould receive a Blow? *Cato* (the greateſt Man of his Age) did not only Forgive it, but Forget it.

'Tis not to ſay, That This, Or That is *Tolerable* to a Wiſe Man, or *Intolerable. If We do not totally ſubdue Fortune, Fortune Overcomes Us.* It is the Foundation of a Happy Life, for a Man to depend upon himſelf; but an Abſolute Tranquility of Mind, and a Freedom from Errors, muſt be the Buſineſs of another World.

EPIST. XXV.

A Wise and a Good Man is Proof against all Accidents Of Fate.

THE Book you promis'd me is now come to my hand; and I open'd it with an Intent to read it over at Leisure. But, when I was once in, I could not lay it down again, till I had gone thorough with it. At present I shall only tell you that I am Exceedingly pleas'd with the Choice of the Subject: But I am Transported with the Spirit, and Gentleness of it. You shall hear further from me upon a Second Reading; and you need not fear the hearing of the Truth, for your Goodness leaves a Man no Place for flattery. I find you still to be one and the same Man, which is a great Matter; and only Proper to a Wise Man: for Fools are Various: One While Thrifty, and Grave; Another while Profuse, and Vain. Happy is the Man that sets himself Right at first, and continues so to the End. All Fools, we say, are Mad Men, though they are not all of them in *Bethlem.* We find some at the Bar, some upon the Bench, and not a few even in the Senate it self. One Man's Folly is sad; Another's, Wanton; and a third is Busie, and Impertinent. A Wise Man carries all his Treasure within

within himself: What Fortune Gives, she may Take; but he leaves nothing at her Mercy. He stands Firm, and keeps his Ground against all Misfortunes, without so much as Changing Countenance. He is Free, Inviolable, Unshaken; Proof against all Accidents; and not only Invincible, but Inflexible. So long as he cannot Lose any thing of his own, he never troubles himself for what's Another's. He is a Friend to Providence, and will not murmur at any thing that comes to pass by Gods Appointment. He is not only Resolute, but Generous, and Good Natur'd; and ready to lay down his Life in a Good Cause; and for the Publick Safety, to Sacrifice his Own. He does not so much consider the Pleasure of his Life, as the Need that the World has of him: And he is not so Nice neither, as to be weary of his Life, while he may either serve his Wife, or his Friends. Nor is it all, that his Life is Profitable to Them; but, it is likewise Delightful to himself; and carries its own Reward; for, What can be more Comfortable, then to be so Dear to Another, as for that very Reason to become Dearer to Himself? If he Loses a Child, he is Pensive; he is Compassionate to the Sick, and only Troubled, when he sees Men wallowing in Infamy, and Vice. Whereas, on the Other side, you shall see nothing but Restlesness; One Man Hankering after his Neighbour's Wife; Another

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in Pain about his Own. A Third in Grief for a Repulse; Another as much out of humour for his Success. If he loses an Estate, he parts with it as a thing that was only Adventitious. Or if it was of his own acquiring, he Computes the Possession, and Loss; and says thus to himself, I shall live as well afterward, as I did before. Our Houses, (says he) may be Burnt, or Robb'd; Our Lands taken from us; and we can call nothing our Own, that is under the Dominion of Fortune. It is a Foolish Avarice, that restrains all things to a Propriety; and believes nothing to be a Man's Own, that's Publick. Whereas a Wise Man judges Nothing so much his Own, as That wherein Mankind is allow'd a share. It is not with the Blessings of Providence, as it with a Dole; where every Man receives so much a Head; but every Man there has All. That which we Eat, and either Give, or Receive with the Hand, may be broken into Parts: but Peace, and Freedom of Mind are not to be Devided. He that has first cast off the Empire of Fortune, needs not fear that of Great Men, for they are but Fortunes Hands; nor was any Man ever broken by Adversity, that was not first betray'd by Prosperity. *But What signifies Philosophy*, you'll say, *if there be a Fate; If we be Govern'd by Fortune, or some over-ruling Power? For Certainties are Unchangeable, and there's no Providing against Uncertainties. If what I shall Do, and*

Resolve

Reſolve, be already Determin'd, What uſe of Philoſophy? Yes, great Uſe; for, taking all this for granted, Philoſophy Inſtructs, and Adviſes us to obey God, and to follow him Willingly; to oppoſe Fortune Reſolutely, and to Bear all Accidents.

Fate is an Irrevocable, and Invincible, and an Unchangeable Decree, a Neceſſity of all Things and Actions, according to Eternal Appointment. Like the Courſe of a River, it moves forward, without Contradiction, or Delay, in an Irreſiſtable Flux, where one Wave puſhes on another. He knows little of God, that Imagines it may be Controll'd. There is no Changing of the Purpoſe even of a Wiſe Man; For he ſees beforehand what will be beſt for the Future. How much more Unchangeable then is the Almighty, to whom all Futurity is always Preſent? *To what end then is it, if Fate be Inexorable, to offer up Prayers, and Sacrifices, any further, then to relieve the Scruples, and the Weakneſſes of Sickly Minds?* My Anſwer is, Firſt, that the Gods take no Delight in the Sacrifices of Beaſts, or in the Images of Gold, and Silver, but in a Pious, and Obedient Will. And Secondly, That by Prayers, and Sacrifices, Dangers, and Afflictions may be ſometimes Remov'd; ſometimes Leſſen'd; other whiles Deferr'd: And all this without any Offence to the Power, or Neceſſity of Fate. There are ſome things which Providence has left ſo far in Suſpence, that they ſeem to be,

(in

(in manner) Conditional; in such sort, that even Appearing Evils may, upon our Prayers, and Supplications, be turn'd into Goods. Which is so far from being against Fate, that it is even a Part of Fate it self. You will say, *That either This shall come to Pass, or not. If the Former, it will be the same thing if we do not Pray: And if the Other, it will be the same thing if we do.* To this I must Reply; that the Proposition is False, for want of the Middle Exception betwixt the One, and the Other. This will be, (say I) that is, if there shall any Prayers Interpose in the Case. But then do they Object on the Other side. That this very thing also is Necessary: for it is likewise determin'd by Fate, either that we shall pray, or not. What if I should now grant you, that there is a Fate also even in our very Prayers? a Determination that we shall Pray; and that therefore we shall Pray? It is Decreed that a Man shall be Eloquent: But, upon Condition, that he apply himself to Letters. By the same Fate it is Decreed, that he shall so apply himself, and that therefore he shall learn. Such a Man shall be Rich, if he betake himself to Navigation. But, the same Fate that promises him a great Estate, appoints also that he shall Sail, and therefore he puts to Sea. It is the same Case in Expiations. A Man shall Avoid Dangers, If he can, by his Prayers, avoid the threatenings of Divine Vengeance. But this is Part of his Fate also, that he shall so do, and therefore

he

he does it. Theſe Arguments are made uſe of, to prove, that their is nothing left to our Will, but that we are all Over-rul'd by Fatalities. When we come to handle that Matter, we ſhall ſhew the Conſiſtency of Free-Will with Fate, having already made it appear, that notwithſtanding the Certain order of Fate, Judgments may be Averted by Prayers, and Supplications: And, without any Repugnancy to Fate; for they are part even of the Law of Fate it ſelf. You will ſay Perhaps, *What am I the better for the Prieſt, or the Prophet; for whether he bids the Sacrifice, or no, I lie under the Neceſſity of doing it?* Yes, in this I am the better for it, as he is the Miniſter of Fate. We may as well ſay that it is Matter of Fate, that we are in Health: and yet we are indepted for it to the Phyſician; be cauſe the Benefit of that Fate is convey'd to us by his Hand.

EPIST. XXVI.

All things are Produced out of Cauſe, *and* Matter. *Of* Providence. *A Brave Man is a Match for* Fortune.

I Had yeſterday but the one Half of it to My Self; My Diſtemper took up the Morning; the Afternoon was my Own. My Firſt Trial was, how far I could endure Reading: And when I ſaw I could bear

That

That, I fell to writing: and pitch'd upon a Subject Difficult enough, for it requir'd great Intention; but yet I was resolv'd not to be Overcome. Some of my Friends coming in, told me, that I did ill; and took me off: So that from Writing, we pass'd into Discourse; and made you the Judge of the Matter in Question; The *Stoicks*, you know, will have all things to be Produc'd out of *Cause*, and *Matter*. The Matter is Dull, and Passive; Susceptible of any thing, but not Capable of Doing any thing it self. The Cause is that Power that Forms the Matter, this or that way, at Pleasure. Some thing there must be, of which every thing is Made; and then there must be a Workman to Form every thing. All Art is but an Imitation of Nature; and that which I speak in General of the World, holds in the Case of every Particular Person. As for Example: The Matter of a Statue is the Wood, the Stone, or the Marble; the Statuary shapes it, and is the Cause of it. *Aristotle* assigns Four Causes to every thing. The *Material*; which is the *Sine quâ non* (or that without which it could not be.) The *Efficient*; as the Workman. The *Formal*; as that which is stamp'd upon all Operations; and the *Final*; which is the Design of the whole Work. Now to explain this. The First Cause of the Statue (for the Purpose) is the Copper: For it had never been made, if there had not been something to work

upon

upon. The Second, is the Artificer, for if he had not understood his Art, it had never Succeeded. The Third Cause is the Form; For it could never properly have been the Statue of such, or such a Person, if such a Resemblance had not been put upon it. The Forth Cause is the End of making it, without which it had never been made: As Money, if it were made for Sale; Glory if the Workman made it for his Credit; or Religion, if he design'd the Bestowing of it upon a Temple. *Plato* adds a Fifth, which he calls the *Idea*, or the Exemplar, by which the Workman draws his Copy. And he makes God to be full of these Figures, which he represents to be Inexhaustible, Unchangeble, and Immortal. Now upon the whole Matter, give us your Opinion. To me it seems, that here are either too many Causes assign'd, or too few; and they might as well have Introduc'd Time, and Place, as some of the rest. Either Clear the Matter in Question; or deal plainly, and tell us that you cannot: And so let us return to those Cases, wherein all Mankind is agreed, the Reforming of our Lives, and the Regulation of our Manners. For these Subtilties are but time lost. Let us search our selves in the first Place, and afterward the World.

There's no great Hurt in passing over those things which we are never the better for when we know; and, it is so order'd by Providence, that there is no great difficulty

culty in Learning, or Acquiring those things, which may make us either Happier, or Better. Beside that, whatsoever is Hurtful to us, we have drawn out of the very Bowels of the Earth.

Every Man knows, without Telling, that this Wounderful Fabrick of the Vniverse is not without a Governor; and that a Constant Order cannot be the Work of Chance: For the Parts would then fall foul one upon another. The Motions of the Stars, and their Influences, are Acted by the Command of an Eternal Decree. It is by the Dictate of an Almighty Power, that the Heavy Body of the Earth hangs in Balance. Whence comes the Revolution of the Seasons, and the Flux of Rivers? The wounderful Virtue of the smallest Seeds? (as an *Oak* to arise from an *Acron*.) To say nothing of those things that seem to be most Irregular, and Uncertain; as Clouds, Rain, Thunder, the Eruptions of Fire out of Mountains, Earthquakes, and those Tumultuary Motions in the Lower Region of the Air, which have their Ordinate Causes; and so have those things too, which appear to us more Admirable, because less Frequent. As, Scalding Fountains, and New Islands started out of the Sea: Or, What shall we say of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Ocean, the Constant Times, and Measures of the Tides, according to the Changes of the Moon that Influences moist Bodies? But this needs not; For, it is not that we Doubt of Providence

vidence, but Complain of it. And it were a good-Office to Reconcile Mankind to the Gods, who are undoubtedly beſt to the Beſt. It is againſt Nature that Good ſhould hurt Good. A Good Man is not only the Friend of God, but the very Image, the Diſciple and the Imitator of him, and the true Child of his Heavenly Father. He is true to himſelf; and Acts with Conſtancy, and Reſolution. *Scipio*, By a Croſs Wind, being forc'd into the Power of his Enemies, caſt himſelf upon the Point of his Sword; and, as the People were enquiring, what was become of the General; *The General* (ſays *Scipio*) *is very well*, and ſo he expir'd. What is it for a Man to Fall, if we conſider the End, beyond which no man Can Fall? We muſt repair to Wiſdom for Arms againſt Fortune; for it were unreaſonable for her to furniſh Arms againſt her Self. A Gallant Man is Fortunes Match: His Courage Provokes, and Deſpiſes thoſe Terrible Appearrances, that would otherwiſe Enſlave us. A Wiſe Man is out of the Reach of Fortune, but not Free from the Malice of it; and all Attempts upon him are no more then *Xerxes* his Arrows; they may darken the Day; but they cannot Strike the Sun. There is nothing ſo Holy, as to be Priviledg'd from Sacriledge. But, to Strike, and not to Wound, is Anger Loſt; and he is Invulnerable that is Struck, and not Hurt. His Reſolution is try'd; the Waves may daſh themſelves upon a Rock, but not Break it;

Temples may be profan'd, and Demoliſh'd, but the Deity ſtill remains untouch'd.

EPIST. XXVII.

Some Traditions of the Ancients concerning Thunder, *and* Lightning; *with the* Author's *Contemplations Thereupon.*

THere is no queſtion, but that Providence has given to Mortals the Tokens, or Fore-Runners of things to Come; and by thoſe means, laid open, in ſome meaſure, the Decrees of Fate: Only we take Notice of Some things, without giving any heed to Others. There is not any thing done, according to the Courſe of Nature, which is not either the Cauſe, or the Sign of ſomething that follows: So that whereſoever there is Order, there is place for Prediction. But there is no judgment to be given upon Accidents.. Now, though it is a very hard matter to arrive at the Fore-Knowledge of things to come, and to predict particularly what ſhall hereafter fall out, upon a Certain Knowledge of the Power and Influences of the Stars: It is yet unqueſtionable that they have a Power, though we cannot expreſly ſay what it is. In the Subject of Thunder, there are ſeveral Opinions, as to the ſignifications of it. The *Stoicks* hold, that becauſe the Cloud is

Broken

Broken, therefore the *Bolt* is ſhot (*according to Common Speech*) Othres Conjecture, that the Cloud is Broken to that very End, that it may diſcharge the Thunder-Bolt, referring all in ſuch ſort to God, as if the ſignification did not ariſe from the thing done, but as the thing it ſelf were done for the ſignification ſake: But, whether the ſignification goes before, or follows, it comes all to the ſame Point. There are three ſorts of Lightning; the Firſt is ſo pure, and ſubtle, that it pierces through whatſoever it Encounters. The Second Shatters, and Breaks every thing to pieces: the Other Burns; either by Blaſting, Conſuming, Enflaming, or Diſcolouring, and the like. Some Lightnings are Monitory; Some are Menacing, and Others they Phanſy to be Promiſing. They Allot to *Jupiter* Three Sorts; the Firſt is only Monitory, and Gentle, which he caſts of his own Accord; The Second they make to be an Act of Counſel, as being done by the Vote, and Advice of Twelve Gods. This, they ſay, does many times ſome Good, but not without ſome Miſchief too. As the Deſtruction of One Man may prove the Caution of another. The Third is the Reſult of a Counſel of the Superior Dieties from whence proceed great Miſchiefs, both Publick, and Private. Now, this is a great Folly to Imagine that *Jupiter* would wreak his Diſpleaſure upon Pillers, Trees, nay, upon Temples themſelves, and yet let the Sacrilegious go

Free: To Strike Sheep, and Conſume Altars; and all this upon a Conſultation of the Gods; as if he wanted either Skill, or Juſtice, to Govern his own Affairs by himſelf; either in ſparing the Guilty, or in Deſtroying the Innocent. Now, What ſhould be the Miſtery of All This? The Wiſdom of our Forefathers found it neceſſary to keep Wicked People in Awe, by the Apprehenſion of a Superior Power; And to Fright them into their Good Behaviour, by the Fear of an Armed, and an Avenging Juſtice over their Heads. But, how comes it, that the Lightning which comes from *Jupiter* himſelf, ſhould be ſaid to be harmleſs; and that which he caſts upon Counſel, and Advice, to be ſo Dangerous, and Mortal? The Moral of it is this, That all Kings ſhould after *Jupiter*'s Example, do all Good by themſelves, And when Severity is Neceſſary, permit that to be done by Others: Beſide that, as Crimes are Unequal, ſo alſo ſhould be the Puniſhments. Neither did they believe That *Jupiter* to be the *Thunderer*, whoſe Image was worſhip'd in the *Capital*, and in other Places; but intended it of the *Maker*, and *Governor* of the *Univerſe*, by what Name ſoever we ſhall call him. Now, in truth, *Jupiter* does not Immediately caſt the Lightning himſelf; but leaves Nature to her ordinary Method of Operation; ſo that what he does not Immediately by himſelf, he does yet Cauſe to be done; For, Whatſoever Nature does,

God

God does. There may be ſomething gather'd out of all things, that are either ſaid, or done, that a Man may be the better for: And he does a greater thing that Maſters the Fear of thunder, then he that diſcovers the Reaſon of it. We are ſurrounded and Beſet with Ill Accidents, and ſince we cannot avoid the ſtroke of them, let us prepare our ſelves honeſtly to bear them. But, how muſt that be? by the Contempt of Death we do alſo contemn all things in the way to it; as Wounds, Shipwracks, the Fury of Wild Beaſts, or any other violence whatſoever; which, at the worſt, can but part the Soul, and the Body. And, we have this for our Comfort, though our Lives are at the Mercy of Fortune, ſhe has yet no power over the Dead.

How many are there that call for Death in the Diſtreſs of their Hearts, even for the very Fear of it? And, this Unadviſed Deſire of Death, does, in Common, affect both the beſt, and the worſt of Men; only with this Difference, the Former Deſpiſe Life, and the other are Weary of it.

'Tis a Nauſeous thing to ſerve the Body, and to be ſo many years a doing ſo many Beaſtly things, over and over. It is well, if in our Lives, we can pleaſe Others; but what ever we do, in our Deaths, let us be ſure to pleaſe our ſelves. Death is a thing which no Care can avoid; no Felicity can Tame it; no Power Overcome it. Other things are Diſpoſed of by Chance, and

Fortune; but, Death treats all Men alike.

The Proſperous muſt Die, as well as the Unfortunate; and methinks the very Deſpair of overcoming our Fate, ſhould inſpire us with Courage to Encounter it: For there is no Reſolution ſo obſtinate, as that which ariſes from Neceſſity. It makes a Coward as bold as *Julius Cæſar*, though upon different Principles. We are all of us reſerv'd for Death; and, as Nature brings forth One Generation, ſhe Calls back Another. The whole Diſpute is, about the Time, but no body doubts about the Thing it ſelf.

EPIST. XXVIII.

A Contemplation of Heaven, and Heavenly Things. Of God: And of the Souls.

THere is a great Difference betwixt Philoſophy, and other Arts; and a greater yet, betwixt That Philoſophy it ſelf, which is of Divine Contemplation, and That which has a regard to things here Below. It is much Higher, and Braver; It takes a larger Scope; and being unſatisfy'd with what it ſees, it aſpires to the Knowledge of ſomething that is Greater, and Fairer, and which Nature has placed out of our Ken. The one only teaches us what is to be done upon Earth; the Other

reveals

reveals to us That which Actually is done in Heaven: The One diſcuſſes our Errors; and holds the Light to us, by which we diſtinguiſh in the Ambiguities of Life; the Other Surmounts that Darkneſs which we are wrapt up in, and carries us up to the Fountain of Light it ſelf. And then it is that we are in a ſpecial manner to acknowledge the Infinit Grace, and Bounty of the Nature of things; when we ſee it, not only where it is Publick, and Common; but in the very ſecrets of it; as being admitted into the Cabinet of the Divinity it ſelf. There it is that we are taught to underſtand what is the *Matter* of the World, who is the *Author*, and *Preſerver* of it. What *God* himſelf is; and whether he be wholly Intent upon *Himſelf*; or at any time deſcends to Conſider *Us*. Whether he has done his work *once for all*; or whether he be *ſtill in Action*: whether he be a *Part of the World*, or the *World it ſelf*: Whether he be at *Liberty*, or no, to Determine any thing anew to day, and to Controul, or Derogate from the Law of Fate. Whether it be any Dimunition of his Wiſdom, or any Confeſſion of Error, to Do, and Undo. Or to have made things that were afterward to be alter'd: For, the ſame things muſt of Neceſſity always pleaſe him, who can never be pleas'd, but with that which is Beſt. Now, this is no Leſſening, either of his Liberty, or of his power; for he himſelf is his own Neceſſity. Without the

Benefit, and the Comfort of these Thoughts it had been e'en as well for us never to have been Born. For, to what end do we Live? Is it only to Eat, and to Drink? To Stuff up an Infirm, and Fluid Carcass, that would Perish without it; and to live only a Servant to one that is Sick? to Fear Death, to which we are all Born? Take away this Inestimable Good, and Life it self is not worth the Labor, and the Care of it. Oh! how wretched, how Contemptable a thing were Man, if he should not Advance himself above the State of Humane Affairs? So long as we struggle with our Passions, What is their in this World that we do, which is Glorious? Nay, if we advance our selves so far as to Overcome them; it is but the destroying of so many Monsters. And, have we not then a mighty Exploit to value our selves upon, when we have made our selves a little more Tolerable then the Worst of Men? Is it not a wonderous matter to brag of, that we are a little stronger then a Man that is Sick? Alass! Alass! My Friend, there's a large Difference betwixt Strength and Health. You have not a Wicked Mind perhaps: you may have a Clear Brow: a Tongue that will not Flatter, and a Single Heart: You have not That Avarice perchance, that refuses to it self whatsoever it takes from other People; nor That Luxury, that squanders away Money Shamefully, and yet more shamefully repairs it: Nor that Ambition, that leads

you

you by Unworthy Ways to places of Preferment. Theſe are only Negatives; and you have got nothing all this while. You will tell me, that you have ſcap'd many things: But you have not yet Eſcap'd your Self. The Virtue that we recommend is High and Illuſtrious. Not that it is a Happineſs in it ſelf, to be Free from Evil: but becauſe it Dignifies, and Enlarges the Mind; becauſe it prepares for the Knowledge of Heavenly Things, and makes it Capable even of Converſing with God Himſelf. It is then arriv'd at the higheſt Pitch of Humane Felicity, when it ſoars Aloft, and Enters into the Privacies of Nature, trampling all that is Evil, or Vulgar, under his Feet. What a Delight, What a Tranſport is it, for a Soul that is wandring among the Stars, to look down, and Laugh at the Palaces of Princes, and the whole Globe of the Earth, with all its Treaſures? I do not ſpeak of that only that is converted into Money, and Plate, but of That alſo which is reſerv'd in the Bowels of the Earth to gratifie the Inſatiable Covetouſneſs of Poſterity. Nor can we ever bring our ſelves to the Abſolute Contempt of Luxurious Ornaments, Rich Furniture, Stately Buildings, Pleaſant Gardens, and Fountains; till we have the World Under us, and till Looking down from the Heavens, and beholding That Spot of Ground we Live upon; the Greater part of it Cover'd with the Sea; beſide a great deal of it Deſolate,

ſolate, and either Scorch'd, or Frozen) we ſhall ſay Thus to our ſelves. *Is this Miſerable Point the Ball of Contention, that is divided among ſo many Nations with Fire, and Sword? How Ridiculous are the Bounds, as well as the Conteſts of Mortals! Such a Prince muſt not paſs ſuch a River; nor another Prince thoſe Mountains; and, Why do not the very Piſmires Canton out there Poſts, and Juriſdictions too?* For, What does the Buſtle of Troops, and Armies amount to, more then the buſineſs of a Swarm of Ants upon a Mole-hill? The Scene of all the Important Actions here below, where both at Sea, and Land, we Tug, and Scuffle for Dominion, and Wealth is but a wretched Point of Earth; whereas the Dominions of the Soul Above, are Boundleſs. This very Contemplation Gives us Force, Liberty, and Nouriſhment: The Mind is There, at Home: And it has this Argument of its Divinity, that it takes Delight in what's Divine. It Contemplates the Riſing, and the Falling of the Stars, and the Admirable Harmony of Order, even in their Various Motions: Diſcuſſing, and Enquiring into every thing, as properly appertaining unto it ſelf. With how much Scorn does it then Reflect upon the Narrowneſs of it's Former Habitation? There it is, that it learns the End of its Proper Being; the Knowledg of God. And, What is God? *An Immenſe, and an Almighty Power; Great, without Limits; and he does whatſoever pleaſes*

ſes him. He that applies himſelf to This Study, Tranſcends the very Lot, and Condition of his Mortality. That Almighty Power is all that we do ſee, and all that we do not ſee. What is the difference betwixt the Divine Nature, and Ours? Man is compounded; and his beſt part is his Mind: But, the Almighty is All Mind, and all Reaſon; and yet Mortals are ſo Blind, that the Actions, of this Incomperhenſible Power, ſo excellent for Beauty, Conſtancy, and Diſpoſition, are look'd upon by many Men only as Fortuitous, and the Work of Chance: And ſubject to all the Tumults of Thunder, Clouds, and Tempeſts, that affect poor Mortals. And, this is not only the Folly, and Madneſs of the Common People; But the Weakneſs alſo of Wiſe Men. There are, that Arrogate to Themſelves, the Faculties of Providence, and Reaſon, and the Skill of Diſpoſing, as well Other Peoples Affairs, as their Own: And yet theſe very Men are ſo beſotted, as to imagine, the World only to be Govern'd by an Unadviſed Raſhneſs: As if Nature knew not what ſhe did. How Profitable would it be for Us, to know the Truth of Things, and to allow them their due Terms, and Meaſures? To enquire into the Power of the Almighty, and the Method of his Workings; Whether he made the *Matter* it ſelf, or found it ready to his hand; and whether was Firſt, the *Matter* it Self, or the *Idea* of it? Whether or no he does what

what he pleaſes; and what may be the Reaſon of ſo many ſeeming Imperfections in his Operations? It is well ſaid of *Ariſtotle*, that we ſhould handle Divine Matters with Modeſty, and Reverence. When we enter into a Temple, or approach the Altar, we compoſe our Looks, and our Actions to all the Decencies of Humility, and Reſpect: How much more then does it concern us, when we treat of Heavenly things, To deal candidly; and not to let one Sillable paſs our Lips that may Savour of Confidence, Raſhneſs, or ignorance? Truth lies deep, and muſt be fetch'd up at Leiſure. How many Miſteries, are there, which God hath plac'd out of our ſight; and which are only to be reach'd by Thought, and Contemplation! The Notions of the Divinity are Profound, and Obſcure; or elſe perhaps we *ſee* them without *underſtanding* them. But, the Divine Majeſty is only Acceſſible to the Mind. What This is (without which Nothing is) we are not able to Determine: And, when we have gueſſed at ſome Sparks of it, the greateſt part lies yet conceal'd from us. How many Creatures have we now in this Age, that never were known to us before? and how many more will the next Age know more then we do? And many yet will be ſtill reſerv'd for After times. The very Rites of Religion are at this day a Secret, and unknown to many People. Nay, the very thing that we moſt eagerly purſue, we are not yet ar-

riv'd

riv'd at: That is to ſay; A Perfection in Wickedneſs. Vice is ſtill upon the Improvement: Luxury, Immodeſty, and a Proſtitute Diſſolution of Manners finds ſtill new Matter to work upon. Our Men are grown Effeminate in their Habits, in their Motions, and in their Ornaments, even to the Degree of Whoriſhneſs. There's no body minds Philoſophy, but for want of a Comedy perhaps, or in foul weather, when there is nothing elſe to be done.

Poſtſcript.

Postscript.

BEfore I take my Last Leave of Seneca, I will here discharge my Conscience, as if I were upon my last Leave with the Whole World. I have been so Just, both to the Reader, and to the Author, that I have neither Left out any thing in the Original, which I thought the One might be the Better for, nor Added any thing of my Own, to make the Other Fare the Worse. I have done in This Volume of Epistles, as a good Husband does with his Cold Meat; they are only a Hache made up of the Fragments that remain'd of the Two Former Parts; which I could not well dispose of into any Other Form; or so properly Publish under any other Title. Let me not yet be understood to Impose This Peice upon the Publick, as an Abstract of Seneca's Epistles; any more then I did the Other, for the Abstracts of his Benefits, and Happy Life. It is in works of This Nature, as it is in Cordial Waters, we Taste all the Ingrediants, without being able to Separate This from That; but still we find the Vertue of every Plant, in every Drop. To return to my Allegory; Books, and Dishes have This Common Fate; there

there was never any One, *of* Either *of them, that pleas'd* All Palates. *And, in Truth, it is a* Thing *as little to be* Wish'd for, *as* Expected; *For, an Universal Applause is at least Two Thirds of a Scandal. So that though I deliver up these Papers to the Press, I Invite no Man to the Reading of them: And, whosoever Reads, and Repents; it is his own Fault. To Conclude; as I made this Composition Principally for my Self, so it agrees Exceedingly Well with my Constitution; and yet, if any Man has a Mind to take part with me, he has Free Leave, and Welcome. But, let him Carry This Consideration along with him,* That He's a very Unmannerly Guest, that presses upon another Bodies Table, and then Quarrels with his Dinner.

THE END.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

THis *Abstract* has now past the *Fourth Impression*, but the World has not been altogether so kind of *late*, to my Politicks as to my *Morals*. And what's the meaning on't, but that we live in an Age that will better bear the Image of what people ought to do, then the *History* of what they do; and that's the difference they put betwixt the one and the other. We are not yet to take an estimate of the *Intrinsick value* of *Truth*, *Honesty*, and *Reason*, by *Fancy* or *Imagination*; as if the *Standard* of *Virtue* were to be accommodated to the various Changes, and *Vicissitudes* of *Times*, *Interests*, and *Contending Parties*: But so it falls out, that *some Verities*, and some good *Offices*, will take a *false Colour* better then *others*, and set off an imposture with more Credit, and Countenance to the common people. Dayly Experience tells us, that our *Affections* are as liable to be *Viciated* as our *Palates*: Insomuch, that the most profitable of *Meats*, *Drinks*, or *Remedies*, lose not only their *Effect*, but their very *Savour*, and give us a *loathing* at *one* time, for that we *long'd* for,

and

and took *delight* in at *another*, But then we are to consider, that the Humour may come about again; and that *Writings* and *Opinions* have their *Seasons* too, and take their *Turns*, as well as all other changeable things under the Sun. So that let *Errour*, *Corruption*, or *Iniquity*, be never so *strong*, never so *popular*; let the *Ignorance* of things, necessary to be known, be never so *dark* and *palpable*, we may yet assure our selves, that however *Truth* and *Justice* may suffer a *Temporary Eclipse*, they will yet, at the *long run*, as certainly *vindicate* themselves, and *recover* their *Original Glory*, as the *Setting Sun* shall *Rise* again.

When I speak of *MY Morals*, let me not be understood to play the *Plagiary*, and to assume the Subject Matter of this Work to *My self*; for it is *Seneca's*, every *Thought* and *Line* on't; though it would be as hard to refer *each Sentance*, *Text*, and *Precept*, to the very *Place* whence it was *drawn*, as to bring *every distinct drop* in a Cask of *Wine*, to the *particular Grape* from whence it was Press'd. So that I have *no other Claim* to the merit of this Composition, then the putting of things in *Order*, that I found in *Confusion*, and *digesting* the *loose Minutes*, and the *broken Meditations* of that *Divine Heathen*, into a kind of *System* of *good Councils*, and of *good Manners*. But how faithfully soever I have dealt with my Author, in a *Just*, and *Genuine* Representation of his *Sense* and *Meaning*; so have I, on the other hand, with

with no leſs *Conſcience*, and *Affection*, conſulted the *Benefit*, the *Eaſe*, and the *Satisfaction* of the *Engliſh Reader*; in the *plainneſs* and *Simplicity* of the *Stile*, and in the *perſpecuity* of the *Method*. And yet after all this, there is ſomewhat ſtill wanting methinks toward the doing of a *full Right* to *Seneca*, to the *World*, and to *My ſelf*; and to the thorough-finiſhing of this peice: a thing that I have had in My head, *long* and *often*, and which I have as good a will to Proſecute, even at this inſtant, as ever; if I could but flatter my ſelf with *Day enough before me* to go *through with it*. But before I come to the point under deliberation, it will do well, firſt to take a view of the true *ſtate* of the matter in hand, and upon what ground we ſtand at *Preſent*. Secondly, To conſider from *whence* it is that we are to take our *Riſe* to't; and ſo to open, *Briefly*, and by *Degrees*, into the *Thing it ſelf*.

This *Abſtract*, I ſay, is *entirely Seneca's*, and though little more in the *Bulk* then the *Third part* of the *Original*; it is, in *Effect*, a *Summary* of the whole *Body* of his *Philoſophy* concerning *Manners*, contracted into this *Epitome*, without either *over-charging* it, with things *Idle* and *Superfluous*, or *leaving out* any thing, which I thought might contribute to the *Order* and *Dignity* of the *Work*. As to his *School-Queſtions*, and *Philoſophical Diſquiſitions* upon the *Natural Reaſon of things*; I have almoſt totally caſt them out, as Curioſities that

hold little or no Intelligence with the Government of our *Paſſions*, and the Forming of our *Lives*, and as Matters conſequently, that are altogether Foreign to My province. I have taken the Liberty alſo in many Caſes, where our Author *Inculcates* and Enforces the ſame Conceptions *over and over again* in variety of Phraſe, to Extract the *Spirit* of them, and inſtead of dreſſing up the *ſame thought* in *ſeveral ſhapes*, to make *ſome one adequate Word* or *Sentence* ſerve for all. But when all is *ſaid* that *can* be ſaid; nay, and when all is *done* too that can be *done*, within the compaſs of an *Eſſay* of this Quality, though never ſo Correct in the kind, 'tis at the beſt, but an *Abſtract* ſtill; and a *bare Abſtract* will never do the buſineſs as it ought to be done.

It is not one jot Derogatory to *Seneca*'s *Character*, to obſerve upon him, that he made it his profeſſion, rather to give *Lights*, and *Hints* to the World, then to write *Corpus*'s of *Morality*, and Preſcribe *Rules* and *Meaſures* in a *ſet Courſe* of *Philoſophy* for the *Common Inſtruction* of *Mankind*: So that many of his thoughts ſeem to Spring only like *Sparks*, upon a kind of Colliſion, or a *ſtriking of fire within Himſelf*, and with very little *Dependance* ſometimes one upon another. What if thoſe Incomparable *Starts*, and *ſtrictures* of His, that no *Tranſlator* can lay *hold* of, ſhall be yet allow'd by the common voice of Mankind, to be as much *Superiour* to thoſe parts of him

him that will bear the *Turning*, as the *Faculties* and *Operations* of the *Soul* are to the *Functions* of the *Body*? And no way of conveying the *Benignity* of those *Influencies* to the World, but by a *Speculation* upon them in *Paraphraſe*? In few words; *Seneca* was a Man made for *Meditation*. He was undoubtedly a Maſter of *choice Thoughts*, and he employed the *vigour* of them upon a moſt Illuſtrious *Subject*. Beſide that, this *ranging humour* of his, (as Mr. *Hobs* expreſſes it) is accompany'd with ſo wonderful a Felicity of *Lively* and *pertinent Reflections*, even in the moſt *ordinary Occurrences* of *Life*; and his *Applications* ſo happy alſo that every Man reads him *over again* within *Himſelf*, and feels and *confeſſes* in his own *Heart*, the *Truth* of his *Doctrin*. What can be done more then this now in the whole World, toward Eſtabliſhing of a *Right Principle*? for there's *no Teſt* of the *Truth*, and Reaſon of things, like that which has along with it the *aſſent* of *Univerſal Nature*. As he was much given to *Thinking*, ſo he wrote principally for *Thinking Men*; the *Periods* that he lays moſt ſtreſs upon, are only ſo many *Detachments*, of *one ſelect Thought* from *another*, and *every freſh hint* furniſhes a *new Text* to work upon. So that the reading of *Seneca* without reading *upon him*, does but the one half of our buſineſs; for his *Innuendo's* are infinitely more *Inſtructive* then his *words at length*; and ther's no Coming at

him in *thoſe Heights* without a Paraphraſe.

It will be here objected, that a Paraphraſe *is but the* reading *upon a* Text, *or an* Arbitrary Deſcant *upon the* Original, *at the Will and Pleaſure of the* Interpreter: *If we have* all *of* Seneca's *that's good*, already, *there's no place left for a* Supplement; *and the* Animadverſion *will be no more* Seneca's *at laſt, then our* Comments *upon* the Word of God *are* holy Writ.

A Paraphraſe 'tis true, may be *Looſe*, *Arbitrary*, and *Extravagant*. And ſo may any thing elſe that ever was committed to writing; nay the *beſt*, and the moſt *neceſſary* of *Duties*, *Faculties*, and *Things*, may *Degenerate* by the *Abuſe of them*, into Acts of *Sin*, *Shame*, and *Folly*. Men may *Blaſpheme* in their *Prayers*; they may *Poyſon* one another in their *Cups*, or in their *Porridge*. They may *talk Treaſon*; and, in ſhort, they may do a Million of extravagant things, in all the *Caſes* and *Offices* that any Man can imagine under the Sun. And what's the *Objectors Inference* now, from the *Poſſibility* of this *abuſe*, but that we are neither to *Pray*, nor to *Eat*, nor to *Drink*, nor to open our Mouths, nor in fine, to do *any thing elſe*, for fear of *more Poſſibilities* as dangerous as the *other*? 'Tis ſuggeſted again, that the *Paraphraſe* is *Foreign* to the *Text*, and that the *Animadvertor* may make the *Author* ſpeak what he pleaſes. Now the Queſtion is not the *Poſſibility* of a *Vain*, an *Empty*, a *Flat*, or an *Unedifying Expoſition*, but the *Need*, the *Uſe*, the *Means*, the

the Possibility; nay, and the *easiness* of furnishing *a good* one: Beside that, there's *no hurt at all*, on the *one* hand, to countervail a very *considerable Advantage* to all Men of *Letters*, and of *common Honesty*, on the *other*. A *short*, or an *idle Comment*, does only *Disgrace* the *Writer* of it, while the *Reputation* of the *Author* stands nevertheless as *Firm* as *ever* it did; but he that finishes *Seneca's Minutes*, with *Proper* and *Reasonable Supplements*, where he does not speak his own Thoughts out at large, does a *necessary right* both to the *Dead*, and to the *Living*, and a *Common Service* to *Mankind*.

He does a *Right* to the *Dead*, I say, more ways then one: for over and above the *Justice* and *Respect* that is due to his *Memory*, it is, in a *Fair Equity* of *Construction*, a Performance of the very *Will* of the *Dead*, For all his *Fragments* of *Hint*, and *Essay*, were manifestly *design'd* for other people to *Meditate*, *Read*, and *speculate* upon: And a great part of the *end* of them is *lost*, without such an *Emprovement*; so that the very *manner* of his Writing calls for a *Paraphrase*; a *Paraphrase* he *expected*; and a *Paraphrase* is *due* to him; and, in short, we owe a *Paraphrase* to our *selves* too: for the *meaning* of his *Hints*, and *Minutes*, does as well deserve to be *Expounded*, as the *Sense* and *Energy* of his *Words*. Nay, and when all is done, whoever considers how he *Diversifies* the same thing over and over in a change of *Phrase*: How many several

ways he *Winds*, and *Moulds* his own *Thoughts*; and how he *labours* under the *Difficulty* of clearing, even his *own meaning*: Whoever conſiders this, I ſay, will find *Seneca* upon the whole matter, to be in a great meaſure a *Paraphraſt* upon himſelf. He gives ye his *firſt Senſe* of things, and then *Enlarges* upon it, *Emproves* it, *Diſtinguiſhes*, *Expounds*, *Dilates*, &c. and when he finds at laſt that he cannot bring up the *Force* of his *Words* to the *Purity* and *Vigour* of his *Conception*, ſo as to Extricate himſelf in all reſpects to his own ſatisfaction, 'tis his Courſe commonly, to draw the *ſtreſs* of the Queſtion to a *Point*, and there to let it reſt; as a *Theme* or *Light* that ſtands effectually Recommended to *further conſideration*. This muſt not be taken as if *Seneca* could not *ſpeak his own mind*, as *Full* and as *Home* as *any man*; or as if he left any thing *Imperfect* becauſe he could not *finiſh* it *himſelf*: But it was a Turn of *Art* in him, by breaking off with an *&c.* to Create an *Appetite* in the *Reader* of purſuing the Hint; over and above the flowing of *Matter* ſo faſt upon him, that it was impoſſible for his *Words* to keep pace with his *Thoughts*.

Be this ſpoken now with all Reverence to his Divine *Eſſays* upon Providence, *Happy Life*, *Benefits*, *Anger*, *Clemency*, *Humane Frailty*, *&c.* where he ſhews as much of Skill in the *Diſtribution* of his *Matter*, the *Congruity* and *Proportion* of the *Parts*, and the Harmony of the *Whole* in the Con-

text,

text, as he does of a *Natural Felicity* in *Adapting* the *Tendency* and the *Virtue* of all his *Sententious Raptures* to the uſe of *Humane Life*. So that he was evidently in Poſſeſſion of *both Faculties*, (*of Springing Game*, that is, and *of flying it Home*) though he made choice of *Exerciſing* the *one* oftner then the other. There's a Vain of this mixture that runs through all his Diſcourſes, whether *Broken*, or *Continued*; but albiet that there is no touching any Piece of His, to advantage after he has *Finiſh'd* it; there's Room abundantly yet for *Explication*, and for *Supplement* in other Caſes, Where *he Snaps off ſhort* with a kind of *Catera Deſideramtur*; and ſo leaves *a Foundation* for *thoſe* to build upon, that ſhall come after him. Now theſe *Independent Thoughts* are the Touches that I would offer to a *further Improvement*; and only here and there one of the moſt Elevated, even of *them* too; which will amount to no more in the Concluſion, then a Diſcourſe upon this or that *Theme*, or *Text*, under what Name or *Title* the expoſitor pleaſes. I would not however have the *Comment* break in upon the *Context*; and I would ſo ſcrupulouſly Confine it to the Bounds of *Modeſty* and *Conſcience*, as not to depart upon any Terms, either from the *Intent* of the *Original*, or from the *Reaſon* of the Matter in *Queſtion*: This Office perform'd, would raiſe *Another SENECA* out of the *Aſhes* of the *Former*; and make, perhaps,

a *Manual* of *Salutary Precepts*, for the ordering of our *Paſſions*, and for the *Regulation* of our *Lives*, not inferiour to any other whatſoever, the *Divine Oracles* of *Holy Inſpiration* only *Excepted*. For it would reach All *States* of *Men*, All *Conditions* of *Fortune*, All *Diſtreſſes* of *Body*, All *Perturbations* of *Mind*; And in fine, it would *Anſwer All the Ends* that are worthy of an Honeſt Mans Care. It was once in my Head to Digeſt the *Whole* into ſuch an *Abſtract*, as might at the ſame time do the *Office* alſo of a *Paraphraſe*, both under one; but what with the *Scruple* of either *Aſſuming* any of *SENECA's Excellencies* to my *ſelf*, or of *Imputing* any of *my Weakneſſes* to *SENECA*: I Compounded the Matter thus within my ſelf: that though *Both* would do *well*, the doing of them *ſeperate* and *apart*, would be *beſt*. Not but that the *Undertaker* I fear, will find well nigh as much Difficulty to preſerve his *own Reputation* in this Attempt, as to do Right to the *Author*; Eſpecially when he is ſure to have every *Coffee-Houſe* ſit upon him like a *Court of Juſtice*, and if he ſhall but happen to ſtumble upon any of the ſame *Figures* or *Illuſtrations* over again; if the *Supplement* ſhall but have ſo much as the leaſt *Tincture*, of any thing that's done already; a *Common Criminal*, for the *Baſeſt* ſort of *Waſhing*, *Clipping*, and *Coining*, ſhall find better *Quarter*. Here's the Old Abſtract,

they'l

they'l cry, *Juggled into a* New Paraphraſe, *and the* ſame Thing *Fobb'd upon the World over again, only under* another Name. It will be hard to get clear of ſuch a *Cavil* when it ſhall be *ſtarted*, and it will be a very eaſy thing to find a *Plauſible Colour* for the *ſetting of it Afoot*.

As to the ſuppoſal of *Diſparaging* an *Excellent Author* by a *Lewd Paraphraſe*, it is as Idle, as to imagine that a *Canonical Text* ſhould ſuffer for an *Heretical Interpretation*. And ſo for the *Fancy* of *Robbing* him of his *Due* by a *Good* one, in a Caſe where the ſingle Point is only a Virtuous *Emulation* betwixt them which ſhall do *Beſt* upon the *ſame Topique*. Now where the *Comment* has a kindneſs for the *Text*, there can be no Interfering upon a *Pique* of *Honour*, though they ſhould both happen to agree in the very *ſelf ſame thoughts*. For what's all the *Writing*, *Reading*, *Diſcourſing*, *Conſulting*, *Diſputing*, *Meditating*, *Compounding and Dividing*, from the *Firſt Quick'ning Breath* of the *Almighty* into *Reaſonable Nature*, to *this very Moment*: what is all this, I ſay, but *the Lighting of one Candle at another*? Make it the caſe that by the Benefit of *that Light*, I find a *Treaſure*. Here's *no Robbing of* Peter *to pay* Paul: Nor any *Particular Obligation* for an Act of *Common Humanity*. Reaſon works by *Communication*, and one *Thought kindles another* from Generation to Generation, as Naturally, as *one Spark* begets

another,

another, where the Matter is disposʼd for the Impression.

This is no more then to say, that *Providence* for the good of *Mankind*, has made *All Men Necessary one* to *another*. He that puts a Good *Hint* into my *Head*, puts a good *Word* into my *Mouth*, unless a *Blockhead* has it in *Keeping*: So that there's an *Obligation* on *Both* sides. The *Text* is beholden to him that *Reads* upon't, for *Improving* it; and the *Latter* had never *thought* of the *Subject* perhaps, if the *Former* had not *Bolted* it. What is all this now, but *Reasoning* upon *First Motions*; and a *Joyning of those two Powers* or *Faculties both in one*, for a *Publick Good*? *Reason* is *Uniform*; and where *Two Men* are in the *Right*, they must of Necessity *agree* upon the *same Point*; and the *Thoughts of several Men* in such a Case, are as much *One*, as a *Conflagration* is *one Fire*, by how many several Hands soever it was kindled: So that there's no saying which was *One's Thought*, or which *Tʼothers*; but they are *Incorporated* into one *Common* Stock. The great Nicety will lye in a *Judicious Choice*, what to *Take*, and what to *Leave*; where to *Begin*, and where to *End*, and in hitting the *Precise Medium* betwixt *too much* and *too little*; without *forcing* the Design of the *Author*, or intermixing any *Tawdry Flowrishes* by the By, to Disgrace the *Dignity* of the *Matter*. I would not have so much as *one word* inserted that might not

not become *SENECA Himſelf* if he were now *Living*, either to *Speak*, or to *Approve*. Once for all, *ſuch a Reading upon* SENECA *as I have here propounded upon* theſe Terms, *and under* theſe Conditions: And in ſuch a manner too, as to take the *Genuine Air* and Figure of his *Mind*, in its *Native Simplicity and Beauty:* Such a *Paraphraſe*, I ſay, *ſuperadded* by way of *Supplement*, where the *Abſtract* falls *ſhort*, would furniſh us with *that which of all things in the world we want the moſt:* That is to ſay, *A perfect and a Lively Image of HUMANE NATURE.*

FINIS.